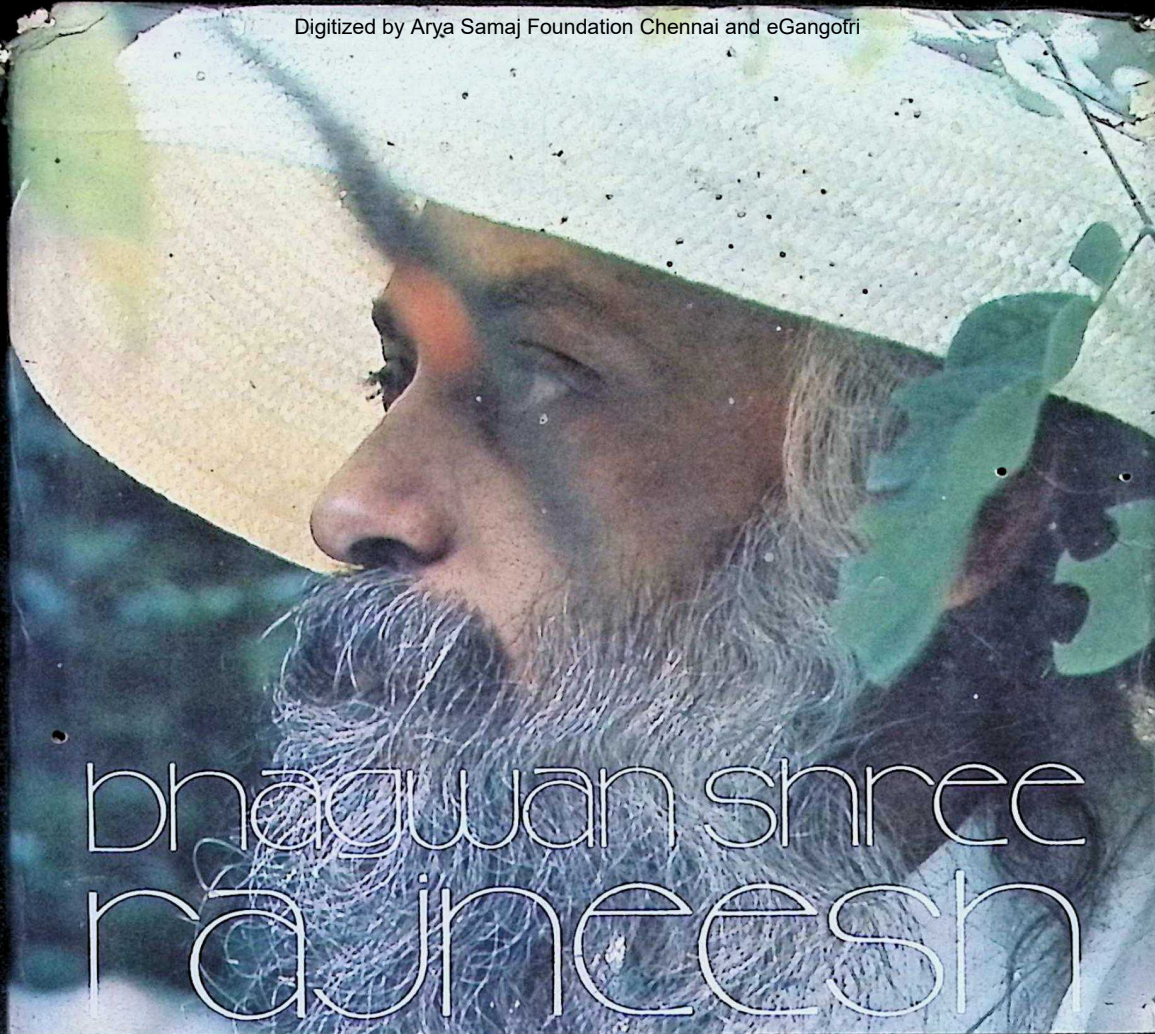




bhagwan shree
rajinéesh

Vol.
one

the
Pathless
Path
talks
on
extracts from
»the Lieh tzu«

VOL.1

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RAJ-P!!



You can be a Taoist if you simply live your life authentically, spontaneously; if you have the courage to go into the unknown on your own, individual, not leaning on anybody, simply going into the dark night not knowing whether you will arrive anywhere or you will be lost . . . Only by walking, only by living your life will you find the Way.

Living with Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh has moved me quickly along the current of creative let-go. He is a constant showering of creative energy. Bhagwan has devised many techniques to help us let-go and become creative and flowing. In his unusual meditation techniques the energy that has been invested in holding and clinging is moved toward total expression and release. One does not sit and repress all that has been festering and smoldering for so long. The meditations are devices which activate one's energy however it is being held to such an extent where only release is possible. The meditations involve moving and dancing, singing, humming, shaking, laughing, crying, standing, whirling, twirling, swirling and curling. They are wonderful devices for creativity and letting-go.

When one is totally involved in creative happenings, the relationship with the world is entirely transformed.

From: "AS A CLOSED BUD FLOWERS:
LETTING-GO AND CREATIVITY"

by Erin Robbins

"Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh is an enlightened man whose extensive background in philosophy contributes to a penetrating way of looking at life from practically any point of view, Eastern or Western."

— THE GRADUATE REVIEW July 1977



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VOLUME
1

BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH

TALKS ON EXTRACTS
FROM
·THE LIEH TZU·
11.-24. FEBRUARY
1977

RAJNEESH
FOUNDATION



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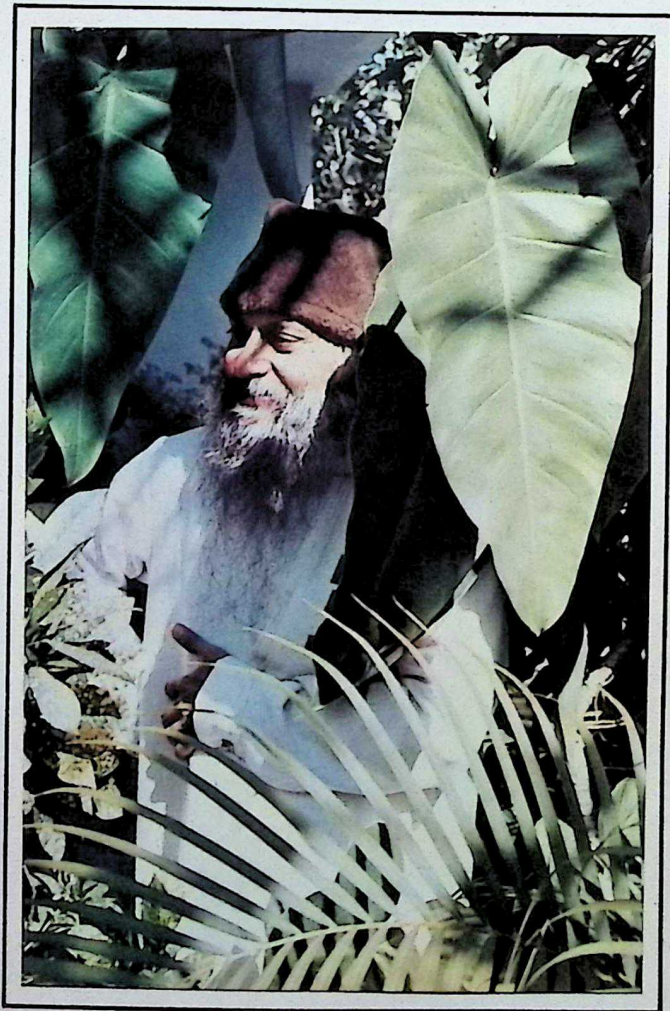
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Talks on extracts from *The Lieh Tzu*
11 to 24 February 1977



INTRODUCTION

Whenever Cyrano, the long-nosed lover, would get into trouble, he would boost himself up by saying 'Courage, old man, the devil is dead!' Whether he believed it or not I don't know. What I do know is that, however ridiculous, there is a Cyrano in me who still thinks that 'if it weren't for my long nose...' Fighting, struggling against the fact that the devil—or whatever you want to call that which you don't like—is most definitely afoot. Consoling the winded ego with contorted explanations for failure. And always, after exile in disappointment, the Cyrano of my hopes arises defiantly, seeking to get lost in some other possibility. Dope, sex, 'growth': action and reaction—all *for* something—'whatever gets you through the night...'

There is nothing specially significant about my story; it is the usual history of wanting 'it' to be other than it is. One individual's peculiar expression of dissatisfaction and frustration—the results of unconscious and determined effort to 'make that dream come true.'

Bhagwan is the only person who has ever told me the whole truth about it. And told it so simply and compassionately, that time and again I've upped and run away.

You have fallen victim to a dream. Now you will have to live in your consolation, and you will start being afraid of reality, because everything of the real will be a shattering thing for your consolation. You will avoid, you will not see directly, you will escape from facts. And if somebody brings you to the facts, you will start feeling very restless, you will feel nervous because you will know that now everything is going to be shattered.

He has watched me dingbatting my way back and forth across inner and geographical space, trying to get it together with ripped-off insights, waiting serenely for me to allow a moment of stillness, of openness to his truth:

...in the beginning it is very hard. You want to play with toys, and Tao never gives any toys. It has no belief systems to supply, it simply forces you to encounter the reality... whatsoever it is... There is no bargain with reality.

Put aside your consolations, all your theories and beliefs: they are hindering your path.

Consolation is a belief. A created thing cannot be of much value. You have created it—it cannot be bigger than you, it is bound to be smaller than you.

Once you are nude, with no belief systems around you, once you are unburdened, then immediately a great trust happens: trust in life, trust in existence... And trust is a total conversion. It is a new birth. It is a resurrection.

Afraid, and mostly plain stupid, it has taken three years for me to stop putting distance between us and to finally let the love I have for Bhagwan to take me on its own way.

I rejoice in this man.

And I don't know how to tell you about him, because all I have are very obscure notions about my experience.

Each day, each miraculous morning, he rises in the blue sky, calling out his heart-bursting joy, the unlimited expansion of his freedom:

Drop your intellect, and suddenly your consciousness will be on its wings...and you can go to the very south, to the open seas where you belong.

love

Ma Prem Asha

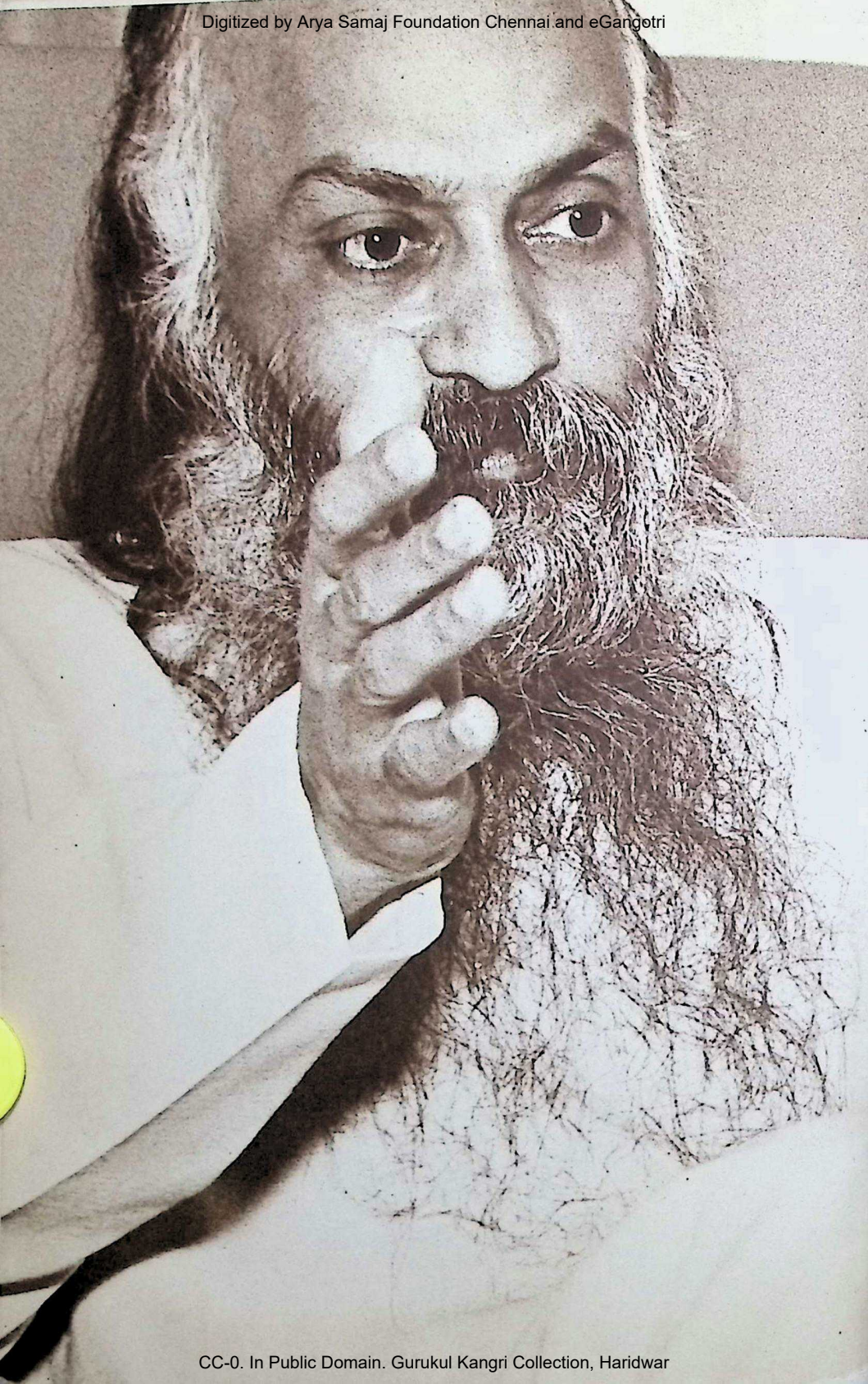
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VOL I





*When Lieh Tzu was eating at the roadside
on a journey to Wei,
he saw a hundred-year-old skull.
Picking a stalk he pointed to the skull
and, turning to his disciple Pai Feng,
said 'Only he and I know that you were
never born and will never die.
Is it he who is truly miserable,
is it we who are truly happy?'*

Voluntary Death

I REJOICE in Lieh Tzu — he is one of the most perfect expressions for the inexpressible.

Truth cannot be expressed: that inexpressibility is intrinsic to truth. Thousands and thousands of people have tried to express it—very few have succeeded even in giving a reflection of it. Lieh Tzu is one of those very few; he is rare.

Before we start entering into his world, a few things have to be understood about him...his approach. His approach is that of an artist: the poet, the story-teller—and he is a master story-teller. Whenever somebody has experienced life, his experience has flowered into parables: that seems to be the easiest way to hint at that which cannot be said. A parable is a device, a great device; it is not just an ordinary story. The purpose of it is not to entertain you, the purpose of it is to say something which there is no other way to say. Life cannot be put into a theory—it is so vast, it is so infinite.

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A theory by its very nature is closed. A theory has to be closed if it is a theory—it cannot be open-ended, otherwise it will be meaningless. A parable is open-ended: it says and yet it leaves much to be said, it only hints. And that which cannot be said can be shown. It is a finger pointing to the moon. Don't cling to the finger—that is irrelevant—look at the moon. These parables in themselves are beautiful, but that is not their purpose...they go beyond, they are transcendental. If you dissect the parable itself you will not come to much understanding.

It is like the navel in the body of man. If you go to the surgeon and ask him what the purpose of the navel is in the body, and if he dissects the body, he will not find any purpose—the navel seems almost useless. What is the purpose of the navel? It *was* purposeful when the child was in the womb: its purpose was that it related the child to the mother, it connected the child with the mother. But now the child is no longer in the womb—the mother may have died, the child has become old—now what is the purpose of the navel? It has a transcendental purpose; the purpose is not in itself. You will have to look everywhere, all around, to find the indication—where it indicates. It indicates that the man was once a child, that the child was once in the womb of a mother, that the child was connected with the mother. This is just a mark that the past has left.

As the navel shows something about the past, a parable shows something about the future. It shows that there is a possibility of growing, of being connected with existence. Right now that is only a possibility, it is not actual. If you just dissect the parable it becomes an ordinary story. If you don't dissect it but just drink the meaning of it, the poetry of it, the music of it—forget the story and just carry the significance of it—soon you will see that it indicates towards a future, towards something which can be but is not yet. It is transcendental.

In the West, except for Jesus' parables, nothing like Lieh Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Buddha...nothing like these people's parables exist—only Jesus. And even Jesus' parables seem to be such that he must have carried them from the East. There are Aesop's parables, but they are also reflections of the greatest book of parables of the East, *Panchatantra*. The parable is an Eastern invention, and of tremendous import.

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So the first thing to be understood about Lieh Tzu: he is not a theoretician, he will not give you any theory; he will simply give you parables.

A theory can be dissected—its meaning is in it, it has no transcendence, the meaning is immanent. A parable cannot be dissected; dissect, and it will die. The meaning is transcendental—it is not in it, it is somewhere else—it *has* to be. You have to live a parable, then you will come to its meaning. It has to become your heart, your breathing; it has to become your inner rhythm. So these parables are tremendously artistic but not mere art: great religion is contained in them.

Lieh Tzu is not a theologian either; he does not talk about God. He *talks* God, but he does not talk about God. Whatsoever he says comes from the source, but he does not *talk about* the source—let it be very clear to you. There are two types of people: one who talks about God, he is the theologian; one who talks God, he is the mystic. Lieh Tzu is a mystic. The man who talks about God has not known God, otherwise why should he 'talk about'? The 'about' shows his ignorance. When a man talks God he has experienced. Then God is not a theory to be proved, disproved—no; then God is his very life: to be lived.

To understand a man like Lieh Tzu you will have to live an authentic life. Only then, through your own experience, will you be able to feel what he means by his parables. It is not that you can learn the theories and become informed; the information will not help. Unless you know, nothing is going to help. So if these parables create a thirst in you to know, a great desire to know, a great hunger to know; if these parables lead you on an unknown journey, on a pilgrimage—then only, only by treading the path, will you become acquainted with the path.

Lieh Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lao Tzu, the three Taoist Masters, only talk about the Way—'Tao' means the Way—they don't talk about the goal at all. They say: The goal will take care of itself; you need not worry about the goal. If you know the Way you know the goal, because the goal is not at the very end of the Way, the goal is all over the Way—each moment and each step it is there. It is not that when the Way ends you arrive at the goal; each moment, wherever you are, you are at the goal if you are on the Way. To be on the Way is to be at the goal. Hence they don't talk about the

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goal, they don't talk about God, they don't talk about *moksha*, *nirvana*, enlightenment—no, not at all. Very simple is their message: You have to find the Way.

Things become a little more complicated because they say: The Way has no map, the Way is not charted, the Way is not such that you can follow somebody and find it. The Way is not like a super-highway; the Way is more like a bird flying in the sky—it leaves no marks behind. The bird has flown but no marks are left; nobody can follow. So the Way is a pathless path. It is a path, but it is a pathless path. It is not ready-made, available; you cannot just decide to walk on it, you will have to find it. And you will have to find it in your own way; nobody else's way is going to function. Buddha has walked, Lao Tzu has walked, Jesus has walked, but those ways are not going to help you because you are not Jesus, and you are not Lao Tzu, and you are not Lieh Tzu. You are you, a unique individual. Only by walking, only by living your life, will you find the Way. This is something of great value.

That's why Taoism is not an organised religion—cannot be. It is an organic religion but not an organised religion. You can be a Taoist if you simply live your life authentically, spontaneously; if you have the courage to go into the unknown on your own, individual, not leaning on anybody, not following anybody, simply going into the dark night not knowing whether you will arrive anywhere or you will be lost. If you have the courage, that risk is there—it is risky, it is adventurous.

Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism are super-highways: you need not risk anything, you simply follow the crowd, you go with the mob. With Tao you have to go alone, you have to be alone. Tao respects the individual and not the society. Tao respects the unique and not the crowd. Tao respects freedom and not conformity. Tao has no tradition. Tao is a rebellion, and the greatest rebellion possible.

That's why I call Tao 'the pathless path'. It is a path, but not like other paths. It has a very different quality to it—the quality of freedom, the quality of anarchy, the quality of chaos. Tao says that if you impose a discipline on yourself, you will be a slave. The discipline has to arise out of your awareness, then you will be a Master. If you impose an order on your life this will be just a pretension: the disorder will remain deep in

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the very core of your being; the order will be on the surface, at the centre there will be disorder. This is not going to help. The real order arises not from the outside, but from the innermost core of your being. Allow disorder—don't repress it. Face it, take the challenge of disorder—and by taking the challenge of disorder and living it, living dangerously, an order arises in your being. That order is out of chaos, not out of any pattern. This is a totally different gestalt: it is born into you and it is fresh; it is not traditional, it is virgin; it is not second-hand. Tao does not believe in the second-hand religion and in the second-hand God. If you take the God of Jesus you become a Christian, if you take the God of Krishna you become a Hindu, if you take the God of Mohammed you become a Mohammedan. Tao says: But until you find *your* God you are not on the Way.

So all these ways simply distract you from the real Way. Following others, you are going astray. Following any pattern of life, you are becoming a slave. Following any pattern, you are imprisoning yourself. And God, or Tao, or *dharma*, or truth, is possible only to one who is absolutely free, unconditionally free.

Of course, freedom is dangerous because there is no security in it, no safety in it. There is great safety when you are following the crowd: the crowd protects you. There is great safety when you are following the crowd; because of the very presence of so many people you feel that you are not alone—you cannot be lost. Because of this security you are lost, because of this security you never search and you never seek and you never enquire. And truth cannot be found unless you have enquired—unless you have enquired on your own. If you take borrowed truths, you become knowledgeable; but to be knowledgeable is not to know.

Tao is very much against knowledge. Tao says that even if you are ignorant and the ignorance is yours, it is good—at least it is yours, and it has an innocence to it. But if you are burdened with accumulated knowledge, scripture, tradition, then you are living a false, pseudo life. Then you are not really living, you are just pretending that you are living. You are making impotent gestures, empty gestures. Your life has not the intensity, the passion—cannot have the passion. That passion arises only when you move on your own, alone, into the vast sky of existence.

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Why can't you move alone? Because you don't trust life. You move with Mohammedans, you move with Hindus, you move with Jews, because you don't trust life you trust crowds. To move alone one needs great trust in life... the trees, the rivers, the sky, the eternity of it all—one trusts this. You trust man-made conceptions, you trust man-made systems, you trust man-made ideologies. How can man-made ideologies be true?

Man has created these ideologies just to hide the fact that he does not know, to hide the fact that he is ignorant. Man is cunning, clever, and he can create rationalisations; but these rationalisations are bogus—you cannot move with them into truth. You will have to drop them. Tao says that ignorance is not the barrier against truth—knowledge is the barrier.

Let me tell you a few anecdotes.

In Samuel Beckett's great work, *Waiting for Godot*, happens this small incident. Ponder over it.

Two tramps, Vladimir and Estragon, are on stage. They are there to wait—just as everybody else in the world is waiting—nobody knows exactly for what. Everybody is waiting, hoping that something is going to happen: today it has not happened, tomorrow it is going to happen. This is the human mind: today is being wasted, but it hopes that tomorrow something is going to happen. And those two tramps are sitting under a tree and waiting... waiting for Godot.

Nobody knows exactly who this Godot is. The word sounds like God, but it only sounds, and in fact the gods you are waiting for are all Godots. You have created them because one has to wait for something, otherwise how will you tolerate existence? For what? How will you postpone living? How will you hope? Life will become intolerable, impossible, if there is nothing to wait for. Somebody is waiting for money, and somebody is waiting for power, and somebody is waiting for enlightenment, and somebody for something else; but everybody is waiting. And people who wait are the people who miss.

These two tramps are there just to wait. What they are waiting for is the coming of a man, Godot, who is expected to provide them with shelter and sustenance. Meanwhile, they try to make time pass with small talk, jokes, games, and minor quarrels....

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That's what your life is: one is engaged meanwhile with small things. The great thing is going to happen tomorrow. Godot will come tomorrow. Today one is quarrelling—the wife with the husband, the husband with the wife. Small things, 'small talk, jokes, games . . . tedium and emptiness'. Today, that's what everybody is feeling: tedium, emptiness . . . 'Nothing to be done' is the refrain that rings again and again . . . They say again and again 'Nothing to be done', but then they console themselves, 'but tomorrow he is coming.' And in fact he has never promised them, they have never met him—it is an invention. One has to invent; out of misery one has to invent the tomorrow and something to cling to. Your gods, your heavens, your paradises, your *mokshas*, are all inventions. Tao does not talk about them.

This play of Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*, is very essentially Taoist.

. . . In the midst of the first act, two strangers—Pozzo and Lucky—storm onto the stage. Pozzo seems to be a man of affluence; Lucky, the servant, is being driven to a nearby market to be sold. Pozzo tells the tramps about Lucky's virtues—the most remarkable of which is that he can *think*. To show them, Pozzo snaps his whip and commands 'Think!' and there follows a long, hysterically incoherent monologue in which fragments of theology, science, sports, and assorted learning jostle in confusion until the three others hurl themselves on him and silence him.

What is your thinking? What are you saying when you say 'I am thinking'? It is a 'hysterically incoherent monologue in which fragments of theology, science, sports, and assorted learning jostle in confusion' . . . until death comes and silences you. What is your whole thinking? What can you think? What is there to think? And through thinking how can one arrive at truth? Thinking cannot deliver truth. Truth is an experience, and the experience happens only when thinking is no longer there.

So Tao says that theology is not going to help, philosophy is not going to help, logic is not going to help, reason is not going to help. You can go on thinking and thinking, and it will be nothing but invention—the pure invention of human mind to hide its own stupidity. And then you

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can go on and on, one dream can lead into another and that other dream can lead you into another... dream within dream within dream—that's what all philosophy, theology is.

I have heard a Taoist parable:

A man of the State of Cheng was one day gathering fuel when he came across a startled deer which he pursued and killed. Fearing lest anyone should see him, he hastily concealed the carcass in a ditch and covered it with plantain leaves, rejoicing excessively at his good fortune. By and by, he forgot the place where he had put it; and, thinking he must have been dreaming, he set off towards home, humming over the affair on his way.

Meanwhile, a man who had overheard his words, acted upon them and went and got the deer. The latter, when he reached his house, told his wife, saying 'A woodman dreamt he had got a deer, but he did not know where it was. Now I have got the deer, so his dream was a reality.'

'It is you' replied his wife 'who have been dreaming you saw a woodman. Did he get the deer? And is there really such a person? It is you who have got the deer. How, then, can his dream be a reality?'

'It is true' assented the husband 'that I have got the deer. It is therefore of little importance whether the woodman dreamt the deer or I dreamt the woodman.'

Now when the woodman reached his home, he became much annoyed at the loss of the deer and in the night he actually dreamt where the deer then was and who had got it. So next morning he proceeded to the place indicated in his dream—and there it was. He then took legal steps to recover possession, and when the case came on, the magistrate delivered the following judgment: 'The plaintiff began with a real deer and an alleged dream. He now comes forward with a real dream and an alleged deer. The defendant really got the deer which the plaintiff said he dreamt, and is now trying to keep it; while, according to his wife, both the woodman and the deer are but the figments of a dream, so that no one got the deer at all. However, here is the deer, which you had better divide between you. Nothing else can be done.'

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When the Prince of Cheng heard this story, he cried out 'The magistrate himself must have dreamt the case!'

Dream within dream within dream... this is how the mind goes on. Once you start dreaming, there is no end to it; and what you call thinking is better called dreaming—it is not thinking.

Remember, truth needs no thinking, it needs experience. When you see the sun and the light you don't think about it, you *see* it. When you come across a rose flower you don't *think* about it, you *see* it. When the fragrance comes to your nostrils you smell it, you don't think about it. I am here, you are looking at me, there is no need to think about me.

Whenever you are close to reality, thinking is not needed—then reality is enough, then the experience is enough. When you are far away from reality, you think: you substitute thinking for reality. A man who has eaten well is not going to dream in the night that he has been invited to a feast. A man who has fasted in the day is bound to dream in the night that he has been invited to a feast. A man who is sexually satisfied is not going to dream about sexual objects. That's the whole of Freudian psychology: you dream about things which are missing in your life, you dream to compensate. That's the whole Taoist approach too. What Freud says about thinking, about dreaming, the Taoist approach says about thinking as such. And dreaming is only a part of thinking and nothing else.

Thinking is dreaming with words, dreaming is thinking with pictures—that's the only difference. Dreaming is a primitive way of thinking and thinking is a more evolved way of dreaming—more civilised, more cultured, more intellectual, but it is the same—only the pictures have been replaced by words. And, in a way, because pictures have been replaced by words, it has gone even further away from reality, because reality is closer to pictures than to words.

Lieh Tzu is not thinker. Let that sink deep in you—that will help you to understand his parables. Lieh Tzu is a poet, not a thinker; and when I say 'poet', I mean one who believes in experiencing, not in speculations.

The poet is in search. His search is for the beautiful, but beauty is nothing but truth glimpsed. Truth, when you just glimpse it for a moment,

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appears as beauty. When truth is realised totally, then you come to know that beauty was only a function of truth. Wherever truth exists, there exists beauty—it is a shadow of truth. When truth is seen through screens, it is beauty; when beauty is naked, it is truth.

So the difference between the poet and the mystic is not much. The poet is coming closer, the mystic has arrived. For the poet, there are only glimpses of truth; for the mystic, truth has become his very life. The poet is only sometimes transported to the world of truth and then falls back again. For the mystic, truth has become his abode: he lives there; he lives as truth.

Poets come closest to religion. Thinkers, philosophers, logicians, theologians, scientists, are very far away. Their whole approach is verbal. The poetic approach is more existential, and the mystic's approach is existential par excellence; it is absolutely existential.

Tao means to exist on the Way, and to exist in such a way that the Way and you are not two. This existence is one—we are not separate from it. The separation, the idea of separation, is very illusory. We are joined together, we are one whole. We are not islands, we are one continent. You are in me, I am in you. The trees are in you, you are in the trees. It is an interconnected whole.

Basho has said: It is as if it were a vast spider's web. Have you tried? Touch the spider's web anywhere and the whole web starts shaking, trembling; the whole vibrates. Touch a leaf on the tree and you have made all the stars vibrate with it. You may not be able to see it right now, but things are so deeply related that it is impossible not to touch the stars by touching a leaf, the small leaf of a tree.

The whole is one—separation is not possible. The very idea of separation is the barrier. The idea of separation is what we call the ego. If you are with the ego, you are not on the path, you are not in Tao. When the ego is dropped, you are in Tao. Tao means an egoless existence, living as part of this infinite whole, not living as a separate entity.

Now, ordinarily we have been taught to live as separate entities, we have been taught to have our own will. People come to me and they ask me 'How should we develop our will-power?' Tao is against will, Tao is

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against will-power, because Tao is for the whole and not for the part. When the part exists in the whole, everything is harmonious. When the part starts existing on its own, everything becomes disharmonious—there is discord, conflict, confusion. When you are not fused with the whole, there is confusion. If the fusion is not happening with the whole, there is bound to be confusion. Whenever you are not with the whole you are unhappy.

Let this be the definition of happiness: To be with the whole is to be happy. To be with the whole is to be healthy. To be with the whole is to be holy. To be separate is to be unhealthy. To be separate is to be neurotic. To be separate is to fall from grace.

The fall of man is not because he has disobeyed God. The fall is because he thinks *he is*. The fall is because man thinks that he is a separate entity. This is foolish: you could not have existed if your parents were not there, and your parents' parents, and their parents' parents back . . . go to Adam and Eve. If Adam and Eve had not existed you would not be here. So you are connected with the whole past.

And Adam and Eve are just a myth. The past has no beginning—cannot have any beginning; the very idea of beginning is absurd. How can things suddenly begin? It is a beginning-less procession of events. You are connected with the whole past; and you are connected with the whole future too, because without you the future will not be the same. You may be nobody, but you will leave your mark. The whole future, the whole eternal future, will have a certain quality because you existed. Maybe you existed only for seventy years, and in those seventy years maybe you existed consciously only for seven seconds, but still you will leave a mark: the whole will not be the same. If you had not been there things would have been completely different; things will now be totally different because you have existed. You will continue. You may not do anything special, anything big and great—just an ordinary life—but still you will affect the whole destiny of existence.

Past, future—you are connected: this is the dimension of time. And then in space you are connected with everything. These trees, the sun, the moon, the stars . . . you are connected with everything. If the sun goes

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out of existence or simply becomes cool, as one day it is bound to become because energy is being dissipated every day. . . . A few scientists think that within four thousand years it will cool down—or forty thousand years, or four million years—that doesn't matter, some day the sun will cool down. The moment the sun cools down, we will all cool down immediately. We will lose life because life needs warmth; so the sun is continuously giving you life. And remember, in life there is no process which is one-way—cannot be. There is give and take: all roads go both ways. If the sun is giving life to you, you must be giving life to the sun in some way or other.

That is the meaning when Gurdjieff used to say to his disciples that the moon feeds on man. There is a possibility: you feed on animals, you feed on trees—everything is food for something—so why should man be an exception? Gurdjieff has some point there. Everything is food for something else, so why should man be the only exception that is not food for anything? He is the eater of the whole existence—and he is not food for anything? That is not possible; things are linked. So he invented a beautiful theory that man is food for the moon; the moon feeds on man, man's consciousness.

And it has some truth in it, because the full-moon night drives people crazy. That's why mad people are called lunatics—*luna* means the moon—moonstruck; a lunatic is moonstruck. The ocean goes *wild*. There is a possibility that man also goes wild on the full-moon night, because ninety per cent of man is ocean and nothing else. Ninety per cent of you is just ocean; you are made of ocean. Ninety per cent is water, and this water has the same salts as the ocean in exactly the same proportion. So when the ocean goes wild, something must be happening in your body too—ninety per cent is ocean within you—something must be going wild. Poets say that they write beautiful poetry on the full-moon night; lovers say that something becomes tremendously romantic. And this is a well-established fact now that more people go mad on the full-moon night than on any other night. The least number goes mad on the no-moon night, and the greatest number goes mad on the full-moon night.

Maybe Gurdjieff has some point in it when he says that the moon

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feeds on your consciousness. It may be just fiction, but even fictions have some part of truth in them. And when a man like Gurdjieff creates a fiction, it *has* to have some truth in it.

The whole is connected. We are eating, we are being eaten: from one side we take, to the other side we give. You eat the apple; one day, the apple tree will eat from your body, your body will become manure. When you are eating the apple, you may never have thought that your father or or your grandfather may be in the apple and that you may be eating your grandmother or grandfather. And, some day, your children will eat you.

Everything is connected. This connectedness is what is meant by the word 'Tao': the connectedness, the interconnectedness, the interdependence of all. Nobody is separate, hence ego is absurd. Only the whole can say 'I'; the parts should not say 'I'. If they have to say, they should say it only as a linguistic formality, but they should not claim the 'I'.

When you exist separately from existence you exist in misery, because you become disconnected; and nobody else is responsible for it—it is you. When you are happy, watch what happens. Whenever you are happy, you don't have the ego. In those moments of happiness, joy, bliss, suddenly the ego disappears—you are more melting into the whole; boundaries are less clear, boundaries are more blurred. When the boundaries are totally blurred—as if the river has disappeared into the ocean—when all boundaries are blurred and you are one, throbbing with the whole, there is happiness.

It is said somewhere, sometime, there lived a king. The king had everything that could be desired: wealth, power, even health. He had a wife and children whom he loved, but he did not have happiness. Sad and wearied he sat upon his throne....

It is natural. The more you have of *this* world, the less you have of happiness, because the more you have of this world, the stronger becomes your ego, the more strengthened is your ego, more crystallised—hence unhappiness. So it is never heard of that kings have been happy, very rarely. It is not just a coincidence that Buddha and Mahavir left their kingdoms and became beggars, and by becoming beggars they declared 'Now we have become emperors'—because they became happy.

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A sannyasin is a person who has learned the Way of Tao, and he says 'I am no more. Only the whole is.' This is the meaning of Jesus when he goes on saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God. 'Poor in spirit' means a man who has no ego, so poor that he has not even the idea of 'I'. But, from the other side, he is the richest person. That's why Jesus says: Those who are last here will be the first in my Kingdom of God. The poorest will become the richest. Remember, that by 'poor' no financial concept is meant, by 'poor' is meant a person who is nothing. By becoming nothing you become part of the whole.

The king must have been very unhappy. 'I must have happiness' said the king. The royal physician was summoned. 'I want happiness. Make me happy and I shall make you wealthy. If you do not make me happy, I shall cut off your head' said the king.

The physician was at a loss. What to do? How to make somebody happy? Nobody knows the way, nobody has ever been able to make somebody happy. But the king was mad and he might kill. The physician said 'I will have to meditate, Sire, and consult the scriptures. Tomorrow morning I will come.' And he meditated the whole night and in the morning he came upon the conclusion: 'It is very simple.'

He had consulted the books, but happiness was not mentioned in the medical books. The problem was difficult, but then he invented—he prescribed a remedy. He said 'Your Majesty, you must find the shirt of a happy man and take it from him. Then you will have happiness and you will know what happiness is.' A simple remedy: find the shirt of a happy man and wear it.

The king was very happy listening to this, he said 'So simple?' He told his chief minister 'Go and find a happy man and bring his shirt as immediately as possible.'

The minister went. He went to the richest man and asked for his shirt, but he said 'You can take as many shirts as you like, but I am not a happy man. Shirts you can have, as many as you want, but I am unhappy myself, and I too will send my servants to look for a happy man and his shirt. Thank you for your remedy.'

And he visited so many people, but nobody was happy. They were all

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ready, they said 'We can give our lives if the king can become happy. What of shirts? We can give our whole lives, but we are not happy—our shirts won't do.'

Then the minister was very miserable. What to do? Now he would be at fault—the physician had played a game, so he was very much worried. Then somebody said 'Don't be so worried, I know a happy man. And you must have heard him somewhere, sometimes—he plays on his flute in the night, just by the side of the river. You must have heard.'

He said 'Yes, sometimes in the middle of the night, I was enchanted—such beautiful notes. Who is this man? Where is he?'

The man said 'In the night we will go and find him. He always comes, every night.'

So they went in the night and the man was playing on his flute and it was tremendously beautiful. And the notes were so blissful that the minister was happy. He said 'Now I have found the man!'

When they reached there, the man stopped playing. He said 'What do you want?'

The minister said 'Are you happy?'

He said 'I am happy, I am happiness. What do you want?'

The minister danced with happiness. He said 'Now, you just give your shirt!'—and the man remained silent. And the minister said 'Why are you silent? Give your shirt! The king needs it.'

The man said 'That's impossible, because I don't have any shirt. You can't see because it is dark, but I am sitting naked. I would have given my shirt—I can give my life, but I don't have any shirt.'

'Then why are you happy?' the minister asked 'then how are you happy?'

And the man said 'The day I lost all—shirt and all—I became happy... the day I lost all. In fact I don't have anything, and I don't have even myself. I am not playing this flute, the whole is playing through me. I am a nonentity, a nothingness, a nobody....'

This is the meaning of 'the poor in spirit': one who possesses nothing, who has nothing, who knows nothing, who is nothing. Tao says: When

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you are nothing you will become all. Dissolve and you will become whole. Claim that you are and you will be miserable.

This Tao, this merging with the whole, this disappearing into the cosmos, cannot be taught. You can learn it, but it cannot be taught. So Lieh Tzu and other Taoist Masters don't preach anything; they don't have anything to preach. They talk in parables. You can listen to the story, and if you really listen, something... something will burst open in you. So the whole thing depends on how you listen.

Lieh Tzu himself was with his Master for many years, just sitting silently, not doing anything, just learning to be silent, learning to be passive, learning to be receptive, learning to be feminine—that is how one becomes a disciple. Let me tell you: there are no Masters, there are only disciples—because it cannot be taught, so how to say that there are Masters? Buddha cannot teach you, Lieh Tzu cannot teach you, so why call them Masters? But if there is a disciple, he learns.

So a Master is not one who teaches you, a Master is one in whose presence you can learn. Let the difference be known: a Master is not one who teaches you—because there is nothing to teach, a Master is one in whose presence it is possible to learn.

A seeker came to Jalaluddin Rumi, the Sufi mystic, and said 'Will you teach me? Will you teach me, Master?'

Jalaluddin looked at him and said 'Will you allow me to teach?'

The man said 'Why should I not allow you to teach? I have come to learn.'

Jalaluddin said 'Because that is the main thing—will you allow me to teach? Otherwise I cannot teach, because in fact teaching is not possible, only learning is possible. If you allow, then the learning will flower.'

Lieh Tzu was with his Master for many years, just sitting silently, not doing anything, just becoming more and more passive. A day arrived when he was absolutely silent: there was not a ripple of thought in his being, not a wave. His energy was totally there, a reservoir, a placid lake with no waves, no wind blowing—and he understood.

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In a single moment it happens. Truth is not a process, it is a happening. It is not gradual, it needs no time to happen. If time is needed, the time is needed only for you because you cannot be silent right now. If you can be silent, it can happen right now. It happens always in silence.

What happens in silence? When you are silent, you are not—the boundaries dissolve, you are one with the total.

Then what is the function of a Master? The function of the Master is *just* to be close to you, so that you can have a taste of someone who has tasted the whole, so he can become a *via media*. It is difficult for you to taste the whole because you are so full of the ego. Somebody who is egoless, in whom God is flowing easily, one who is glowing with God, streaming with his energy... just by the side of him, sitting silently, waiting, some day you are overflowed.

Let me tell you one Taoist story.

A disciple of Lao Tzu said 'Master, I have arrived.'

Lao Tzu said 'If you say you have arrived, then it is certain that you have not arrived.'

The disciple waited for a few months, then one day he said 'You were right, Master. Now, *it has arrived*.'

First he had said 'I have arrived', and the Master denied. And then after a few months, one day, suddenly he burst open, and he said 'It has arrived.'

Lao Tzu looked with tremendous compassion and love and patted his head. And he said 'Now it is right. Now, tell me what has happened. Now I would like to listen. What has happened?'

He said 'Up to that day when you said "If you say you have arrived, then it is certain that you have not arrived" I was making effort, I was doing all that I could do, I was trying hard. The day you said "If you say you have arrived, then you have not arrived" it struck home. How could 'I' arrive? because 'I' is the barrier, so I had to give way.'

It can arrive, and Taoists even call it 'It'. They don't call it 'he', they don't call it 'she', they don't call it 'God the Father', they don't call it by any personal name—they simply say 'it'. 'It' is non-personal, it is the name of the whole: 'Tao' means it.

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'Tao has arrived' he said 'and it came only when I was not there.'

Lao Tzu said 'Tell the other disciples the situation in which it happened.' And he said 'The only thing that I can say is that I was not good, I was not bad, I was not a sinner, I was not a saint, I was not this, I was not that, I was not anybody in particular when it arrived. I was just a passivity, a tremendous passivity, just a door, an opening. I had not even invited it. Listen! I had not even invited it, because even the invitation would have gone with my signature. I had not even invited . . . In fact, I had completely forgotten about it. I was just sitting. I was not even seeking, searching, enquiring. I was not there, and suddenly it overflowed me.'

It happens that way. It can happen to you here if you just become more and more passive. Tao is the way of the feminine. All other religions are aggressive, all other religions are more male-oriented; Tao is more female. And remember, truth comes only when you are in a feminine state of consciousness—never otherwise. You cannot conquer truth. That is foolish, silly even to think about, that you can conquer truth. The part conquering the whole! The part can only allow, the part can only be in a let-go.

This let-go will happen if you can do one thing: stop clinging to knowledge, stop clinging to philosophies, stop clinging to doctrines, dogmas. Stop clinging to the churches and the organised religion, otherwise you will have false conceptions, and those false conceptions won't allow the truth to enter you.

A beautiful parable:

All along the farmyard gables the swallows sat a-row, twittering uneasily to one another, telling of many things, but thinking only of summer and the south, for autumn was afoot and the north wind waiting.

And suddenly, one day they were all quite gone. And everyone spoke of the swallows and the south.

'I think I shall go south myself next year' said a hen.

And the year wore on and the swallows came; the year wore on and

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they sat again on the gables, and all the poultry discussed the departure of the hen.

And very early one morning, the wind being from the north, the swallows all soared suddenly and felt the wind in their wings; and a strength came upon them, and a strange old knowledge and a more than human faith; and flying high, they left the smoke of our cities.

'I think the wind is about right' said the hen, and she spread her wings and ran out of the poultry yard. And she ran fluttering out onto the road and some way down it, until she came to a garden.

At evening she came back panting. And in the poultry yard she told the poultry how she had gone south as far as the highroad, and had seen the great world's traffic going by. And she had come to lands where the potato grew and had seen the stubble upon which men live. And at the end of the road she had found a garden, and there were roses in it—beautiful roses—and the gardener himself was there.

'How extremely interesting' the poultry said 'and what a really beautiful description!'

And the winter wore away, and the bitter months went by, and the spring of the year appeared, and the swallows came again.

But the poultry would not agree that there was a sea in the south. 'You should hear our hen!' they said.

Now the hen has become the knower. She knows what is in the south, and she has not even gone outside the town—just down the road a little bit.

Intellect is a hen. . . . It cannot go very far. But once the hen knows something, it prevents; it becomes an obstacle.

Drop your intellect, and you will not lose anything. Carry your intellect with yourself, and you will lose all. Drop your intellect, and you will lose only your imprisonment, your falsity. Drop your intellect, and suddenly your consciousness will soar high, will be on its wings. . . and you can go to the very south, to the open seas where you belong. Intellect is the burden on man.

The last thing before we go into this parable: Tao starts with death.

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Why? There is something significant in the beginning. Tao says that if you understand death you will understand everything, because in death your boundaries will be blurred. In death, you will disappear. In death, ego will be dropped. In death, mind will be no longer there. In death, all that is non-essential will be dropped and only the essential will remain.

If you can understand death you will be able to understand what Tao is, what the pathless path is—because religion is also a way of dying, love is also a way of dying, prayer is also a way of dying. Meditation is voluntary death. Death is the greatest phenomenon. It is the culmination of life, the crescendo, the highest peak. You know only one peak, and that peak is of sex, and that is the lowest peak of the Himalayas. Yes, it is a peak, but the lowest peak; death is the highest peak.

Sex is birth: it is the beginning of the Himalayas, the lowest peak. Just at the beginning the highest is not possible. Slowly, slowly, the peaks rise higher and higher, finally they come to the peak. Death is the peak, sex is the beginning. Between sex and death is the whole story of life.

Western psychology starts by understanding sex. Eastern psychology, the psychology of the Buddhas, starts by understanding the psychology of death. To understand sex is very primary; to understand death is the ultimate.

And by understanding death you can die consciously. If you die consciously you will not be born again—there will be no need. You have learned the lesson, you will not be thrown back again and again into the wheel of life and death. You have known, you have learned—there is no need for you to be sent again to the school; you have transcended. If you don't learn the meaning of death you will have to be thrown back. Life is a situation to learn what death is.

This parable:

*When Lieh Tzu was eating at the roadside
on a journey to Wei,
he saw a hundred-year-old skull.
Picking a stalk he pointed to the skull
and, turning to his disciple Pai Feng,*

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*said 'Only he and I know that you were
never born and will never die.
Is it he who is truly miserable,
is it we who are truly happy?'*

A very cryptic statement : a code which has to be decoded. '*Only he and I know*' said Lieh Tzu, pointing to the hundred-year-old skull, '*that you were never born and will never die.*' Why does he say '*only he and I*'? The skull has died a non-voluntary death, and Lieh Tzu has died a voluntary death—both are dead in a way.

Lieh Tzu has died through meditation. Lieh Tzu has died because he is no longer an ego, because he is no longer separate from the whole, because he is no more. This is real death, deeper in fact than the death of the skull. It is not really certain whether the man who has died, and whose skull has lain there for a hundred years, has known. It is not certain—he may not have known, he may have known. But it is certain that Lieh Tzu knows: his death is conscious.

But he used the situation. A parable uses a situation. His disciple, Pai Feng, was sitting by his side, the skull was lying there, and he pointed to the skull.

*'Only he and I know that you were
never born and will never die.'*

Who dies? And who is born? The ego is born and the ego dies. Deep down, where ego is no more, you are never born and you never die. You are eternal, you are eternity, you are the very substratum, the very stuff that existence is made of—how can you die? But ego is born and ego dies.

You are never born and you can never die, but how to know it? Would you like to wait until death comes? That is very risky, because if you live your whole life unconsciously, there is not much possibility that you may become conscious when you die. It is not possible—if your whole life has been a continuity of unconscious living, you will die unconsciously, you

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will not be able to know. You will die in a coma, you will not be able to observe and see what is happening. You were not even able to see life, how can you see death? Death is more subtle.

If you really want to know, then start becoming alert, aware. Live consciously, learn consciousness, accumulate consciousness. Become a great flame of consciousness, then, when death comes, you will be able to witness it, you will be able to see it and you will know 'The body is dying, the ego is dying, but I am not dying because I am the witness.' That witness is the very core of existence. That witness is what other religions call 'God', and what Lieh Tzu, Chuang Tzu call 'Tao': the knower, the knowing element, consciousness, awareness, alertness.

Start living a conscious life. Do whatsoever you are doing, but do as if you are a witness to it—watch it, silently go on observing it. Don't get lost into things; remain alert, remain beyond. Start from small things: walking on the road, eating, taking a bath, holding the hand of a friend, talking, listening—small things, but keep alert. You will forget again and again. Pick it up again, find it out again, remember it again. This is what Buddha calls 'mindfulness', what Gurdjieff calls 'self-remembering'.

Go on remembering that you are a witness. In the beginning it is arduous, hard, because our sleep is long. We have slept for many lives, we have become accustomed to sleep, we are snoring—metaphysically. It is difficult, but if you try, by and by a ray of alertness will enter in your being. It is possible—difficult, but possible—not impossible. And this is the most valuable thing in life.

*'Only he and I know that you were
never born and will never die.'*

I know you will never die, because you were never born, but you don't know it. My knowing is not going to help you—you have to know it. It has to become your own understanding: 'a light unto yourself'.

*'Is it he who is truly miserable,
is it we who are truly happy?'*

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'And then he puts a question to his disciple 'Who is happy—those who are alive or those who are dead? Who is really miserable—those who are dead or those who are alive? And who is really happy?' And he leaves the question. It is a koan: the disciple has to meditate on it.

The parable says nothing, it ends abruptly. Now the disciple has to work it out. Now he has to meditate, he has to be aware of death, of life, of love, of this and that. And he has to meditate on the fact: Who is really happy? Are you happy by being just alive? You are not; the whole world is so miserable. So one thing can be deduced, and can be deduced unconditionally, that just by being alive one is not bound to be happy. Just being alive is not enough to be happy—something more is needed to be happy, something 'plus'. Life plus awareness. . . then happiness arises, because in awareness, in the light of awareness, the darkness of ego disappears.

Now, when life has a plus point of awareness great things happen. First: the ego disappears, and with the ego disappears death, because only ego can die—because ego was born. With ego, birth has disappeared, death has disappeared. With ego, your separation from existence has disappeared.

This is the meaning of the crucifixion: ego is crucified. When Jesus is crucified, Christ is born—that is the meaning of resurrection. On one side crucifixion, on the other side resurrection.

Die if you really want to be alive—very paradoxical, but tremendously true, absolutely true. As you are, you are neither dead nor alive. You are hanging in-between, hence the misery, the tension, the anguish. You are split: you are neither alive nor dead. Either be totally alive, and then you will know what life is; or be totally dead, then too you will know what life is—because with totality opens the door of Tao.

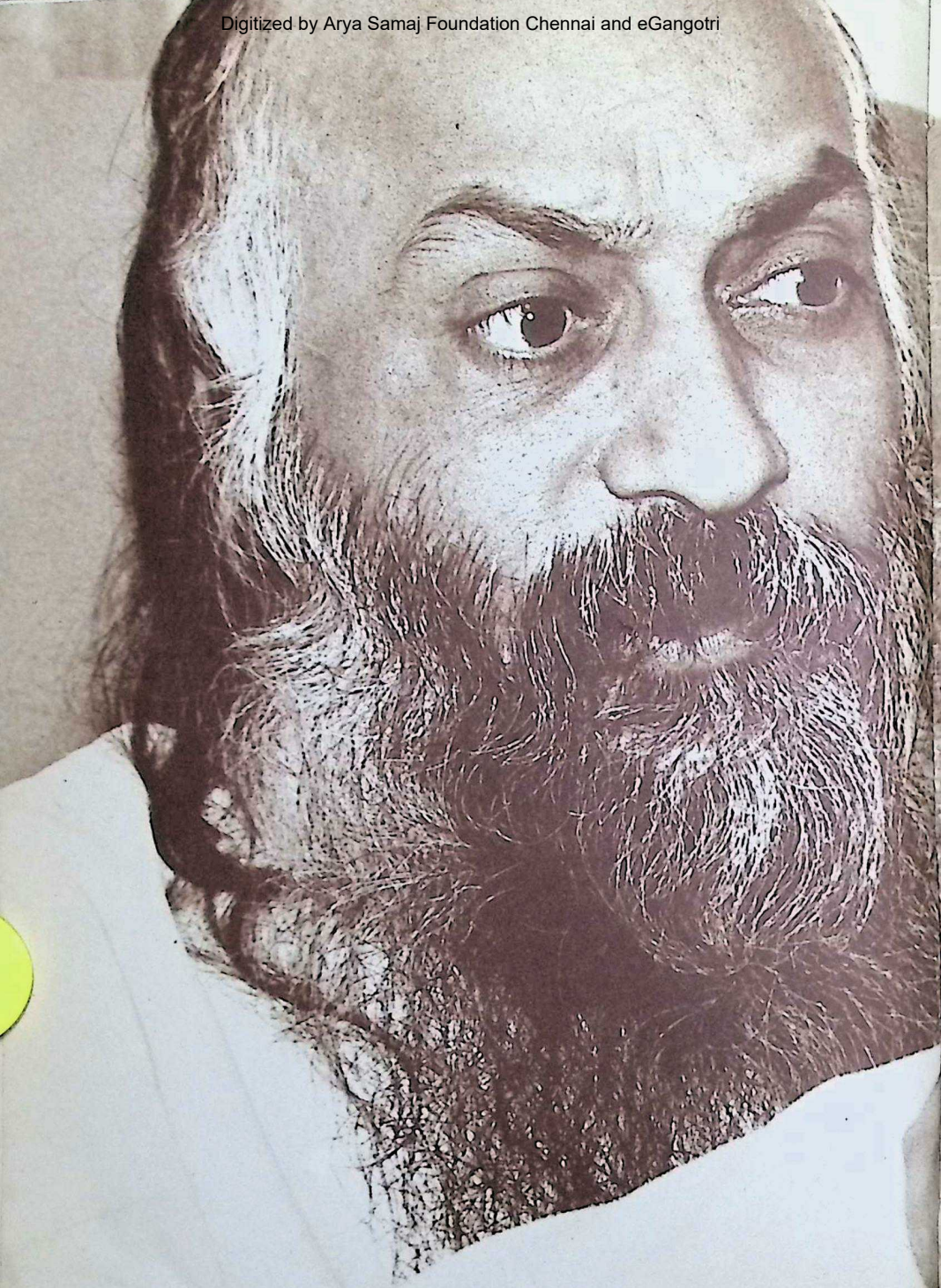
Be total. A man who is asleep cannot be total in anything. You are eating, you are not total there; you are thinking a thousand and one things, you are dreaming a thousand and one dreams, you are just stuffing mechanically. You may be making love to your woman or to your man—you are not totally there. You may be thinking of other women: making love to your wife and thinking of some other woman. Or you may be thinking

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of the market, or of the prices of things that you want to purchase, or of a car, or of a house, or of a thousand and one things—and you are making love mechanically.

Be total in your acts, and if you are total you have to be aware; nobody can be total without being aware. Being total means no other thinking. If you are eating, you are simply eating; you are totally here-now. The eating is all: you are not only stuffing, you are enjoying it. Body, mind, soul—all are in tune while you are eating: there is a harmony, a deep rhythm, between all three layers of your being. Then eating becomes meditation, walking becomes meditation, chopping wood becomes meditation, carrying water from the well becomes meditation, cooking food becomes meditation. Small things are transformed: they become luminous acts, and each act becomes so total that each act has the quality of Tao.

Then you are not the doer when you are total. Then God is the doer, or the total is the doer—you are just a vehicle, a passage. And becoming that passage is bliss, is benediction.





Sublime Laziness

Where does educating the subconsciousness conflict or harmonise with Tao, as it implies discipline with self-effort from an external expression?

*

Tao knows nothing of discipline. Tao is anarchic, spontaneous, effortless. All disciplines are unnatural—they have to be. Nature needs no discipline, it is sufficient unto itself. Trees and rivers and animals and stars—they don't know anything of discipline. Discipline is man-created, man-made; and because of discipline man becomes split. One part starts manipulating the other part, then a rift is created. The mind tries to manipulate the body, and the body tries to manipulate the mind in subtle ways, or at least tries to sabotage it. This conflict creates confusion: all conflict is confusion. Because of conflict the fusion cannot happen; you cannot be one, you cannot be fused in one, hence confusion. And the ultimate result can only be schizophrenia. You go on fighting and fighting, and by and by you are no longer one individual, you become many—at least two, and if worse happens, then many—then you become a crowd. And when you are not one, you cannot be happy.

Happiness is a function of unity. Happiness is the music that happens when you are in unison, when everything fits together, when everything harmonises, when there is no conflict—not even a trace of it, when you are an orchestra not a crowd. . . . Nobody is trying to manipulate, nobody is trying to become the master, nobody is trying to exploit, oppress. . . the whole being is overflowing with joy.

SUBLIME LAZINESS

Tao is spontaneity, it is not discipline, hence Tao is the ultimate in religion—no religion touches that peak. The moment a religion starts becoming a discipline, it has already fallen very low.

There are three stages of a religion. Just like there is childhood, youth and old age in the life of a man or a woman, so there are three stages in the life of a religion. When religion is born—the childhood of religion, when a Master is alive, fresh, and the energy is flowing from the source and the fragrance is coming, when Buddha is alive or Lao Tzu is alive or Jesus is alive—then religion has its first, virgin, innocent state: the childhood. It is as fresh as the dewdrops in the morning, fresh as the rose flower, fresh as the stars, innocent; it knows no discipline, it knows only spontaneity.

Then, close to a Master people start gathering. That is bound to happen—a magnet is there, people start gathering. The second stage comes: the stage of organic religion. The first stage is individual, rebellious, spontaneous; there is no question of any effort, any discipline, any scripture; God is in the nude, truth is as it is—no camouflage, no dressings. Then people start gathering. The second stage is not so rebellious for these people, and, because of these people, by and by discipline arises. The Master goes on talking of spontaneity, but the followers cannot understand spontaneity; they translate it in terms of disciplining themselves. The Master says 'Just be', they ask 'How to be?' Their question of the 'how' by and by brings in discipline; they create the discipline. Let me say it in this way: the Master brings spontaneity, the disciples bring discipline.

The words 'disciple' and 'discipline' come from the same root. When disciples have gathered about a Master, they start translating what he is saying, what he means. They start interpreting, and of course they interpret according to their minds—there is no other way. If you interpret at all, you will misinterpret.

The real disciple is one who does not interpret, who does not translate, who listens passively, who is not asking 'how', who is not in a hurry to get some result, who is not goal-oriented, who is not greedy. The greedy disciple immediately creates a discipline. This is the second stage—still

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alive; I call this stage the organic stage of religion. The Master is there, the disciples have come, there is organic unity but . . .

In the first stage there was only the centre, now there is a circumference; and the circumference will go on becoming bigger and bigger and bigger, and the bigger it is the less true it will be. The further away the circumference goes from the centre, the further away it goes from truth, innocence. It becomes knowledge, it becomes discipline, dogma, but still a little light comes through all these screens.

Then, at the third stage when the Master is gone, religion becomes an organised religion. It is no longer organic now because the centre has disappeared. Now the circumference tries to exist without the centre—it becomes a church, a creed, theology. Now religion is very old; and some day, somewhere, the religion dies but the church continues.

You ask 'Where does educating the subconsciousness conflict or harmonise with Tao, as it implies discipline with self-effort from an external expression?'

Tao never allowed itself to become even an organic religion—naturally, it never allowed itself to become a church. It has remained spontaneous, hence there are no followers, there is no church like the Vatican, or the Shankaracharya—nothing like that. Tao has remained available for those who are courageous enough to be spontaneous. It needs great courage to be spontaneous because to be spontaneous means to remain in a state of constant uncontrol. Spontaneity means not to interfere with your nature—let it be whatsoever it is and let it go wherever it is moving; to be like wind, to be like a river not knowing where it is going—not caring where it is going, not bothering, not trying to plan, not trying to project.

To be natural needs great courage, hence there are very few people who have attained to Tao. There are millions of Christians, millions of Mohammedans, millions of Hindus, millions of Buddhists, but Tao has remained a transcendence, a fragrance—untethered, unimprisoned—hence its beauty, its sublime exquisiteness, its superb truth.

The superconscious, the conscious, the unconscious: these divisions exist because you have tried discipline, otherwise there is an indiscriminate consciousness inside you. There are no divisions. Freudians, Jungians,

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Adlerians, and other psychologists, talk as if these divisions were naturally there, as if they were part of the facticity of humanity. They are not right. The unconscious exists because man has repressed; the moment repression disappears, the unconscious also disappears. The unconscious is not a natural division of your consciousness. You have done something with your consciousness: you have forced many things inside your being which you don't want to look at; you avoid, hence the creation of the unconscious.

A Buddha knows no unconscious. I don't know any unconscious. All that is in me I am aware of, I allow it, it is in my vision; there is no dark basement where I go on throwing things. The basement starts existing only when you start repressing. Repression creates divisions, then you become more and more confined because you cannot look deeper: you are afraid, you cannot dare, you cannot afford to... the unconscious is created. Once the unconscious is created, then there is a small overlapping of the conscious and the unconscious; that is called the subconscious. The unconscious means complete darkness, the conscious means light. Of course, between this darkness and light there is an overlap, a small boundary, which is neither dark nor light: that is the subconscious.

These three divisions exist because of you, not because of nature. But psychologists go on talking as if they have found some natural division. There is no division at all. The moment you allow spontaneity to explode, your consciousness starts spreading. One day your whole being becomes light; there are no dark corners because there is nothing to hide. You stand nude to your own vision... nothing to hide, nothing to escape from, nothing to be afraid of—you have accepted yourself. In deep acceptance you become one.

Tao says that man has an indiscriminated consciousness. You cannot call it 'the conscious', you cannot call it 'the unconscious', you cannot call it 'the subconscious', because these divisions are really fabricated, man-made. When a child is born he has no unconscious, he has no conscious—he is indiscriminate, he is one. But immediately we start educating him, immediately we start training him: Be like this and don't be like that; so whatsoever we deny, he has to reject. Those rejected parts go

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on piling up inside him and if he has to look at them it hurts—they are his own rejected parts—as if you had cut his limbs; it is painful to look at them, it is better to forget them. To forget seems to be the only way, and when you forget something that is inside you, the unconscious is created.

The unconscious disappears when you again become spontaneous like a child. The whole teaching of Tao is to be again like a child. It means to undo all that the society has done to you; it means to destroy, to dismantle, the structure that society has put around you; to claim your freedom again which is your birth-right; to be radically transformed; to go beyond the structure of the society, to go above. To go to nature against nurture: that's what the message of Tao is.

There is no discipline in Tao—Tao is not Yoga. Tao is just the diametrically opposite standpoint to Yoga. If Patanjali and Lao Tzu met, they would not be able to understand each other—impossible; Patanjali would talk about discipline. If Patanjali met Confucius, they would become friends immediately; Confucius also talks about discipline, control, character. Lao Tzu talks about characterlessness. Remember the word 'characterlessness' because Lao Tzu says that the real man has no character—cannot have a character; character means something of the past.

A real man lives in the moment. He does not live through the past, he has no ideas to live—he simply lives, he responds to the present moment. And he has no scriptures to follow, no moralities to follow, he has no commandments. His only attitude is that of spontaneous responsibility: whatsoever is facing him, he responds to totally, he responds fully.

A man of character can never respond fully. He has ideas, he has to do things in a certain way. Before the situation arises he has already decided how to act, he has rehearsed. The man of Tao lives without rehearsal; he never manages, he never jumps ahead. Let the moment come and he is there to reflect it—whatsoever is needed will come out of his being. He trusts nature: his trust is absolute, utterly absolute. The man of character does not trust nature. He says 'I should cultivate good character, otherwise in a certain situation I may behave in a bad way.' He does

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not trust himself. Look at the absurdity: he does not trust himself and *he* is going to cultivate and *he* is going to manage... and he does not trust himself. His self-distrust is there so he becomes a pseudo person, then he loses authenticity. He smiles because he has to smile, he loves because he has to love, he behaves in a certain way because that is how one should behave—but all false. Nothing comes from his heart, nothing flows through his heart, nothing has the touch of his being; everything is just managed. Naturally, he lives a very pseudo life: his love is not alive, his smile is painted, his gestures are all impotent, meaningless. He manages—that's all, but he never lives.

Tao has no discipline. It does not trust in character, it trusts in being, in your nature. And there is no effort, because all effort is going to create trouble. Effort means conflict, effort means imposing something, effort means that you are at war with yourself. Tao trusts in effortlessness. Jesus says to his disciples: Look at the lilies in the field, they toil not, they labour not. They don't plan for the tomorrow yet they are tremendously beautiful. Even Solomon was not so beautiful when he was attired in all his beautiful dresses and diamonds and ornaments. Even then he was not as beautiful as these lilies in the field. What is the secret of the lilies in the field? They live naturally, they bloom naturally; there is no effort, 'they toil not'.

Jesus must have got this message from some Taoist source. There are stories that he travelled to India, there are stories that he even travelled to Japan. There is a place in Japan which people say that he came to. There are stories that he travelled to Tibet. If he had travelled to Japan and Tibet he must have come to know something, something about Tao; he must have gathered something. Maybe he never went to Japan and never went to Tibet, maybe it was his own experience he came upon in his own inner search, but he is a Taoist—Jesus can be counted upon. He is a Taoist, hence the Jews could not trust in him. They are fundamentally a law-abiding people, they have lived according to law: the Ten Commandments of Moses. And Jesus says: Moses has given you law. I will give you another law and a higher law—the law of love. But love knows no law—he is tricky—love is always lawlessness. But to convince

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the Jews, the law-abiding people, he is saying: I will give you the law of love. Law of love? It is a contradiction in terms: law is never loving, love is never law-abiding—cannot be. Love is freedom, law is a bondage—they never go together, it is impossible to put them together.

I have heard....

A man was passing through a cemetery when he came upon a grave. There was a beautiful marble stone on the grave, and he looked and he read, and it said: Here lies a great lawyer and a great lover. He said 'Impossible! How can two men be in one grave? A lover? And a great lawyer? Not possible!'

Jesus has brought love and he has brought lawlessness, that's why the Jews could not forgive him. He had to be punished: he was disrupting the whole society. He was dangerous, he was really dangerous—very few people have been born on the earth who have been so dangerous. He was sabotaging the whole structure when he said 'God is Love'; and the God of the Jews was never love. He was a very angry God and a very jealous God, and he would destroy you for small things if you didn't abide by his commandments. He threw Adam and Eve out of Eden because they disobeyed.

Love forgives, love knows how to forgive. Love loves so much that it is impossible to be so angry and enraged. The God of the Jews was destroying cities for small things—because the people were characterless or they were homosexuals. He destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, He destroyed whole towns. He flooded the whole world! He wanted to destroy the whole world. He cannot be very loving; he may be just, but he is not loving. And how can justice be love? Justice has to be justice. Love is a totally different dimension. The Jews became afraid. Jesus was bringing spontaneity, he was bringing lawlessness and he was bringing rebelliousness, and in such disguise that people would not even be aware of what he was bringing in.

If people are against me in India it is natural: my whole message is a sabotage. Jesus says: I don't bring peace, I bring a sword. And Jesus

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says: I have come to put the son against the father, and the husband against the wife, and the mother against the son, and the brother against the brother. What does he mean? These relationships, these so-called 'relationships', are no longer of love; they are only formal. Jesus says: Only love is enough, anything else is going to destroy your naturalness. Love your mother—not because she is your mother; love her, let there be love, but not because she is your mother. How can you love a woman just because she is your mother? How can you love a woman just because she is your sister? You can fulfil duties but duties are ugly.

'Duty' is an ugly four-letter word—avoid it! It has destroyed nature, it has destroyed humanity, it has not allowed man to flower and bloom.

No, there is no discipline and there is no effort in Tao, there is only understanding. Remember, let me repeat it: there is only understanding. Effort means you have not understood rightly—that's why you have to make effort. If I say 'Love is enough' and you understand me, will you make any effort? That very understanding will bring a change. Understanding is revolution. If you understand, love is enough. If you understand that the lilies in the field are beautiful, if you understand what beauty is—to be natural is to be beautiful—are you going to make any effort to attain this beauty? How can you be natural through effort? To be natural you have to drop all effort. And will you try to drop your effort through some effort? Then you will be getting into the same trap again. It is not going to change you.

Just see the fact. Just see the fact and let the fact be there. Let it penetrate into your heart, let it sink in and you will see that the very understanding of the fact has transformed you. Suddenly you see that you are a totally different man, the old man is gone and the new is born—there was no effort.

And one thing more about it: Tao is sublime laziness. It does not believe in aggression, it does not believe in the male element. Tao is feminine: passivity, receptivity. Try to understand this. There are two ways to approach truth. One way is that of aggression, almost like rape. That's why I always say science has raped: it is aggressive, it has been coercive on nature, it has forced nature to reveal its secrets. It is very crude,

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primitive, because one has to rape only when one cannot love. A rapist is one who is incapable of love. If you can love a woman, can you even think of raping a woman? It will not even come into your dreams—it is impossible. When one fails in loving then the rape arises. Violence arises only when love fails, aggression arises only when love fails. Science is a failure—failure in the sense that we could not persuade nature. It would have been better to persuade.

Tao persuades nature. There is no need to coerce; love, and by and by nature reveals its secrets to you. Science tries to force. You come to know some facts but they are ugly, they are abortive, they are not naturally born; and something of your violence goes on echoing and re-echoing. So it is not just coincidence that science has led to more and more violence in the world: science is violent. It is just coincidence that science has culminated in atom and hydrogen bombs—they are a natural corollary to it. Science is coercion, and coercion ultimately ends in violence; and if we don't become aware, science is going to become suicide, a universal suicide.

One day or other, man is going to commit suicide, because if you force nature violently there are going to be repercussions from it. And the violence that you do to nature will come back on you.

Things happen in such a subtle way that sometimes one is not aware. Adolf Hitler destroyed the Jews in Germany. He expelled Albert Einstein because he was a Jew. He could never have thought that the expulsion of this one man from Germany would be the end of his whole effort, would be the end of Fascism. Albert Einstein was turned out of Germany; he sought asylum in America, and he wrote a letter to Roosevelt proposing that atom bombs could be created. It was Albert Einstein who became instrumental in creating the first atom bomb, and that very atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. And it destroyed the Fascists and the Nazis, and Adolf Hitler, and all his dreams of a one-thousand-year rule over the world. Now, if you look back, the thing seems to be very simple. He turned out Albert Einstein, and he could not have even imagined that this turning away of Albert Einstein would be his end. If Albert Einstein were not turned out of Germany, Hitler might have ruled the whole world. But

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a Jew turned out of the country was not at all significant in his eyes. That Jew proved his undoing: in a roundabout way the atom bomb was created.

Life is very deeply interconnected: whatsoever happens here will have repercussions there.

Tao says: Never coerce nature, otherwise nature will throw all coercion back on you, and you will be destroyed. Persuade, love. And, as Tao says don't coerce outer nature, Tao says don't coerce inner nature too.

Science tries to coerce outer nature, Yoga tries to coerce inner nature—so science and Yoga can go together very well; they are fellow-travellers. Einstein could have understood Patanjali very easily, and Patanjali could have understood Einstein very easily. But neither Einstein nor Patanjali would have been able to conceive of what Lao Tzu is saying. He would look mad, he would look absurd. He brings a totally different dimension into the world—the dimension of the feminine.

Man is aggressive, woman is receptive. Woman is a womb: receptivity. Lao Tzu says that truth has to be received, not sought. Seek, and you will never find, says Lao Tzu. Wait, wait in openness, wait in vulnerability and you will find, because truth will come to you. Invite, and wait. Love, and wait. Be in a let-go.

That is the meaning when I say 'sublime laziness'. It is inactivity, yet it is not lethargy; inactivity, yet full of radiance; not doing anything, but pulsating with energy. In fact, a person who is not doing anything should pulsate with tremendous energy, because he is not putting his energy anywhere; so energy is accumulating: he becomes a reservoir—radiant, alive, throbbing, streaming. In that great energy-moment which is yet inactive, truth happens—hence I call it 'sublime laziness'. The active person loses energy; the active person is destroying, dissipating, his energy. The inactive person accumulates, so it is not lethargy. A person who is lethargic is inactive and has no energy; he is impotent.

Just a few days ago I was talking about Ashtavakra. Yes, he is exactly like Lao Tzu; he also praises the quality of sublime laziness. He calls it *alasi shiromani*: the emperor of laziness, a great king of laziness, the highest peak of laziness. But remember, inactivity plus energy, plus

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vitality. And not a single effort has to be made, because in the effort so much energy will be wasted that you will be less radiant. And God comes to you only when you are so vital—optimumly vital, optimum... at the peak—that you cannot be any more vital. At that peak you meet the divine. Your highest energy comes closest to God's feet; God's lowest energy is closest to man's highest energy, and there is the communion.

To understand Tao is simply to understand.

Your repressions are like diseases, and all your efforts bring nothing but repressions.

I have heard....

A mysterious man was constantly found waiting on the doorsteps of the Metropolitan Museum in the morning when it opened. He was well dressed, but always unshaven, looking as if he had just got out of bed, flung on his clothes and made a dash for the Museum. But once inside, all he did was sit on a bench, unfold *The Times*, and read for an hour or so. One morning he noticed a guard looking at him, and said testily 'I suppose you're wondering why I come here? I'm trying to stop smoking, and I have to be some place where they won't let me smoke, see?' He brooded for a while, then amplified his explanation. 'On Sunday mornings, when you people are closed, I have to go to the church.'

If you are avoiding something, repressing something, escaping from some fact, your life will become a very ugly phenomenon. You will never be able to live your life, because you will never be able to be at ease with yourself. Drop all unease, and remember: Easy is right—no effort is needed. I know that effort appeals so much, because effort is very ego-filling; when you make effort you feel you are doing something.

There is one question, very much related to this question. The questioner says 'When I came here, in the beginning I was a great spiritual seeker and I was making great effort. Now I have become a sort of materialist because now I am making no effort to reach spirituality, to attain *nirvana* and enlightenment, so what has happened to me, Bhagwan? Have I fallen from grace?'

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You have risen in grace. What you were thinking to be materialism is true spirituality, and what you were thinking to be spirituality was just greed and materialism. You were trying to become enlightened—that was materialism, because that was greed. To have any goals is to be a materialist; not to have any goal is to be spiritual. To try to attain something is to be greedy, to be desirous, to be ambitious—that is all an ego-trip. To drop all those trips, and live here-now, and love the small things of life, is to become spiritual. That is the difference between the so-called 'ordinary spirituality' and the spirituality that is of Tao.

If you go and you find Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu or Lieh Tzu, you will not be able to recognise them; they will be very ordinary. You will have to be with them to feel. They don't impose any extraordinariness, they will not show you miracles, and they will not show you *siddhis* and powers; they will be very ordinary.

To be ordinary is the message of Tao, to be so ordinary that you don't have any idea to be anything else, to be so contented, so contented. . . . Eating, drinking, loving, talking, listening, walking, sleeping, sitting in the sun or under the moon, looking at the trees: these small things become sublime when you look with a contented eye. When you are happy, everything becomes tremendously beautiful, everything becomes luminous. It depends on you.

Let me tell you that when you came to me you were a materialist—you were only thinking that you were spiritual. Now that you are falling into spirituality, by and by you must be becoming a little afraid—where has your spirituality gone? That was materialism. Go in India, and you will find that out of a hundred so-called *mahatmas*, ninety-nine are materialists. Materialists in the sense that they are ambitious, materialists in the sense that they are hankering for something in the after-life: for heaven, paradise, *moksha*, *nirvana*. Their desire is very much alive; in fact, they are more desirous than ordinary people.

An ordinary person desires a big car—not much, he can be forgiven. Maybe stupid, but not a sin. A little foolish—so what? But somebody desiring heaven. . . that is too much greed; eternal life. . . that is too much greed. The car is a toy. A big house is a toy. But this so-called 'spiritual

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man' wants eternity: to be for ever and ever, a deathless quality he wants. His ambition is so big, his ego is so big, that he cannot be satisfied with small things. He wants God in his fist—only then, only then can he feel that yes, he is somebody.

Try to understand me. Here I am trying to put things upside down because things have been upside down too long. They have to be put right and that is the only way. If somebody is standing on his head for many days, how to put him right? Put him 'upside down' then he will be right-side up. The so-called spirituality is nothing but garbed materialism.

You have to look into things. A man who has no desire is spiritual. A man who does not hanker for any ego-trip is spiritual. A man who is not worried about *kundalini* and *chakras* and *sahasrar*, the one-thousand-petalled lotus opening, that man is spiritual, that man has the quality of being a spiritual man. In his ordinariness he is extraordinary. In his mundane life he has a holiness.

Even the division between the spiritual and material is a materialist's division. A spiritual person knows no divisions; a spiritual person simply accepts whatsoever is; and this 'isness' is one. There is nothing like the spiritual and the material—that again is the division of the ego; all divisions are of the ego. When the ego disappears there is no division, there is one, undivided reality. Call it spiritual, call it material—it does not matter; when there is only one, any name will do.

In the name of spirituality people have been crippled, destroyed, paralysed.

Once upon a time, the Duke of Lu went forward to meet a sea bird that had made its appearance in the confines of that country, and escorted it to his ancestral hall.

This is a Taoist parable.

There, an ox, a sheep and a pig were slaughtered, and a feast was spread before the sea bird, while the band was playing the celebrated music composed under the supervision of the Emperor Shuen. The bird, however, merely looked on, sad and doleful, refusing to relish a morsel of meat or drink a single cup. Thus it died of hunger after three days. The duke

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fed the bird as he would feed himself, and he failed to see that it should have been treated as a bird and not as a king.

The music is meaningless to the bird, and the ox and the sheep and the pig are not his food. He killed the bird.

Man has been killed because you have been allured towards things for which you are not made. You have not been given a chance to be yourself, you have been manipulated to be somebody else. All ideologies force on you something which you have to become. Tao says: You are already that. There is no need to become—you are already that. You are a being—there is no becoming. You are that already—start living it.

See the revolutionary message. There is no need to improve upon yourself, you are already that which you can be. Just start delighting in it, celebrate, live. And the more you celebrate, the more you live in a natural way, the more you will start feeling your innermost core. And in the innermost core of your being is Tao: it is your nature, the Way.

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Is it good to take risks?

Good or bad is not the question. If you are alive you have to take risks. Life is a risk. Only death is secure, life is never secure—there is no security. The companies that are called Life Insurance should really be called Death Insurance; in life there can be no insurance. Life is alive only because there is risk, danger—that's why there is so much thrill.

You ask 'Is it good to take risks?'

If you want to be alive you have to take risks, and the more risks you take, the more alive you will be. So really you are asking 'Is it good to be alive?' Rightly interpreted, your question will mean 'Is it good to be alive?'

Now, I am not a murderer, and I don't want to poison your life. Many

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people have done that: the priests, the politicians—they are poisoning your life. They are all teaching you to live within bounds; to live in such a way that there is no risk, that you are always safe and secure. But then you are dead, then you are already in your grave. And then you become miserable and then you start seeing that you don't have any love, that you don't have any happiness, that nothing is happening in your life which is of worth. Then you start feeling there is no meaning, no significance; and the reason is that you are avoiding risks. Meaning comes through being dangerous, adventurous. Value arises only when you are alive; value comes through vitality.

Virtue simply means to have the quality of courage. Courage is the only virtue.

If you don't live a life of danger then better commit suicide. Then why burden this earth? And then why feel miserable? Then what is the point of it all? Then your misery leads nowhere, then your misery is just a rut in which you go on moving.

Look at people. Their eyes have lost the lustre of life, their faces are more like masks than real faces. They don't live, they only pretend that they are living. They act, they don't live. And then, naturally, they come to feel that there is no meaning—no flowering, no fragrance, no dance, no song, arises. Then they go to the priest to ask, and the priest says 'Yes, the song is possible, but it happens only when you are dead. After death.' Then they go to the politician. He says 'Yes, life can have meaning, but the social structure has to be changed, the economic structure has to be changed, the whole history has to be changed. Communism has to be brought in, socialism has to be brought in.'

When people lose meaning, of course they start asking where to find meaning. And these are the two persons to whom they go: the priest and the politician—and they are the persons who have put you into such a state where meaning has been lost. Now this is a very great conspiracy. First they destroy the possibility of meaning, and then, of course, you are in their hands—you have to go and ask, and they show you the ways.

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Look at a child. He *has* meaning. Have you watched it sometimes—a child playing with the pebbles on the seashore or running after a butterfly? Just watch, but don't make him selfconscious: the moment he becomes selfconscious he is no more a child. Just watch, hiding somewhere... absorbed, the child is completely lost. And how beautiful he is! The grace on his face, the colour, the joy, the glee, the gladness, the vitality—as if he has wings, and he is so much absorbed. In that absorbed moment he is closest to God, he is in Tao, he is on the Way, he is enjoying this moment. He is tremendously happy, so happy that he is not even aware of happiness, because only miserable people become aware of happiness. He is so happy—who bothers? He is so totally 'in', that he is not an outsider.

Then do one thing: bring a camera and try to take a photograph of the child. The moment he becomes aware that the photograph is being taken, all gladness disappears. His face is no more true, the mask has come. His eyes are no more absorbed—that shining quality is no more there, they have become dull. He is no more dynamic; he has become static, rigid. Now he has become selfconscious, the ego has entered; with the camera, the ego has entered. Now the child is ugly. That's why it is very difficult to have a beautiful picture. The person may be beautiful, but when you take him to the photo studio, suddenly something goes wrong. The picture never comes out so well. Have you ever been satisfied with any of your pictures? Whenever you look at the picture, something is missing. What is missing? You became selfconscious, you became aware, you started performing. You wanted to look very good, happy, smiling; a great personality, magnetic, charismatic...and all is gone down the drain; you are just an ugly person, dead. You are conscious of the camera and you are conscious of the people who will look at your picture. You are so selfconscious, how can you be beautiful?

A person who is continuously thinking whether there is any risk or not becomes so selfconscious that he never lives. He becomes rigid and dull and stupid—mediocre. Forget all about risks. Life is a risk. The day you were born, one thing became certain: that you are going to die. Now what more risk can there be?

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My mother's mother was a very old woman, and she was always afraid about me. I was continuously travelling in the train—fifteen days a month I was in the train. And she was always afraid, and she would say 'There are so many accidents!' and every day she would look in the newspaper just to see whether there had been some train accident, some aeroplane had fallen or something. And she would collect all the cuttings, and whenever I would go, she would show them to me. 'Look! So many car accidents, so many aeroplanes and so many trains burnt, and so many people killed. What are you doing? Fifteen days on the trains, planes, cars! Stop this!'

So, one day, I said to her 'Listen. If you are really interested in statistics then do you know that ninety-seven per cent of people die in their beds? So should I stand outside the bed the whole night? It is risky, there is no other thing more risky than to be in the bed. Ninety-seven per cent of people have to die in the bed! You are safer in an aeroplane—rarely does somebody die in an aeroplane, rarely in a train.'

She was very much puzzled. She said 'It is true, but that cannot be done—it is impossible. Yes, that's true.' Since then, she stopped talking about accidents—she understood.

The day you were born you took the greatest risk that you could ever take. Now death is going to happen, death is bound to happen. The day you were born you already took one step into the grave. Now what greater risks can you take? Even if you go on avoiding risks, you will die, so why not take the risk and live really authentically?

A rich man once said to a friend 'Why is it that everybody is always criticising me for being miserly when everyone knows I have made provisions to leave everything I possess to charity when I die?'

'Well' said the friend 'Let me tell you about the pig and the cow. The pig was lamenting to the cow one day about how unpopular he was. "People are always talking about your gentleness and your kind eyes" said the pig. "Sure, you give milk and cream, but I give even more. I give bacon and ham, and I give bristles, and they even pickle my feet! Still

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nobody likes me. Why is it?" The cow thought a minute and then said "Well, maybe it's because I give while I'm still living."

Death is going to take everything. Why be worried then? Rather than saving it for death to take away, share it—take risks. The miserly man is the stupid man; everything will be taken away. Don't be so cautious.

Don't be so cautious; have the spirit of adventure. Yes, I know sometimes you may commit a mistake, but nothing is wrong in it. Sometimes you may go astray, but nothing is wrong in it. Those who can go astray, they can come back; but those who never go anywhere, they are dead.

Never commit the same mistake again and again—that's true, invent new mistakes every day. Be creative. Risk in new ways. And that's what sannyas is all about: to be risky, to live dangerously, to live without security and safety. To be tremendously in love with life is what sannyas is.

And don't postpone it, because all postponement is again being very cautious. Do it right now. If you have understood the thing, let it happen.

A pious brother set on the front pew during the Sunday morning sermon. Presently he began to remove one of his shoes. This unusual procedure in the midst of a church service caused those who could see him to smile and lose interest for the time in the sermon. But the brother then proceeded to remove his sock. This caused so much distraction that the preacher stopped in his discourse and asked the brother if there was something unusual the matter.

'No,' said the disturber 'I just noticed that one of my socks was wrong-side out.'

'Well, my brother' chided the minister 'could you not wait until the service is over to make the change?'

'No, sir' was the reply 'when I find I am wrong I always proceed at once to get it right.'

That should be the procedure: whenever you feel that something is wrong, get it right immediately—don't postpone. If you have never taken any risk, take it now, and you will be richer for that.

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You say: Be thankful to someone when he accepts the love you bring—but the seeds of my love fall mostly on stony ground.

It is from Anurag.
Then be thankful to the stony ground!

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Yesterday you said that the understanding of death is the basis of Eastern psychology, and the understanding of sex is the basis of Western psychology. Will you please say something more about it?

Death is the greatest thing that is going to happen in life; death is the climax. Death has to be understood, because death is the goal of life: all life is moving towards death. Not to understand death will really mean not to understand life.

But we have been taught to avoid the fact of death; we don't talk about it, we don't think about it. The very idea gives shivers; a trembling arises in the being and we want to be occupied somewhere else. When somebody dies you feel a little embarrassed. It looks like this is not the thing to be done—why should he die?

Anybody's death brings you again and again to the awkward situation, and the awkward question arises in your being: 'One day, am I also going to die?'—and that you want to avoid.

The East has not avoided anything. That's the beauty of the Eastern psychology: Whatsoever is, *is*—and it has to be looked into. Death is, so death has to be looked into, it has to be faced. And you will see that a person who avoids death will be avoiding life also, because there is only one way to avoid death—to avoid life, otherwise life is always leading you towards death. Whatsoever you do, you are going towards death.... Don't do anything: the only way to avoid death is to avoid life.

There is a way, you can manage: you can fall into a coma. Then you

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can live longer, because then there will be no accidents. The doctor can give you intravenous injections, feed you through injections, and you can lie down on the bed, protected, and you can live very long. You can live one thousand years, but that will not be life, that will be vegetating—you will be a vegetable. But you can live long.

There are a few people lying in underground, air-conditioned chambers in America, who have died. But they have made a will that their money should be used to protect their body, because there is a rumour in scientific circles that within twenty years it will be possible to revive a person. So they have made a trust-fund out of their whole properties. It is very costly—almost ten thousand dollars per day—but their bodies are being taken care of so that nothing goes wrong. So after twenty years, when science becomes capable of reviving them, they will be revived. Now these twenty years... and even after twenty years when you are revived, what are you going to do? You will repeat the same foolishness that you were doing before. You will again start chasing women, and competing in the market, and arranging money to die and be protected again. What is the point of it all?

Man is so afraid of death. The East says that death has to be looked in the eyes, death has to be looked into deeply. If you can look, if you can encounter death, in that very encounter you transcend death. You come to know that there is some element in you which is beyond death. Avoiding death, you remain under the control of death: facing death, you transcend death.

We never think about our own death. Whenever we think, it is always somebody else's death: death means 'somebody else's death'—ABC—never yours.

Finklestein was arguing with a salesman.

'I don't want I should buy your eggs' he shouted. 'My hotel should burn down and I wouldn't buy them. My wife should die and I wouldn't buy them. My children should choke and I wouldn't buy them.'

The egg peddler caught the spirit of the argument and said 'You should go blind and buy a case.'

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'Listen' cautioned Finklestein 'leave *me* out of it.'

Whenever you are talking about death, danger, you are always leaving yourself out of it. That is no way to encounter, that is no way to face, the reality and truth of life. If death is, death is—what is the point of avoiding it? Look at it. The sooner you look, the better.

The East says that by looking deeply into death, you transcend death; suddenly, you become aware that one who can look into death is beyond death. Deep meditation brings you to the moment of death voluntarily and consciously. Meditation is a death: one dies and is reborn again. One dies from the world of phenomena, and one is born into the world of noumena. One dies to the temporal, and one is born into the eternal. When you come back from your deep ecstasy in meditation, your whole life is transformed. Then you live without fear, because there is no death.

But from the very childhood we are making people afraid. From the very childhood everybody is protecting himself—we even contaminate children's minds.

One Sunday at the zoo, Bill and his father stopped before the lion's cage.

'Here's the king of the beasts' said his father.

'Why do you call him that, Daddy?'

Well, he's the big shot. He can lick any other animal. He's a real man-eater too.'

'You mean he would even eat you?' asked the boy.

'I guess he would—if he got out.'

Bill studied the lion with interest. Finally, he turned and looked up at his father.

'Daddy' he whispered 'if he does get out, what bus should I take home?'

Nobody thinks, not even a child thinks, that death will not leave him—he will be left out of it. It will take Daddy and he will have to go home, so 'What number bus?'

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There is something in the human mind that keeps away from death, and there is a reason in it, there is a cause, because mind is going to die. *You are not going to die.* But don't misunderstand me. When I say *you* are not going to die, I am talking of something inside you which you are not aware of. Your mind is going to die. That's all you have known about yourself, and even that you have not known totally, only a fragment of the mind you know. Your mind is going to die, your mind is not eternal: it is a time-phenomenon, it is born and it dies. Your body is going to die: it is a constructed thing; it is the meeting of your father and mother; it is accidental. But you, you existed before your father and mother had ever met, and you will exist when your body has gone into the earth—disappeared, 'dust to dust'. You will exist. But that you, you have not known yet.

The East says: That element can be known only when you encounter death, when you face death, when you accept the challenge of death. Then you will see that deep inside, body is gone, mind is gone, ego is gone. And if you remain courageous and go on facing the fact, you will come to a moment when suddenly you will see that all is gone and yet you are. And this is your reality. This is the answer to the question 'Who am I?'

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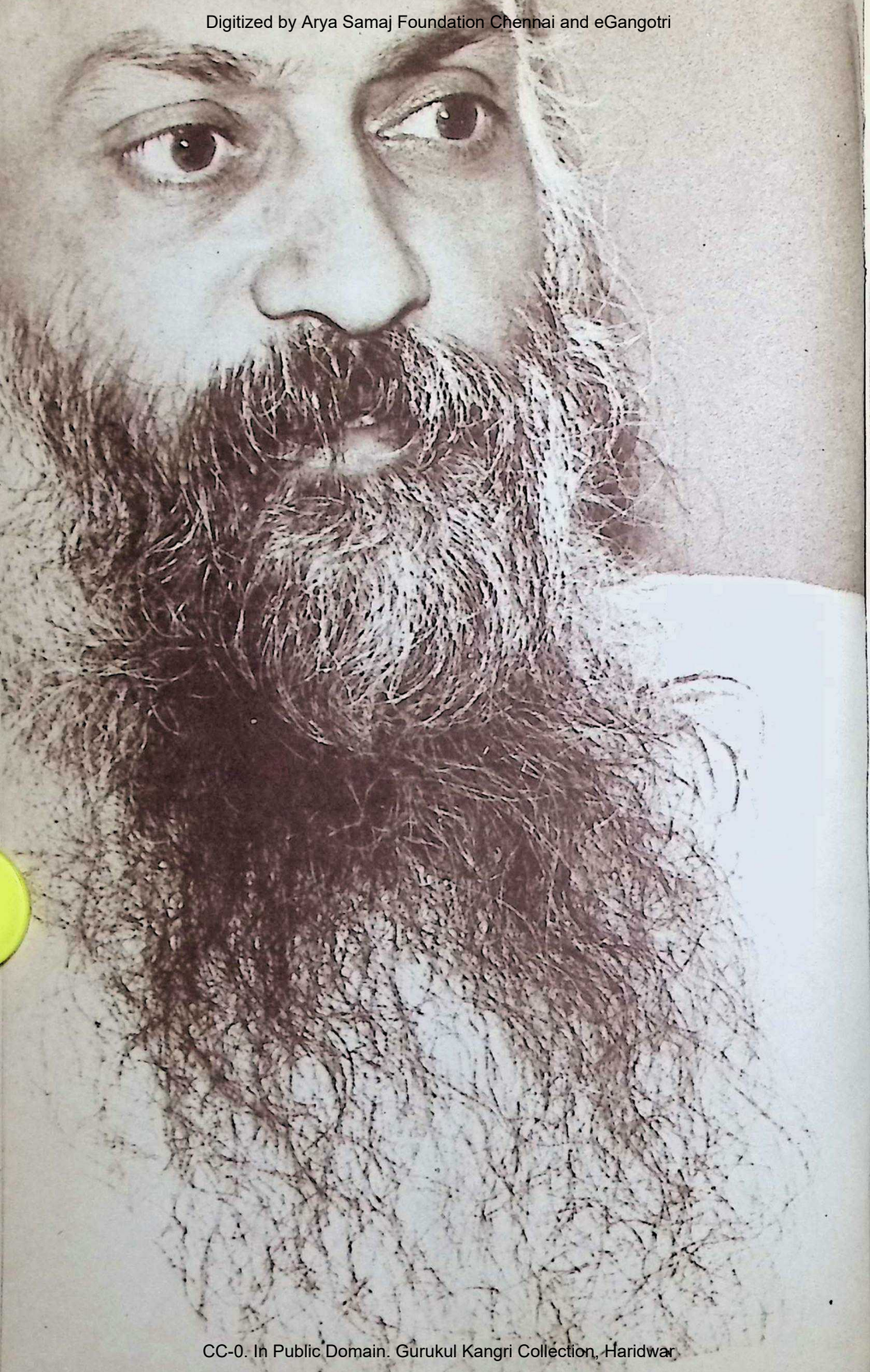
Becoming a sannyasin is attractive. But now I am deeply involved with Arica. I love Oscar very much. The contradiction would be loving and serving two masters. How to resolve it?

As far as I am concerned there is no problem—you should ask Oscar. I am not jealous. You can love me, and you can love a thousand and one Masters—there is no problem. In fact, my whole effort here is to make you fall in love with Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu, Buddha, Krishna, Christ, Gurdjieff, Krishnamurti, Ramana, Ramakrishna—a thousand and one.

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I am not jealous. I am vast, I can contain all your loves; so as far as I am concerned, there is no need to be worried.

But before deciding anything, you should ask Oscar, because I have the feeling that he is jealous.

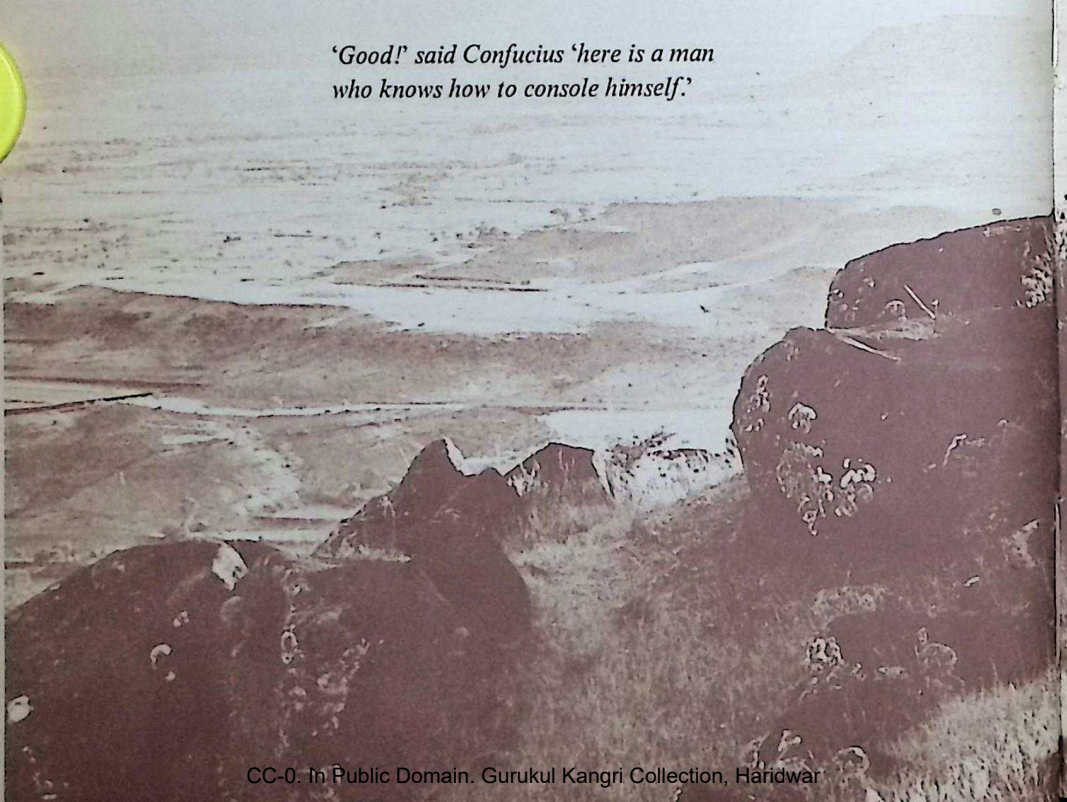


*When Confucius was roaming on Mount T'ai,
he saw Jung Ch'i Ch'i walking on the
moors of Ch'ang in a rough fur coat with
a rope round his waist, singing as he
strummed a lute.*

*'Master, what is the reason for your joy?'
asked Confucius.*

*'I have many joys. Of the myriad things
which heaven begot, mankind is the most
noble—and I have the luck to be human.
This is my first joy.
People are born who do not live a day or
a month, who never get out of their
swaddling clothes, but I have already
lived to ninety. This is my joy.
For all men, poverty is the norm and death
is the end. Abiding by the norm, awaiting
my end, what is there to be concerned
about?'*

*'Good!' said Confucius 'here is a man
who knows how to console himself.'*

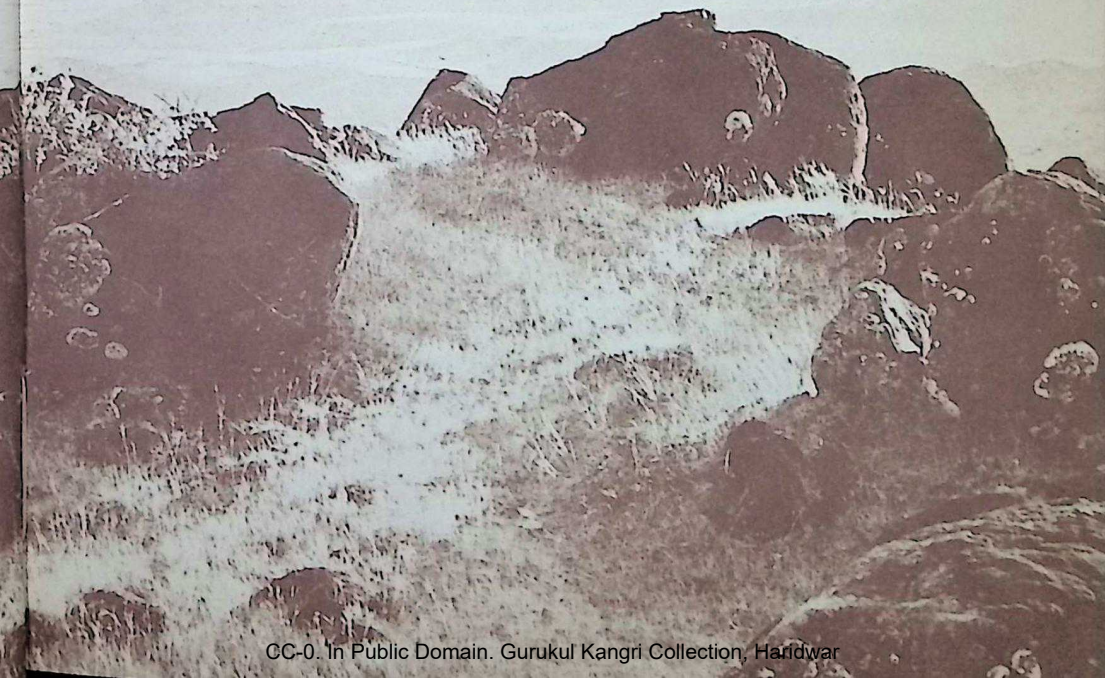


Joy Has No Cause



HIS is a beautiful parable, and not only beautiful but very subtle. If you look only on the surface, you will miss the meaning. Taoist parables are not on the surface. They are very deep, and they have to be penetrated and looked and meditated upon, then only will you know the real meaning. On the surface, this parable seems as if it is in favour of Confucius; on the surface, it seems that the parable is saying that Confucius is wise. The reality is just the opposite.

There is a great diametrical opposition between the Taoist attitude and the Confucian attitude; Confucius is as far away from the Taoist vision as possible. Confucius believes in law, Confucius believes in tradition, Confucius believes in discipline. Confucius believes in character, morality, culture, society, education. Tao believes in spontaneity, individuality, freedom. Tao is rebellious; Confucius is very conformist.



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Taoism is the profoundest non-conformism that has ever been evolved anywhere in the world, at any time in history; essentially it is rebellion. So there has been a rebellion and the Taoist mystics, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu and Lieh Tzu, go on ridiculing the Confucian attitude. This is a parable of ridicule. You will understand it when I explain it to you. Their ridicule is also very subtle, not gross. First let us understand the surface meaning.

*When Confucius was roaming on Mount T'ai,
he saw Jung Ch'i Ch'i walking on the
moors of Ch'ang in a rough fur coat with
a rope round his waist, singing as he
strummed a lute.*

Singing, music, dancing, are the language of joy, of happiness. They are an expression that the person is not miserable. But it may be just an appearance, it may be just projected, it may be just cultivated; deep down the situation may be just the opposite. Sometimes it happens that you laugh because you don't want to cry. Sometimes it happens that you smile because tears are coming and, if you don't smile, they will start rolling down your cheeks. Sometimes you maintain an attitude, a cultivated face, a mask, that you are happy, because what is the point of showing your unhappiness to the world? That's why people look so happy. Everybody thinks he is the unhappiest person in the world, because he knows his reality and he knows only the faces of others—the cultivated faces. So everybody deep down thinks: 'I am the most miserable person, and why am I the most miserable person when everybody is so happy?'

Singing, dancing, are certainly a language of joy, but you can learn the language without knowing what joy is. That's what humanity has done: people have learned gestures—empty gestures.

But Confucius is deceived. He says

'Master, what is the reason for your joy?'

The mask has deceived Confucius; the man may be joyful, may not be joyful. The man has to be looked into directly—through his nature, not

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through his expression. The expression can be false: people have learned expression. Sometimes...do you watch? Somebody is smiling—on the lips there is a beautiful smile—and look into the eyes, and the eyes say something just the opposite. Somebody says something to you, 'I love you'; and look at the face, and at the eyes, and the very vibe of the person, and it seems that he hates you. But just to be polite he is saying 'I love you'.

Confucius looked only at the appearance: that is the first thing to be remembered; and he was deceived—deceived so much that he called the man 'Master'.

He says

'Master, what is the reason for your joy?'

Now again, joy has no reason, joy cannot have a reason to it. If joy has any reason, it is not joy at all: joy can only be without any reason, uncaused. A disease has a reason, but health? Health is natural. If you go and ask the doctor 'Why am I healthy?' he cannot answer you. If you go to the doctor and you say 'Why am I ill?' he can answer you, because illness has a cause. He can diagnose your case, and he can find the reason why you are ill; but nobody has yet been able to find a reason why man is healthy. Health is natural, health is as it should be. Illness is as it should not be, illness means something has gone wrong. When everything is going well, one is healthy. When everything is in tune, one is healthy. When one is harmonious with the whole, one is healthy. There is no reason for it.

But Confucius asked

'Master, what is the reason for your joy?'

Again Lieh Tzu is joking about Confucius, that's how they are very subtle people. He is saying that the whole Confucian wrong attitude is there in the very question: Confucius thinks there are *reasons* for joy. There cannot be any reasons for joy. Joy simply is—unexplained, unexplainable. When it is, it is; when it is not, it is not. When it is not, you can find the reasons why it is not; but when it is, you cannot find any reasons why it is. And if you can show the reasons why it is, then your joy is cultivated, not

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real, not true, not authentic. It is not flowing from your innermost core; it is just that you are managing it, you are manipulating it, you are pretending it. When a joy is a pretended joy, you can find out the reason. But when the joy is truly there, it is so mysterious, it is so primal, that you cannot find any reason in it.

If you ask a Buddha 'Why are you happy?' he will shrug his shoulders. If you ask Lao Tzu 'Why are you blissful?' he will say 'Don't ask it. Rather than asking why I am blissful, enquire why you are not.'

It is like a small spring in the mountains: when there is no hindrance, the spring flows; when there are rocks on the way, it cannot flow. When the rocks are removed. . . . You don't create the spring—you only remove the negative, you only remove the obstacle. The spring was there, but because of the rock it was not able to flow. When you remove the rock you are not creating the spring—the spring was already there. By removing the rock you have removed the negative, the obstacle, and the spring flows. Now if somebody asks 'Why does the spring flow?'—because the spring is there, that's why it flows. If it is not flowing, then there is a cause to it. Let this sink deep in you because it is your problem too.

Never ask why you are happy, never ask why one is blissful, otherwise you have asked a wrong question. Never ask why there is a God. If you ask, you have asked a wrong question; and all the answers that can be given are bound to be wrong, because a wrong question provokes wrong answers. 'Why is God?'—that is irrelevant; it is simply the case.

Confucius is asking something, and by asking that, he is showing his presuppositions: Confucius believes that everything has a cause. If everything has a cause, then only science can exist. Then there is no possibility for religion, because science is the enquiry into the cause-and-effect relationship, an enquiry into causation, an enquiry into causality. That is the whole scientific attitude: they say that if something is there, there must be a cause to it—you may know, you may not know—but the cause is bound to be there. 'If we don't know today, we will know tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, but the cause is bound to be known, because the cause must be there.' This is the scientific attitude: everything can be reduced to its cause.

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And what is the religious attitude? Religion says that nothing can really be reduced to its cause. That which can be reduced is not essential. The essential simply is—it exists without any cause; it is mysterious. This is the meaning of mystery: there is no cause to it.

Confucius is asking a question according to his presuppositions, according to his philosophy,

'Master, what is the reason for your joy?'

Why is he asking?—so that, if the reason is known, others can also cultivate it. If somebody says 'By standing on my head I become very peaceful', you also stand on your head, and you become peaceful. Somebody says 'I am happy because I have renounced the world', so you also renounce the world, and you become happy. Then happiness becomes something that can be manipulated. This is how people are—imitating each other.

And in fact there is no cause for happiness. The day you understand this, you can be happy any moment. If there is a cause, then the cause will take time: you will have to practise it, you will have to practise long. And the whole radical attitude of Tao is that you can be happy *this* moment.

What does this mean? This means that there is no cause, so there is no need to practise. It is just a question of allowing it—is already there if you *allow*. If you don't allow, you function like a rock; if you allow, the rock is removed. It is only a question of allowing it. God is there, you allow—that's all. If you don't allow, he will not enter because he cannot destroy your freedom, he protects your freedom. If you say 'no', he is not going to enter into your being. If on your door it is written that nobody is allowed without permission, he will wait. He is not even going to ask your permission—he will simply wait, because even to ask your permission is to interfere with your freedom. He will wait. He will not ring the bell. He will simply wait. God is everywhere, waiting, and he waits so silently... that's why his presence is not felt, he looks almost absent. Can't you see it? God seems to be the most absent thing in the world. That's why atheists can exist, and they can say 'Where is your God? We don't see....' He

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is so non-interfering; he allows you total freedom. And total freedom implies in it to go against God.

Your nature is that of bliss. You are made of the stuff called bliss. But you have to allow it, you have to relax, you have to be in a let-go; no cause is there—just let-go is needed. Hence, theoretically, it can happen at this very moment—not even a split second has to be wasted. If there is a cause, then... then a long time will be needed, and even then one never knows—you may succeed, you may not succeed.

See the difference between the Hindu attitude and the Taoist attitude. The Hindu, the Jain, the Buddhist—they all say: Past lives, *karma*, has to be removed. Much has to be done, great discipline is needed—only then will you be able to attain. Ashtavakra, Lao Tzu, Bodhidharma, Lin Chi say: Nothing is needed, just allow it. Relax, allow it, and this very moment it will start pouring in you.

Confucius says

'Master, what is the reason for your joy?'

'Tell me how you have attained it. Tell me what was your process—what methodology you followed; what principles, what disciplines, what scriptures. How have you attained it?' Now Confucius is greedy. He wants to attain to the same state where song is natural, and music flows, and one is celebrating. He is tremendously enchanted by this man because he is

*...in a rough fur coat with
a rope round his waist, singing as he
strummed a lute.*

A poor man has nothing to be happy for, has nothing to be happy about. If he were miserable, it would be understandable; if he were depressed, it would be understandable—Confucius would have passed by him, not even noticing his existence. But this poor man who has nothing, 'a rope round his waist'... singing? Singing a song of joy? Strumming a lute? Confucius is enchanted, magnetised, but he asks a wrong question.

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A Taoist will never ask such a question. Joy is, and *simply* is; it has no cause to it, hence no methods are possible, only understanding.

That man said

'I have many joys.'

If you have many joys, you have not understood what joy is, because joy is only one. There cannot be many joys. There can be many diseases, but there cannot be many 'healths'. You may have your disease, I may have mine, somebody else has his own; but when I am healthy, you are healthy, somebody else is healthy—what is the difference? Can you make a distinction between my health and your health? There is no possibility of it: health is universal, disease is personal. Disease is of the ego, health is not of the ego. Disease is of the body, of the mind; health is of the beyond, and the beyond is one. My body differs from yours—naturally I will have a different disease, you will have a different disease, but health? Health is simply one. It has the taste, the same taste always, eternally the same.

Somebody asked Buddha 'What is the taste of your Buddhahood?' He said 'Go and taste the sea, and taste it from anywhere—from this bank, from any bank of any beach. Or go to the middle of the ocean and taste it there, or go to the other shore—and you will find the taste always the same: the same salty taste. Buddhahood has one taste.' Whosoever has become a Buddha has come to the same taste. Health has the same taste. When the child is healthy, the young man is healthy, and the old man is healthy, then too it has the same taste. When the woman is healthy, the man is healthy—the same taste.

But diseases are different. Now, medical science says that even when two persons are suffering from the same disease, even then the two diseases are not the same. Hence sometimes it happens that you are suffering from some disease—maybe tuberculosis—and your wife is suffering from the same disease, tuberculosis, but the same medicines don't work. You need one medicine, your wife needs some other medicine. That's why the physician is needed; otherwise the chemist would be enough. If once it was

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decided that tuberculosis needed this medicine, then what would be the point in going to the physician? The chemist could supply it.

Now, more and more, as medical science is going deeper into the phenomena of health and disease, they are becoming aware that each disease has a personality in it: it belongs to the person. So now they say: Don't treat the disease, treat the person. Don't be too much concerned with the disease. Look into the person, his total personality, his way of life, his attitudes, his habit patterns. Look into them, and then you will find that the name TB may be the same—because it would be very difficult to have separate names for everybody—but each person who suffers from tuberculosis suffers differently, and a different treatment is needed.

Diseases are personal, but health? Health is impersonal, universal. So is joy. Misery is a disease; joy is health, well-being. Now Confucius has asked a wrong question, and provoked a wrong answer. And, of course, the man does not know anything about joy.

He says

'I have many joys.'

Many? Then something has gone wrong. Joy is one. When you say you have many joys, you don't know what joy is. You may be talking about pleasures, you may be talking about your so-called 'moments of happiness' which are not really moments of happiness but only of less misery. A person is very miserable, then one day he feels less miserable and he says 'I am very happy.' That is just relative; he does not know what happiness is. He only knows sometimes very intense misery, sometimes not so intense. When it is not so intense, he says 'I am happy.' You can observe it in yourself. Have you ever known what happiness is? Do you know the taste of it? You have known only different stages of misery.

Sometimes the misery is so much that it is unbearable. Sometimes it is bearable, within control—you can tolerate it. You move from less misery to more misery, from more misery to less misery. But you have not known what happiness is, because once you have known what happiness is, then there is no need to be miserable at all—because then you have the

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key. You can open that door any moment you decide to open it. But you cannot open the door of happiness—that simply shows that you don't have the key. You just know relative states of the same phenomenon: sometimes it is very dark and you cannot see at all, and sometimes it is not so dark, it is dim; but you have not known what light is. Light is not any relative state of darkness—light is not less darkness, remember—light is a totally different kind of energy; it has nothing to do with darkness. Darkness and light cannot exist together in the same room. Light is a positivity, darkness is a negativity—so is misery.

Said the man

*'I have many joys. Of the myriad things
which heaven begot, mankind is the most
noble—and I have the luck to be human.
This is my first joy.'*

On the surface, it looks very meaningful, appealing, because very much fulfilling to the human ego. Man has always been thinking of himself as the superiormost creation of God. Man has always thought of himself only as *next* to God, and feels very happy. But how is happiness possible through the ego? Unhappiness comes through the ego. And this is one of the greatest points of the egoist: that man is only next to God. That, too, we say only just to be polite; deep down you know that God is next to you.

The very idea of 'I' has in it an implication of being the first, and then everything is secondary. Friedrich Nietzsche is truer than many other people, he says: I cannot allow God to exist because then I am secondary, and I cannot be secondary; I cannot accept my status as secondary. If God is, then I will always be secondary. Howsoever I grow, and wherever I reach, I will be secondary—I will never be primary, the first. This is not acceptable, so he says: God is dead and man is free. God is the bondage. He is true—in a way. 'In a way' I say, because that's how everybody thinks deep down: every ego wants God to be second.

Even when you are a great worshipper, a great so-called 'religious'

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person, every moment you are trying to manipulate God according to you. 'Do my will!' That's all that your prayer means: 'Do according to me. Listen to me.' Your whole effort is to convert God into your servant. You call him 'Lord', 'Master', but those are just briberies; you are trying to manipulate him. You say 'I am nobody, you are all'; but deep down you know who is who. In fact, even when you fight for your God, it is *your* God. Even when you sacrifice yourself on some pedestal, on some altar, it is to your God that you sacrifice. When you bow down to an image of God in a temple, in a mosque, in a church, it is to your image that *you* have created, it is to your God. You are bowing down in front of your own creation. You are bowing down as if before a mirror. You are reflected there and you say 'How beautiful!' When a Christian says 'How beautiful Christ is', when a Hindu says 'How beautiful Krishna is', and when a Buddhist says 'How beautiful Buddha is'—the Buddhist will not accept that Christ is beautiful because that does not fulfil his ego. The Christian will not accept that Buddha is beautiful—that does not fulfil his ego. The Hindu cannot believe that Christ or Mohammed or Moses are beautiful—that does not fulfil his ego.

Remember: we are fulfilling our egos in every way possible—gross or subtle, direct or indirect. And a religious person is one who knows this, becomes aware of this, and in that awareness the ego disappears.

A religious person has no idea of who is superior. A religious person cannot say 'I am superior to the tree, I am superior to the animal, I am superior to the bird.' A religious person cannot say 'I am superior.' A religious person has come to know 'I am not', and in that experience of 'I am not', joy flows in; the rock has been removed.

Now this man says

*'I have many joys. Of the myriad things
which heaven begot, mankind is the most
noble...'*

Why? Why is mankind the most noble? If we look at human history, mankind seems to be the most ignoble. Look at the animals: they have

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not been so violent, so murderous; they have not been so insane. Have you ever seen any animal turning into a politician . . . trying to become the president of a country? They are not insane; they live naturally, they die naturally. Animals in the wild never go mad. Sometimes they go mad when they are forced to live in a zoo—the zoo is a human creation. Animals never commit suicide, but sometimes in the zoo they commit. Animals never turn homosexual in the natural wild state, but in the zoo they turn. In the zoo they become murderous, dangerous. Yes, they kill, but they kill only when they want to eat. Man kills for no reason. A man goes to the wild and kills a tiger and he says ‘This is play. This is game. I was hunting.’ Have you ever heard of any lion *hunting*? They never hunt. When a lion is hungry, of course he kills, and that’s a natural way for him.

I have heard . . .

Once a lion and a fox entered a restaurant—maybe Vrindavan. They took seats and the fox ordered, but the fox ordered only for one. So the waiter asked ‘And what about your friend?’

And the fox said ‘What do you think? If he was hungry, should I be sitting here?’

He is not hungry—that is certain. When animals are hungry they kill, but they don’t kill as game, they don’t kill for fun; they are not interested in killing in itself. Of course they are interested in food—nothing is wrong in it; man kills for no reason. Animals don’t kill for ideologies: they don’t say ‘I am a Communist and you are a capitalist. I will kill you.’ They don’t say ‘I am a Fascist and you are a Communist so I will kill you.’ They don’t have any ideologies, and they don’t kill because they are Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans.

Man kills for any excuse, for any excuse whatsoever. Hindus can kill Mohammedans, Mohammedans can kill Hindus, Christians can kill Mohammedans, and Buddhists . . . and so on and so forth. And for what? For abstract doctrines, principles—and nobody is ready to live for those doctrines and everybody is ready to kill others for those same doctrines. If somebody insults the Bible, the Christian is ready to kill you, and if you

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ask him 'Are you living your Bible?' he will say 'It is very difficult.' He is not interested in living it, nobody is interested in living it; but if it comes to killing, then everybody becomes very much interested.

Down the centuries, in three thousand years, there have been five thousand wars. No, no animal is so ignoble—animals have a natural nobility. Man is very cunning.

But the man said

*'...mankind is the most
noble—and I have the luck to be human.
This is my first joy.'*

This is not joy. This is the pleasure that comes from feeling egoistic, that 'I am somebody'. And remember, this cannot lead you to real happiness, because deep down there is comparison. If you are feeling superior, at any moment you can feel inferior.

Once I heard a religious man, a saint, a very well known saint in India, teaching his disciples: 'Always look to people who don't have as much as you have, and you will feel very happy. If you have a house, always look to people who don't have a house.' Naturally, you will feel happy. 'If you have only one eye, look at the person who is blind... you will feel happy.' But what type of happiness is this? And what type of religion is this? And naturally you cannot throw away the other aspect of the coin. You have one eye—when you look at the blind person you feel happy. But when you come across a man who has two beautiful eyes, then what will you do? You will feel unhappy.

In your so-called 'happiness' unhappiness is implied.

No, through comparison nobody comes to joy. Joy is a non-comparative state. Don't compare.

I have heard....

Father took Sonny to see a show which featured fifty of the most naked performers in the country.

'Phew! Phew! Phew!' Father kept muttering all during the performance.

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'What's the matter, Pop, don't you like the show?' Sonny asked.
'Sure I do' he replied 'I was thinking of your mother.'

If you are comparing, your comparison is going to create trouble.
Remember: joy is not out of comparison—never.

But this man said

*'I have many joys. Of the myriad things
which heaven begot, mankind is the most
noble—and I have the luck to be human.
This is my first joy.'*

This is not much of a joy. It is just a titillation of the ego: you feel good, you feel superior. But a person who needs to be superior to feel good is a person who is carrying a volcano within him. A person who has to be superior to feel happy is suffering deep down from an inferiority complex. Only an inferior person thinks in terms of superiority. A real person, an authentic person, is neither superior nor inferior. He simply *is*—unique; nobody is lower than him and nobody is higher than him. (

The whole existence is equal. The trees and the rocks, and the animals and the birds, and men and women, and God—all are sharing the whole existence on equal terms. The moment you see this tremendous equality, this oneness, you are joyful. And then your joy has no cause, it is uncaused.

*'People are born who do not live a day or
a month, who never get out of their
swaddling clothes, but I have already
lived to ninety. This is my joy.'*

Comparing... somebody was born and died, somebody was young and died, and this man is comparing: 'I am ninety years of age, I have lived my life, so what is there to be miserable about? I am happy, I have lived more than others.' But if those others had not died, then...? If he were alone in the world, then would this man be happy? Just think. The whole world disappears, only this man is left. There are no animals,

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no birds, no rocks—he cannot compare himself, and he cannot call himself ‘the superior man’. There are no young people dying, no children dying—he cannot compare himself, that he has lived ninety years of age. If he is left alone, will he be happy? All his happiness will disappear because it was coming from comparisons.

Tao says: If you are alone, absolutely alone, and your happiness still remains the same, then you have attained—otherwise you have not attained.

A comparative happiness is a pseudo happiness. ‘I have a big car and you don’t have. Because you don’t have, I am happy.’ This is something foolish. How can I be happy because you don’t have a car? What has it to do with my happiness that you don’t have a car? ‘I have a big house and you don’t have a big house, so I am happy.’ This happiness seems more interested in making others unhappy rather than in being happy oneself. ‘You don’t have a car, you don’t have a good house—I am happy because you are miserable.’ Look at the logic of it, the mathematics is simple: ‘I am happy when people are miserable, so if people are more miserable, I will be more happy; if the whole world is turned into hell, I will be supremely happy.’ This is the logic, and this is what man has been doing.

In Calcutta, I used to stay in a house, the most beautiful house in Calcutta. And the man was really in mad love with his house. It was a marble mansion, really beautiful, built with taste, with very aristocratic taste, and in Calcutta to have ten acres of garden in the middle of Calcutta was something impossible—and he had it. He was really in deep love with it, and whenever I stayed with him, he would take me to the swimming pool, to the garden, to the lawn; he would show me this and that—what improvements he had made since I had last been there. But the last time I went he was very miserable. I said ‘What is the matter? You have not taken me anywhere. Have you not done anything new?’

He said ‘My interest is gone. Can’t you see that by the side, my neighbour has made a better house? And unless I can make a bigger house than this, I will remain unhappy.’

Now this man had the same house, but his happiness had disappeared. ‘What has your happiness to do with your neighbour? If he has made a

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bigger house, how does this concern you? And your house remains the same! And you are no more happy. Then certainly' I told him 'then one thing is certain, that it was not your house that you were happy with. You were happy because of the neighbour's poor house.'

Watch. Always watch. This is violence to be happy when somebody is miserable. This is how people start moving in the wrong direction—become oppressors, become exploiters, become dangerous. They are a curse on the earth. But their whole logic is the same.

What this man is saying is: 'I am happier than others. Look: many people have died when they were young, and I am still alive, healthy, and I am ninety years of age. This is my joy.'

*'For all men, poverty is the norm and death
is the end. Abiding by the norm, awaiting
my end, what is there to be concerned
about?'*

Now he says 'Almost all men are poor, so that is the norm—to be poor; and naturally everybody is going to die, so I am going to die. I am poor, I am going to die, everybody is going to die, everybody else is poor, so why be miserable? That's why I am happy.'

This is not happiness.

'Good!' said Confucius...

Confucius was very much impressed, he said

*'Good!... here is a man
who knows how to console himself.'*

But in this sentence, Lieh Tzu has played the trick. He says that Confucius was very much impressed. He said

*'Good!... here is a man
who knows how to console himself.'*

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...because for Confucius, to be satisfied in life is the goal, to have consolation is the goal. To ask for more, Confucius says, is to ask for the impossible. This is all that a man can have, and this man knows the way to console himself, and he is happy and he is singing.

But to the Taoist, consolation is negative—it is not contentment. Contentment has nothing to do with consolation; contentment is a totally different dimension. Try to understand it: consolation means somehow rationalising one's situation—trying not to be worried, trying not to be too much concerned—creating buffers around one. That's what Gurdjieff used to call 'buffers'; everybody creates buffers around himself so that life is not so shocking.

They use buffers in the railway trains or springs in the cars, so that when you are moving on a hilly road—and life is a hilly track—you don't go on bumping. Those springs function as buffers. If the road is rough, the roughness is absorbed by the springs, by the buffers—it does not reach you.

So-called 'philosophies of consolation' are buffers. You see that you are poor; a great unhappiness arises in you—create the buffer: 'So many people are poor, millions of people are poor, so why be worried about it? This is how things are.' You have created a buffer. You are ill; misery arises—go to the hospital, visit there and see people, and you will feel very happy. You have created a buffer: at least you are not as ill as others are. You have lost one leg—just go on the street and see a beggar who has lost both legs; feel consoled.

These are buffers: Always look to those who don't even have as much as you have. That way life becomes less shocking, you live more conveniently, more comfortably, and you are not touched. By and by, between you and life there is such a distance created by the buffers that nothing ever reaches you. You live encapsulated inside your buffers, philosophies, consolations. Life ends one day—you can console yourself: Everybody has to die, it is nothing special happening to you, God is not especially unkind to you, it happens to everybody. Or you can start believing in the theory of reincarnation: that you will be born and the soul is eternal—again a buffer. Or you can think that it is only the body that dies, and what is

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body? Nothing but bones, marrow, flesh, blood; it is nothing of worth, it is useless, a dirty bag—so let it die. But your pure soul is going to be for ever and ever—a buffer is created.

These buffers don't allow you to see what reality is; they are the way to console yourself. But Confucius believes that consolation is the end: If a man can console himself, he has known the art of life. That's what Confucius thinks that the whole art of life is: How to live in this miserable world in comparative ease, comparatively not too burdened. Yes, there is misery, but one can protect oneself from misery by creating conceptions, rationalisations. And humanity has been moving from one rationalisation to another, but always it finds a new rationalisation.

For example, in the East this rationalisation is very ancient: If you are miserable, they say, you must have done something wrong in the last, in the past, life. Something has gone wrong in your past, you have done some wrong *karma*, hence you are miserable. Now things are explained, so one has to suffer. You have sown, now you are reaping.

I have heard about a man who was a very good tailor.

He was caught stealing and he was sentenced to two years in jail. The Mayor of the town went to see him because he was the best tailor in the town and the whole town was suffering from his absence; and the Mayor was also a lover of this tailor. When he went to see him in this jail, he was doing some needlework, sewing something—the old habit—and what else to do? So the Mayor asked 'So, I see you are sewing something?

And the tailor said 'No sir, reaping.'

The whole philosophy of *karma* is that you have sown already, now you are reaping; you have done, so it is a natural consequence. It consoles. . . . So nobody is doing anything unjust to you—God is not unjust, fate is not unjust, the world is not unjust, the society is not unjust—it is your own *karma*, so what to do? One has to pass through it and one has to keep one's equanimity, one's equilibrium. And don't do such a thing again, otherwise in the next life you will suffer again. So that is

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the only thing that can be done: you cannot change the past, but you can still manage the future... a beautiful consolation.

It has helped the East to remain poor, miserable. It has helped the East to remain ugly, ill, unhygienic. It has helped the East to console itself, and that consolation has turned into a tremendous lethargy. There is nothing you can do—you have to tolerate. All that is needed is to beware of the future. So the past has to be accepted and the future has to be feared, that's all. But even in poverty, in misery, the East seems to be more happy than the West. Why? The East has a beautiful buffer, a strong buffer, to protect itself.

Now each society has to create these consolations in different ways. Now, in the West psychoanalysis is one of the most consoling processes. You go to the psychoanalyst and he throws the whole responsibility on to your mother; you feel unburdened, you say 'So what can I do?' You cannot change your mother the same as you cannot change your past—your mother is your past—what can you do? Next time, keep a little more alert! Don't enter into anybody's womb, that's all. This has happened: you were born to such and such a mother and she has spoiled your life, so you are not responsible; you feel good. It is just a calamity that has happened, and whatsoever has happened, has happened; accept it. Long years of psychoanalysis, and they simply prepare you to accept, they simply make you alert that things have been this way and nothing can be done. All their explanations are rationalisations. And they find everything: whatsoever you ask, they have answers for it.

If you smoke, they have answers for why you smoke. Your mother must have taken away the breast sooner than you wanted, hence you are smoking. So you are not responsible, what to do? Your mother took away the breast, now the cigar is a substitute breast—and it is, a little. They find very clever explanations! It seems it is a little, because from the breast flows warm milk and from the cigarette flows warm smoke. And there is a certain similarity, and you do hold the cigar in the same way you hold a breast in your mouth.

But when it comes to themselves, then it is troublesome. It is said that Freud used to explain everything through sex—whatsoever you would do,

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he would find a sexual explanation. If in your dream you were climbing a mountain, it was sexual: you were climbing a woman. If, in your dream you were driving fast, it was nothing, it was sexual: you wanted to penetrate a woman fast. Every explanation he would find through sex. As in East every explanation was found through the soul and became a very consoling process, so Freud thought of everything through sex.

But sometimes he would be in a difficulty: he himself was a chain-smoker so he had to say. . . . Once somebody asked him 'What is the meaning of your cigar smoking?'

He said 'Sometimes a cigar may be just a cigar, and nothing but a cigar.'

Of course the disciple was not satisfied, and the disciple said to the other disciples 'That simply shows that it is a rationalisation on the part of Sigmund Freud for his cigar smoking.'

He wants to protect himself. Now it will be too much to think that he has some complex behind this smoking. Everybody has a complex, so everybody has to give in to this consolation that because of this complex. . . . But Freud should not have this complex otherwise it will become a disturbing thing to himself that 'I am the greatest psychoanalyst ever, the founder of psychoanalysis, and I am smoking and I know what it is.' So he says 'Sometimes a cigar is a cigar.'

This way of explaining things has become very prevalent in the West. It has almost taken very epidemic proportions. Psychoanalysis is always trying to get to the 'why' of everything, as if by knowing the 'why' anything is solved. Why are you miserable? Go to the psychoanalyst, he will find an answer 'why' for it. 'Your father was such, your mother was such, your childhood was such—that's why'; and you become happy. You become happy because now you have the rationalisation.

I have heard the shortest psychiatric joke ever. Listen, it is very small. Be careful!

A man asked another man 'Are you a psychiatrist?'

And the other man said 'Why do you ask?'

And the man said 'So, you are a psychiatrist!'

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'Why', a continuous 'why', as if 'why' is going to explain anything. It simply postpones: it pushes the same problem a little further back, but again the 'why' can be asked. Hindus say that you did something wrong in the past life. Ask why, then they have to go to another past life. Then ask why, and the *mahatma* will become very angry and he will say, 'Stop! You are going beyond. These are things to be experienced, not to be asked.' What is the point of saying 'I have done something wrong in the past life, why? Then something in another life, then why? Why did I do the wrong thing in my first life?' It is useless. But as in the East religion became a consolation, so it is happening in the West—psychoanalysis is becoming a consolation.

Psychoanalysis is an almost obsessive compulsion to analyse each and every thing and to find out the cause of it. Particularly in America it has become almost a collective neurosis; everybody is going to the psychoanalyst or the psychiatrist—anybody who can afford it is going. Those who are not going to the psychiatrist are poor people, they cannot afford it. When women meet in their clubs, they talk about their psychiatrist, what he has said and how profound is his analysis. And everything is reduced to the lowest denominator. If you ask the psychoanalyst 'What is the cause of this lotus?' he will say 'The mud.' If you have spiritual experiences, what is the cause? He will go to sex—the mud, the lowest denominator.

But things, in a way, help. If you find that all these *mahatmas* who are experiencing *sahasrar* are experiencing nothing but sexuality, sublimated sexuality, you are at ease. So you don't need to worry about it, you don't need to be in search of it—this is just sublimated sexuality; you are okay wherever you are. If Buddha attained to bliss, it is nothing but a sexual fantasy; so there is nothing wrong: you can go on reading your *Playboy* and enjoy your sexual fantasy, because Buddha's experience was also nothing but a sublimated sexual fantasy. Consolations. . . .

I have heard a Second World War story about a priest who repeatedly preached to the troops about predestination.

The priest told the soldiers not to worry about their future or fate

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on the battlefield, because if they were predestined to be killed, a bullet would find its mark no matter where they were; or, on the other hand, if they were to be spared, no bullet would hit them.

Sometime later, in the heat of battle, with bullets spraying around him, the priest hotfooted it to the nearest and biggest tree. A soldier was behind it. He enquired of the priest about his predestination sermons and why he should be seeking shelter now.

You do not fully understand the principles and theories of predestination' the priest replied. 'I was predestined to run and hide behind this tree.'

Explanations and explanations...clever consolations...places to hide....

Life has to be faced. It is rough; there is much pain, but the pain has to be faced. There is misery; it has to be encountered, it has to be passed through without any explanations and without any consolations. If you can live your life without any theorisation about it—directly, immediately, moment-to-moment—one day, you will come to that source of joy which is not a consolation, which is a contentment. And what is the difference? Contentment is a positive state of your being, a consolation is just negative. I have one eye, others don't have even one—I feel consoled. I am miserable, others are even more miserable—I am consoled. I am young, others are old—I am consoled. I am old, others have died young—I am consoled.

Consolations and consolations, but all empty.

Confucius believes in consolations, Lieh Tzu believes in contentment, and the difference has to be remembered. Contentment comes only when you are not comparing, when you are simply within yourself, totally in yourself—centred, rooted. And by being in your being, you suddenly realise that the whole is yours, and you are of the whole; you are not separate. The ego has disappeared, you have become universal. In that moment, there is great contentment, great benediction. But that benediction, that contentment, does not come through rationalisation; it comes through realisation—that is the difference.

Consolation is a rationalisation, contentment is a realisation.

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So there are three states of mind: discontent—a state of comparison; comparing with those who have more than you, then there is discontent. Somebody has a beautiful car and you are walking on foot; you are a pedestrian, then you are discontented. The second stage is contentment—you are a pedestrian and you see a beggar who has no feet: comparing with that one who has less than you, but still comparison. Discontent—one aspect of the coin; contentment, the so-called 'contentment'—the other aspect of the same coin. And the name of the coin is comparison. When you have thrown the coin completely—contentment and discontent, all—then suddenly you are in a state of no-comparison: that is real contentment. Then you don't compare who has more, who has less. In fact, then it is not a question of having, then it is a question of being. Having never helps.

I was reading the other night some very strange statistics which Bill Bright records in his beautiful book, *Jesus and the Intellectual*:

In 1923, a very important meeting was held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. Attending this meeting were nine of the world's most successful financiers: Charles Schwab, president of the largest independent steel company; Samuel Insull, president of the largest utility company; Howard Hopson, president of the largest gas company; Arthur Cotton, the greatest wheat speculator; Richard Whitney, President of the New York Stock Exchange; Albert Fall, a member of the President's Cabinet; Leon Fraser, President of the Bank of International Settlements; Jesse Livermore, the greatest 'bear' on Wall Street; and Iver Krueger, head of the greatest monopoly.

Twenty-five years later, Charles Schwab died in bankruptcy, having lived on borrowed money for five years before his death; Samuel Insull had died a fugitive from justice and penniless in a foreign land; Howard Hopson was insane; Arthur Cotton had died abroad, insolvent; Richard Whitney had spent time in Sing Sing. Albert Fall had been pardoned so that he could die at home; Jesse Livermore, Iver Krueger and Leon Fraser had all died by suicide. All of these men had learned well the art of making a living, but none of them had learned how to live.

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You can have as much as you desire, but by having nobody ever attains to life. Life comes only through being, not through having.

Now there are three types of people: those who have—the worldly; those who renounce—the other-worldly. The first and the second are not opposite to each other, howsoever opposite they may appear. One believes that by having more you will attain to happiness, the other believes that by not having more you will attain to happiness, but both believe in having. The third—the totally different dimension—is of being: neither having nor not having.

That's what I mean by sannyas. Don't be worldly, don't be other-worldly. Don't compare with those who have more, don't compare with those who have less. Compare not. Just be yourself. . . allow your being. *Be*, and that being will bring tremendous joy. And that joy will be one, not many. And that joy will not have any cause to it—it will be uncaused, it will be just like well-being, health.

I have heard. . . .

Once there was a man, alone and miserable. He prayed to God and said 'My Lord, send me a beautiful woman, I am very alone, I need company.'

God laughed and said 'Why not a cross?'

The man was very angry and said 'Cross! For what? Do I want to commit suicide? I want only a beautiful woman.'

So he got a beautiful woman, but soon he became even more miserable than before. The woman was a constant pain in the neck.

He prayed again and said 'My Lord, send me a sword.' He was planning to kill the woman and be free of her; he was longing to have the good old days back again.

But again God laughed and said 'What about the cross? Should I send it now?'

The man was in a rage and said 'Don't you think that this woman was enough of a cross? Please just send me a sword.'

So the sword came. He killed the woman and was caught and ordered to be crucified.

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He prayed to God and laughed loudly and said 'Forgive me, my Lord, I didn't listen to you—you were asking to send this cross from the very beginning. Had I listened to you, I would have saved myself so many unnecessary troubles.'

The world, the other-world; the householder's life and the monk's life...so many troubles. If you listen to Tao, then the message is very simple: Be rooted in your being, and you will be saved from all the troubles, all the troubles that having brings and the troubles that not having brings. You just be.

Being is the goal of Tao.

And one thing more to be understood: Being...you already are. There is no becoming; you are not to become—it is already the case, you have it within you. It just has to be allowed to open so that the perfume is released to the winds; and that is the real song, the joy.

The man was singing, but the song was just a pretension; it came out of consolation—it was not a true song. The man was playing on an instrument, but it was not true music; because the true music comes only when you are deeply rooted in yourself. Then *you* become the instrument and God plays on it.

Remember, if you are searching for consolation you will find it, but it is a false coin. Comfortable, convenient, it is like a drug: you start drinking and you remain miserable. The misery does not change, but through drinking you start forgetting about it. Consolation is a sort of intoxication, and nothing is changed because the door to misery remains open—you still go on comparing. Comparison is the root cause of misery. To be non-comparative—to be neither higher nor lower, just to be yourself; not to think in relation to others, just to think in terms of your tremendous aloneness—then you are happy.

I have heard...

She had one of those one-in-a-million figures. Luscious, well-developed, neat with the perfect contour. But despite all these gifts she developed a neurosis about peeping Toms.

SUBLIME LAZINESS

'What measures do you take to avoid this calamity?' asked her psychiatrist.

'Well, I keep the shades down, I bar the windows and I always undress behind a screen.'

'How do you keep the boys from peeking through the keyhole?'

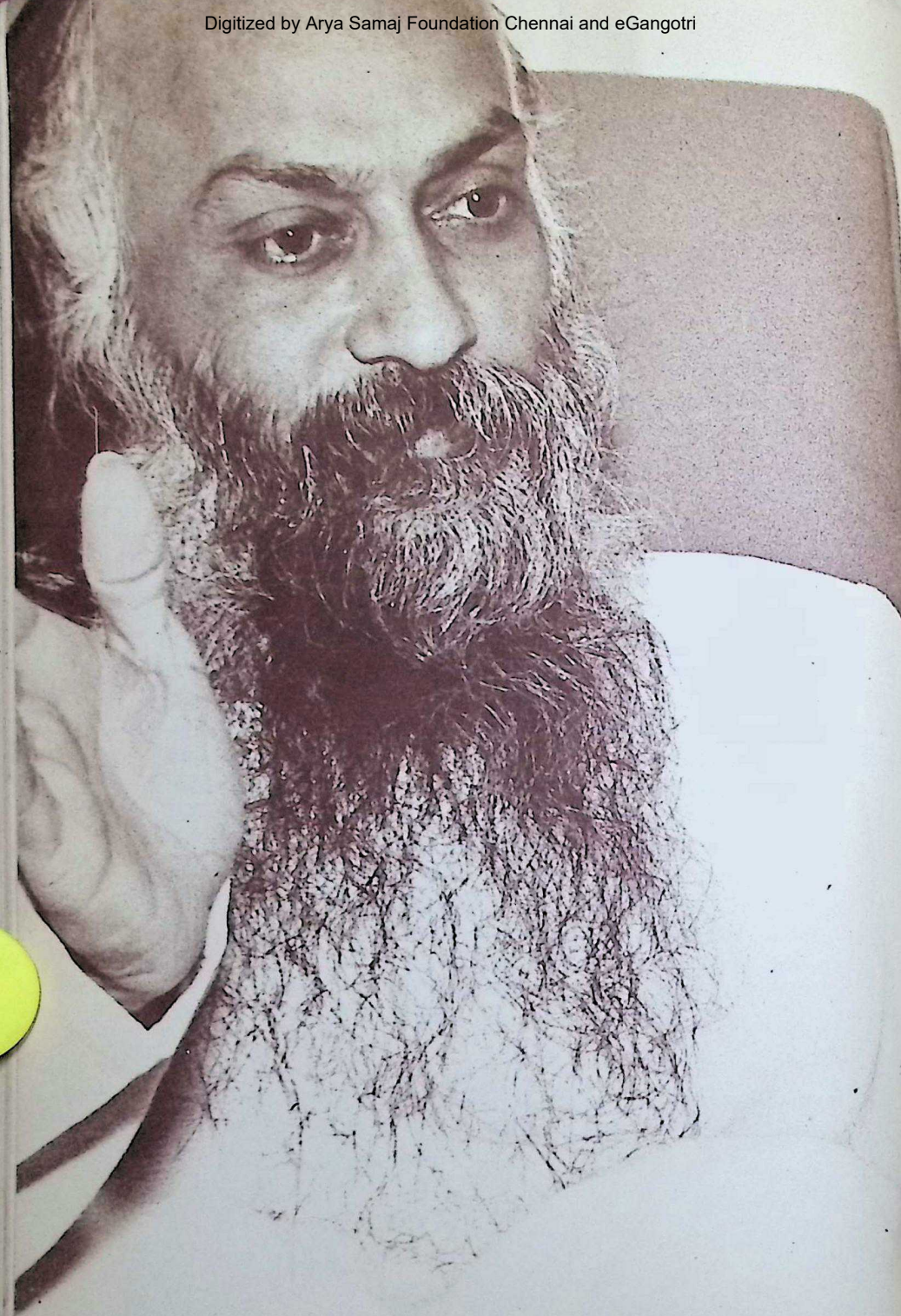
'I leave the door open.'

Certainly, when you leave the door open nobody can peep through the keyhole; but the door is open, so what is the point? Consolation is like that: the door remains open, because consolation depends on comparison and misery also depends on comparison. So the door is open, but you become more and more intoxicated with consolation, more and more suffocated by your own theorisations, rationalisations; more and more insulated. Hiding behind your buffers, you miss life.

Drop comparing.

Now, this parable, read ordinarily, will give you an impression that Lieh Tzu is not saying anything against Confucius. That is their way of saying things; they are very subtle people. He has not uttered a single word against Confucius, and he has demolished the whole Confucian philosophy. So when you are reading these parables, they are not simple parables. Simple they are in a way, but they are very profound. You have to dive deep, you have to dig, you have to go into them and you have to know the difference between discipline and spontaneity.

Whenever anything is of discipline, Tao is against it. Whenever anything is of spontaneity, Tao is for it. Tao is spontaneity, Tao is suchness, Tao is a tremendous acceptance of whatsoever is. And in that acceptance one flowers.





No Bargain With Reality

What is not illusion?

*

All is illusion except the witness. All is dream except the witness. Only the knower is true, is real. Whatsoever you see is illusory; the seer is not illusory. In the night you see one type of dream, in the day you see another type of dream. In the night the dreams of the day are forgotten, in the day the dreams of the night are forgotten. Sometimes you dream with open eyes and sometimes you dream with closed eyes, but one thing remains eternally there, never changing, and that is your consciousness. In the night you see dreams; in the day you see things, the world. Everything changes: night into day, day into night, dreams into thoughts, thoughts into dreams; only one thing remains eternally there—your witnessing.

That which is eternal is true. That which is changing is illusory.

Remember, by 'illusion' I don't mean that it is not, by 'illusion' I only mean that it is not eternally true. And what is the meaning of something being temporarily true, only for the moment? Before the moment it was untrue, after the moment it again becomes untrue. That's why in the East we have not been chasing life. Before birth it was not there, after death it will not be there again, so this momentary phenomenon is not of much value. There is no need to get obsessed by it; one can pass through it unconcerned, untouched by it.

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The emphasis of the West is on that which is seen, and the emphasis of the East is on that which is the seer. Either you focus on the object or you focus on yourself. When you focus on the object your approach is scientific, objective. When you focus on the subject your approach is religious. This subject is eternally true.

The Bible says: In the beginning there was the Word. The East cannot say that. The East says: In the beginning there was the witness, in the middle there is the witness, in the end there will be the witness; one thing remains eternally the substratum of all. Even if the word had been there in the beginning, somebody must have heard it—the seer, the witness—otherwise it could not have been. So the one who heard it precedes the word; the word cannot be in the beginning. Just go on looking more and more for the witness and go on getting more and more involved into the witness and one day the gestalt changes. Your focus goes through a transformation.

For example, right now you are listening to me. You can listen in two ways, because each thing can be done in two ways: Eastern and Western. You are listening to me; your emphasis can be on what I am saying, on the speaker—then it is a Western approach. The Eastern approach is that your emphasis be on the listener, the watcher, the observer, the witness. You are not too concerned with what is being said or what is being heard, but with who this witness is who is hearing this. You are seeing me... who is this seer who is seeing? That transformation, that change of gestalt, will bring you to the world of non-illusion; otherwise everything is illusory.

I understand your question. You mean by it that there must be something unreal in the outside world. No, the outside is unreal. It is not that something is real and something is unreal; the outside is unreal and the inside is real. With the outside, mind grows; with the inside, meditation. To work with the outside, your mind becomes more and more efficient—in the West the mind has become tremendously clever. When you start looking at the inside, at the looker, then meditation grows. Then you don't become a great thinker or a great philosopher, but you experience truth... you become a great mystic, you become a Buddha, a Lieh Tzu, a Jesus.

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But the whole emphasis—always remember—is on the mirror that reflects. Don't become too attached to that which is reflected. You look in the mirror; your image looks so real, but it is unreal. Don't get too obsessed with the image. The image is unreal in the mirror and the person who is standing before the mirror is also unreal. Only one thing is real: the consciousness that knows 'I am standing before the mirror', the consciousness which knows that the mirror is reflecting the one who is standing. That transcendental consciousness is reality, and through that descends the benediction, *satchitanand*; through that one becomes true, conscious and blissful.

Why do we call the world illusory? Let me remind you again: by 'illusory' we don't mean unreal, we mean temporarily real, only for the time being real.

Why do we call the outer world unreal? Because it brings only misery and it gives you only projections, ambitions, desires; it never allows you to be really happy, authentically happy. It gives you hope but never fulfils it. It leads you on many journeys but the goal never arrives, hence it is called *maya*, illusion. It deceives you, it is a mirage—it *appears* to be there, but when you reach there you don't find anything; and by the time you reach there, your desires are being projected further ahead. It is like the horizon: you go towards it, it goes on receding. You never arrive—you cannot arrive, by its very nature it is not possible, it only appears—it is not there.

Just the opposite is the case when you enter your inner world of consciousness: the closer you come, the more real it becomes; the closer you come, the more blissful, the more cheerful, the more joyful you become. The closer you come, the more authentic and true you become; and the moment you stand at the very centre, you are truth itself. In that moment the Upanishadic seer declared: I am God, I am Brahma, *aham Brahmasmi*. In that moment of inner centring, Mansur el-Hallaj declared: *ana el-Haqq*, I am the Truth. In that moment, Jesus says: I and my God are not two, but one.

If you move towards the object, you are moving away from yourself;

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and the further away you go from yourself, the further away you are going from truth because truth is centred in you.

You ask 'What is not illusion?'

I would like to say, everything is illusion, except you. But I should hurry to say to you that when I say 'you', I don't mean the 'you' that you know, I mean the 'you' that is yet undiscovered by you. The 'you' that you know belongs to the outside world, it is as much unreal as the outside world. The 'you' that you know is nothing but an accumulation of all the illusions, all the dreams and desires. The 'you' I am talking about has nothing to do with you as such; it is the eternal 'you', the eternal 'thou'. It is not yours, it is not mine, it is nobody else's. It is everybody's; it is the very centre of all.

When your 'I' drops then the real I arises. When your self disappears, the real self arrives. People come to me and they say 'We feel it is very difficult to surrender because surrendering means we will be losing ourselves.' They are true and they are not really true. They are true because their self, the self that they have known up to now, is going to be dropped. But they are not really true because once this false self is dropped, the real self arises. It is there, it is hidden behind the cloud of the false self. You, as you really are in your centre, are the reality. Everything else is illusory.

To know this reality one has to come to a moment of total inactivity because whenever you are acting, you are outside yourself. That's why Lieh Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lao Tzu, emphasised passivity so much; when you are active, you are relating with the outside world.

What is activity? Activity means relating with the outside. When you are passive, you are not relating at all. You are simply there, unrelated; there is no bridge between you and the outside—all bridges have disappeared. In this total silence, in this total unrelatedness, you become aware of who you are. Otherwise the activity keeps you so occupied that there is no space for the self to assert, to manifest, itself. It goes on waiting...it goes on waiting, and you go on remaining occupied with trivia, with mundane things.

One has to learn to do nothing.

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I have heard....

The bum appeared at the doctor's office doubled up with pain. After a careful examination the physician told the man he'd have to give up wine, women and song.

'But, doctor' the man protested, not knowing what that had to do with his ailment 'I can't bend down.'

'Oh yes' said the doc. 'You'll have to give up smoking too.'

'I object' said the bum.

'Why?' asked the doctor.

'I feel like a fool standing around doing nothing.'

Doing nothing, one feels as if one is a fool. One has to do something—if you cannot do anything, at least smoke. People start smoking whenever they don't have anything to do; smoking is a complementary thing. Whenever you don't have anything to do at least you can smoke; you feel occupied. People feel foolish if they have nothing to do. Have you not observed this phenomenon in yourself? If you are just sitting, you start feeling restless—you have to do something. If somebody comes, you will pretend to do. You will start reading the same newspaper you have read already just for show. Somebody has come, so you take the newspaper in your hand so that he knows you are doing something; otherwise he will think you are a fool. What are you doing? A man has to do something always and always, and continuously. People pretend, they cannot just be—it is not allowed.

In the West you have the saying that 'the empty mind is the devil's workshop': if somebody is not doing anything that is dangerous. In fact, the active mind is the devil's workshop. The empty mind has never done anything wrong to anybody. Hitler is not an empty mind, Buddha is an empty mind. Genghis Khan is not an empty mind, Chuang Tzu is. All the nonsense that has happened down the centuries has been done by the active mind. The inactive mind has not done any wrong because the inactive mind is not interested in doing at all—so who bothers? You cannot persuade an inactive mind to become an Adolf Hitler, it will laugh at the ridiculousness of it. 'Why?' it will say. 'For what?'

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Alexander, while coming to India, met Diogenes—he was an inactive mind. He was lying on the bank of a river resting, taking a sun-bath naked. Alexander was very much impressed: the peace that surrounded this naked man, the silence; the beauty of this man, the grandeur, the grace, the natural simplicity, the spontaneity. Alexander felt jealous. It is said that Alexander had never felt jealous of anybody else because he had more than anybody else—why should he feel jealous? But with this naked man he felt jealous—he had something that Alexander could never even dream about. And he said to Diogenes ‘If next time I am sent back to the world, I will pray and I will say to God “Now make me Diogenes, don’t make me an Alexander again.”’

Diogenes laughed. He said ‘Why wait that long? You can become Diogenes right now. Who is preventing you? You can rest here and take a sun-bath, as I am taking.’

The point was clear—as clear as it can be. Alexander felt ashamed and he said ‘Yes, one day I also hope... when I have conquered the whole world, then I will also rest and enjoy like you.’

‘But’ Diogenes said ‘I don’t understand. Why? If I can enjoy without conquering the world, why can’t you enjoy right now? Why are you postponing that which can happen right now? And this bank of the river is big enough for many people. You will not be encroaching on my space—it is big enough; nobody ever comes here.’

It is said Alexander became very sad after he met Diogenes, and he remained sad for many days and talked again and again about Diogenes. The impact was tremendous.

A passive, inactive, empty mind has a beauty, and only in the inactive mind one comes to know what is true. The activity creates the illusion. The activity creates ripples around you and you cannot see that which is. Inactivity... all ripples gone, the lake silent... the mind has no thought; everything disappeared, the smoke gone... and the flame burns bright. When the consciousness burns so bright that there is no smoke and the flame is pure, then you know what is real.

The way to reality is through inaction, passivity, receptivity. The

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way to the real is through feminine receptivity. The way to the unreal is through male, aggressive activity.

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Why don't I have a question?

It is from Vani.

You are fortunate, Vani. Now don't bring the question from the back door, don't become worried about it—'Why don't I have a question?' You are fortunate, you are blessed, because not to have a question means you are getting ready to have the answer.

A person who is too full of questions will never receive the answer, remember. Ordinarily people think 'How are you going to get the answer if you don't ask?' It is wrong. You only get the answer when there is no question. A non-questioning mind arrives; a questioning mind never arrives. If you ask—yes, some answer will be given to you, but it will never be received. When a mind is too obsessed with questions, even if this mind should receive an answer, it will create more questions out of this answer and nothing else. You ask one question; I will answer, and out of my answer you will find ten more questions arising in you. Your questioning mind will go on creating questions. A non-questioning mind is needed to receive the answer.

The answer is here. The answer has always been there, but because you are asking so many questions you cannot receive it.

It used to happen that whenever a person would come to Buddha and ask some question, he would say 'Wait for one year, be silent for one year. Drop all thinking, and after one year, if you ask, I will answer.'

A great scholar came and asked many questions, and Buddha listened and then he said 'I will answer but you will have to wait one year. That's my condition and my promise too. After one year I will answer.'

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The man said 'Okay.'

But another disciple of Buddha, who was sitting by the side of the tree, started laughing loudly. The man, the questioner, felt a little embarrassed and he asked 'What is the matter? Why is he laughing?'

Buddha said 'You ask him.'

And the man asked him 'Why are you laughing?' He said 'Buddha is deceptive, he deceived me and now I am laughing because he is deceiving you too. He told me the same thing: "Wait one year, silently. Drop your thinking, let all thoughts disappear and then ask." But when thoughts disappear how are you supposed to ask? Now no question is left! So I am laughing; he is deceiving you again. If you really want to ask, ask now; otherwise you will never ask.'

But Buddha said 'That is my condition, and if you ask after one year, I will answer. If you don't ask, then I am not responsible.'

One year passed and Buddha asked that man 'Now what do you say? Have you some questions left?'

And the man started laughing and he said 'Now I understand why that disciple was laughing on that day. Questions have disappeared!'

Good, Vani. If no question arises, that's how it should be. Don't feel uneasy about it. I understand. One feels uneasy, one feels a little abnormal when everybody is asking questions and one is not asking, one feels: 'What is wrong with me?' When everybody is going to the doctor, one starts thinking to go, otherwise people will think that something is wrong. Whatsoever is being done by everybody, one imitates. Don't try to create a question which is not there. Rest in this non-questioning attitude.

And don't think that your quest is not intense. The mind will say 'No question is arising because there is no quest.' No, if there is a real, authentic quest, questions disappear—only thirst remains. And that is a totally different state of mind: no question is formulated, only quest, an un-verbalised intensity, a passion; one wants to know, but there are no questions, because how can you ask the real question? The real question is going to be so profound that it cannot be put into words. All that can be put into words will be trivial, will be ordinary, will not be of much depth. Words are on the surface. There is a state of mind when there is no question,

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but the quest is there like a heartbeat: you feel it, but you cannot say what it is. Then you have become the question. No question is there—your whole being has become a question, a quest, a thirst, a hunger; and in that moment, when your whole being is a quest without any verbal questions, the answer comes. In fact, the answer is there in that intensity—you become aware of it.

But I am not saying that you should not ask questions. If they come, ask them. I am not saying that you should start fighting with questions. If they are not coming—good, no need to produce them, no need to make any effort to formulate them. If they are coming—good; let them be relieved, let them be asked—don't start fighting. The mind is always very tempted to do the wrong thing. For example, I am saying to Vani that if the question is not coming—no need to ask, good. But I am not saying it to others who are asking questions. And the questions are arising. If they are arising and you don't ask them, they will become more and more strong.

An unasked question, if it is there, will start haunting you, will drive you crazy. That's not the way to get rid of it. Go on asking. Watch, witness that the question arises, you ask it, I answer. Then watch your mind—what your mind is doing—whether it is receiving the answer or is creating new questions. Watch it, and by and by you will become aware that this seems to be a ridiculous situation: you ask a question, an answer is given, ten questions arise. You ask ten questions, ten answers will be given, a hundred questions will arise and so on and so forth. This will be ad infinitum.

Just watch the ridiculousness of it, the hopelessness of it; and out of that experience of hopelessness, out of that understanding that this is not going to be the way, one day, suddenly you will feel that the question is not arising.

I am not saying that you fight with the questions, I am saying just understand the questioning pattern of your mind. Then, out of that understanding, questions burn and disappear. One day, suddenly you will be in the same position as Vani. Suddenly you will see there is no question and a question will arise: 'Why don't I have a question?' Don't ask that

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question because that is not a question at all. Then you are turning a blessing into a curse.

Don't bring from the back door.

I have heard. . . .

Mulla Nasruddin had one of the finest apple orchards in the state, and come fall, regular as clockwork, the kids from the neighbourhood would sneak in to purloin apples. Regularly, too, Nasruddin would come charging angrily out of his house, waving a shotgun, and threatening the fleeing youths with everything he could think of.

After watching one of these vain pursuits, a neighbour said to Mulla Nasruddin 'Danged if I can understand you, Nasruddin. You're normally a calm and generous man—and you've got ten times as many apples ripening in that garden as you can possibly use, why don't you just let the kids have some?'

'Heck' laughed Nasruddin 'I *want* them to have the apples. But I was a boy once myself, and if I didn't holler and chase them they'd never come back.'

Thoughts are like children—so are questions. If you chase them, they will come back; if you don't chase them, they will not come back—what is the point? So don't take a shotgun and chase your questions, otherwise they will come and they will come in crowds and bring others too, and you will go crazy. Never chase thoughts; just try to see the whole process—how the mind functions. Once you know how the mind functions, in that very knowing, you have transcended.

Yes, one day it happens, you are there with a deep passion to know and there is no question. Then your whole consciousness has become a quest, and in that very intensity something evaporates, something changes. Out of that very intensity—just as at a hundred degrees the water evaporates—in that hundred degree quest, when you are totally in it, something radically changes. That change will bring you to the answer.

No question ever brings the answer, only a non-questioning quest.

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Since your lecture yesterday, I worry that what I felt was acceptance of a situation, may merely be consolation. How can I know when I have accepted something or when I have only consoled or distracted myself from the pain?

It is simple. Consolation is out of thinking, explanations, theories; acceptance is out of understanding. When you explain yourself, you console. When you understand, then there is acceptance. Consolation has to be brought in; acceptance comes. Acceptance is a happening; consolation is a doing.

You are miserable; then you seek some theory to explain it—past life *karmas*; somewhere you try to find a shelter. Or maybe God is putting you in misery so that you can grow: it is a challenge to grow—a consolation. Or it is the nature of life; you philosophise, you say 'Everybody is in misery and I cannot be the exception. Buddha says that the whole of life is misery—so it is. One has to accept it, what else can one do? One has to accept it.' Then it is consolation. Then you try hard to create a buffer around yourself.

Acceptance is out of understanding—it has no explanation. The misery is there. You look into the misery and you don't bring any theory and you don't bring any explanation; you simply look into the fact of misery and looking into the fact of misery, suddenly, you find there is an acceptance arising. And if somebody asks 'Why?' you will not be able to answer because there is no 'why'. You will not be able to show the *cause*. You will simply say 'It has happened.'

Acceptance is like love—all that is really beautiful is always like love. When you fall in love with a woman or a man and somebody asks 'Why?' can you really answer it? You try sometimes, but all your answers are absurd. You say 'Because the woman is beautiful', but there are millions of people and they have not fallen in love with that woman. If she were beautiful she would not have been available to you—somebody else would have grabbed her before you. But nobody else thinks she is beautiful, so in fact, you are putting things upside down. You say 'I have fallen in love because she is beautiful.' The real thing is just the opposite: she looks beautiful because you have fallen in love. One day, when love will dis-

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appear, the same woman will not look beautiful to you; she may even start looking ugly and horrible. Right now, you cannot leave her for a single moment. One day, when love has disappeared, you will not be able to tolerate her presence for a single moment.

And you cannot do anything about love. When it comes, it comes; when it goes, it goes. It is like a breeze: it comes and it is gone. Acceptance is like love; it is a happening. When you are true, authentically with the reality of the moment, you don't go to the past to find an explanation, you don't go to the future to find an explanation; you simply look into the fact. You don't ask Buddha, you don't ask Krishna, you don't ask Lieh Tzu, you don't ask anybody; you simply look into the facticity of the misery. You simply live the pain, you simply go into it. Alone, holding nobody's hand: Buddha's, Krishna's, Christ's—nobody's hand, you simply go into it. Because all those hands will become consolations, because all those people will become explanations.

You will say 'Jesus says this, Buddha says this, that's why I have to accept.' But your acceptance is pseudo: it has not arisen out of your own experience. Go into the pain of a situation single-handed, alone. Face the situation as it is with no mind to explain it away. Just look into it without any thought interfering, and then there will be acceptance. It will not be a consolation; there will be great contentment. Suddenly you will see that you can accept, but there is no cause to it.

Consolation has a cause to it. Consolation is a false coin—it deceives you, it pretends to be the real thing—it is not the real thing. And I would like to tell the questioner that it is very much possible that whatsoever he was thinking to be acceptance must have been consolation, because if it were acceptance no doubt would arise. The certainty is self-evident: if it were acceptance no confusion would be possible, no worry would arise. It must have been consolation because consolation is just on the surface; it never goes deep, and anything can shake it and shatter it.

Drop all consolations—they are not of worth, they are just wasting time. It is better to suffer than to be consoled. It is better to be in pain than to be in consolation, because through pain there is a possibility to reach to the real acceptance. Through consolation there is no possibility; you have

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taken a wrong turn. Through consolation you never reach to the reality; you have fallen victim to a dream. Now you will have to live in your consolation, and you will start being afraid of reality because everything of the real will be a shattering thing for your consolation. You will avoid, you will not see directly, you will escape from facts; and if somebody brings you to the facts, you will start feeling very restless, you will start perspiring, you will feel nervous because you will know that now everything is going to be shattered.

Consolation is a belief. A created thing cannot be of much value. You have created it—it cannot be bigger than you, it is bound to be smaller than you. Acceptance is bigger than you—it happens. When does acceptance happen? It happens when you don't cling to any consolation. So put all consolations aside.

It is hard. Tao is so pure that in the beginning it is very hard. You want to play with toys, and Tao never gives any toys. It has no belief systems to supply, it simply forces you to encounter the reality, whatever it is. Painful?—then let it be painful, what can be done? Whatsoever is, is; it has to be looked into. But through that very encounter arises a tremendously new consciousness; a new being is born.

So please put aside all your consolations, all your theories and beliefs; they are hindering your path. Once you are nude, with no belief systems around you, once you are unburdened, then immediately a great trust happens: trust in life, trust in existence. And trust is not a belief. Trust is a total conversion. It is a new birth. It is a resurrection.

So be very alert. It is very easy to fall into the trap of consolations because they are cheap, you can purchase them anywhere. Every temple, every church, every organised religion is supplying them; and people go to churches just for that... to find consolations. Your sleep is disturbed, you need a lullaby—you go to the church and the priest supplies you the lullaby: he sings the song, he repeats the song again and again—you become solaced. It is like a tranquillizer, it gives you a good sleep.

Gurdjieff used to say to his disciples: I am doing only two things in your life. First, if you really have come to me then you will never be able

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to sleep again, I will disturb your sleep permanently. And second, if you listen to me your life will be hard, arduous, but one thing I can promise: you will not die a dirty death, you will not die like a dog.

Both are tremendously significant. If your sleep is disturbed, only then will you not die like a dog. 'Dog' means the animal state, fast asleep, unconscious. You can die consciously, then you die a beautiful death because then, even while dying, you know that you are not dying. That's the beauty of it. Right now, even alive, you don't know you are alive. Even living, there is no life—you are simply dragging—it is phony. And a man who has encountered life and its facts, and gone through its pleasure and pain, dark nights and beautiful days, and watched everything and has become a profound observer will die in a totally different way. He will die alert, aware.

Just a few days ago I was reading the memoirs of the doctor who attended Gurdjieff when he died, and the doctor says 'I have attended so many people while they were dying, but this death was tremendously exceptional.' And the doctor says 'I cannot think that anybody has ever died like that. The moment he was dying, he opened his eyes, sat in his bed, supported by many pillows, asked for his hat, put his hat on—a very beautiful red hat—took his cigar in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other hand, smoked and sipped the coffee.'

The doctor was watching and the disciples were crying and weeping, and the doctor knew that within seconds Gurdjieff was going to disappear. His legs had become numb—they had gathered too much water and the water had to be removed—and the doctor knew that he might not even be able to completely remove the water because before the water was removed, Gurdjieff would be gone. And he asked Gurdjieff—because giving him pain seemed unnecessary now that he was going to die; death was certain—he asked Gurdjieff 'What should I do?'

And Gurdjieff said 'If you are tired, then I can wait a little longer. I have been waiting so many years for death. You can rest a little and then you can do it. I have been waiting so long, I can wait a little longer—

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there is no problem. If you are too tired, you can have a little rest—two, three hours—because you have not been asleep the whole night. If you are not tired, you do your work.'

Crying, because he also was a disciple, the doctor started taking water out of his legs. And Gurdjieff was there, sipping his coffee and smoking his cigar and talking and joking. All life had disappeared from the body, but his face was aflame, his eyes were so radiant. And at the last moment he said 'Has anybody any question? because now I am leaving.'

He used to say to his disciples that one can die very consciously, and he died very consciously. Just twenty-four hours before he was removed to the hospital he insisted that he would not go to the hospital, and he asked the doctor 'What do you think? Can the hospital save me? If I cannot save myself then who can save me?' For twenty-four hours before this, the doctor had been crying, so he said 'Okay, if you are crying, I am coming.'

So the doctor ran outside to phone for the ambulance. And when the ambulance came, he went into the room—Gurdjieff had disappeared! He could not believe how he had gone because he could not move!

Gurdjieff was standing on the road near the ambulance. He came in and he said 'The ambulance has come—where is the doctor?' He was walking and the doctor could not believe it—it was impossible, he was not in a state to walk. Other doctors came to consult and they, nobody, could believe that he could walk, but he walked to the ambulance. Not only that, he came in again to enquire 'Where is the doctor?'

Two weeks before, suddenly—and he was ill, very ill—one evening he asked his disciples 'Bring my car, I would like to drive.' Two weeks before!

And they said 'The doctor says you should not move out of the bed.'

He said 'Forget all about doctors. Bring my car.' And he drove the car and went to a certain Russian church and there sat for one hour, with closed eyes, under a tree. Only later on could people know that was the place where he would be buried two weeks later. He had gone there two weeks before to see the place, and he sat on the exact place where he was to be buried two weeks later. And then they all understood: death was so clear to him—when it was going to happen, where he was going to be

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buried—and that was a church he had never gone to in his whole life. It was not that he used to visit it; he had never gone. That was the first and the last time alive. Next time he was dead.

Bennett reports that he reached twenty-four hours late; Gurdjieff had died. He reached in the middle of the night, rushed to the church where Gurdjieff's body was lying and went into the room; there was nobody. He sat silently and he became afraid; he started trembling because it felt as if Gurdjieff were still alive. He was a scientist, a mathematician, and he could not be deceived. He was not a devotee, he was not emotional, sentimental; not the feeling type at all. So he went close by to feel what was the matter and became completely silent to listen. It felt as if somebody were breathing. He went all around the room. Closer . . . whenever he came closer to the body he would feel the breathing more clearly, whenever he went further away, the breathing would not be heard so clearly. And the man was dead, but he had a feeling that he was still hovering around—as if the body were alive, as if his presence were there.

It is possible. A man who dies totally alert can do many things. A man who dies in awareness, in fact, never dies. He has come to recognise the deathless in him.

Drop consolations, beliefs; become more and more alert. Drop your sleep and drop your lullabies, that's the only way. Tao is simple and yet arduous: simple, because Tao cannot be arduous; arduous, because you are very complex and you cannot be simple easily. The complexity is in you not in Tao. Tao is a very simple approach, a more simple approach is not possible. No discipline, no character, no morality, nothing is expected of you—only one thing: that you live naturally, simply, in tune with existence. And don't bring beliefs and don't bring any theories, don't bring any theologies.

Tao mystics never talk about God, reincarnation, heaven, hell. No, they don't talk about these things. These are all creations of human mind: explanations for something which can never be explained, explanations for the mystery. In fact, all explanations are against God because explanation de-mystifies existence. Existence is a mystery, and one should

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accept it as a mystery and not pretend to have any explanation. No, explanation is not needed—only *exclamation*, a wondering heart, awakened, surprised, feeling the mystery of life each moment. Then, and only then, you know what truth is. And truth liberates.

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Who is a Christian?

Difficult to say because I am not a Christian, neither is Christ a Christian. One thing is certain: that Christ is not a Christian, Buddha is not a Buddhist, Krishna is not a Hindu.

To be a Christian one has to avoid being a Christ. To be a Christian means to remain asleep. You are using another drug called Christianity to remain asleep. Somebody else is using another drug called Hinduism to remain asleep, but these are all drugs. A real man, a man of courage, has the courage to face reality as it is. A real man has the courage not to be second-hand. A Christian is second-hand, Christ is first-hand—don't become second-hand.

Go to reality, direct, immediate—not through any belief system—otherwise you will never reach to reality. The belief system will hinder you, it will not allow you: it is an imprisonment.

So there are many prisons on the earth. They say there are three hundred religions, so three hundred prisons—beautiful prisons, very well decorated, comfortable, convenient, but a prison is a prison. Get out of prisons.

When I initiate you into sannyas, I am initiating you into freedom. My initiation into sannyas is initiation into absolute freedom. By becoming a sannyasin you can become a Christ, but never a Christian; you can become a Krishna, but never a Hindu; you can become a Buddha, but never a Buddhist. And remember, if you really want to become a Buddha, then avoid the doctrine that has gathered around Buddha.

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The Zen people say 'If you meet Buddha on the way, kill him immediately!' They even go to this extent: they say 'If you repeat the name of Buddha, rinse your mouth out immediately!' Not that they are disrespectful about Buddha, they have tremendous respect. Their respect is impeccable, but still, what they are saying is significant. It is very easy for the mind to gather knowledge, to gather belief; it is very easy for the mind because nothing is at stake. If you become a Christian, you don't put anything at stake, you are not committed to anything—you simply go to the church.

I have heard a definition of the Christian: A Christian is a man who feels repentance on Sunday for what he did on Saturday and is going to do on Monday.

Deceptions, all deceptions.

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When does discipline become meditation?

Never. Discipline never becomes meditation; meditation certainly becomes a discipline. Don't start with discipline otherwise you will never arrive at meditation. Start with meditation and you will arrive at a discipline, and the discipline will not be imposed from the outside. It will be an inner overflow; you will become luminous from within.

In fact, to call it 'discipline' is not good because it is so utterly free—but still you can call it discipline. Your life will be disciplined, not by any effort, but by your inner understanding. You will behave responsibly, not that you have to behave that way, you will behave responsibly because a conscious man can behave only in that way—there is no other way. You will not behave for any profit, for any motive; you will behave out of your spontaneity; there will be no greed in it. If somebody is a Christian saint, he is greedy; he wants to reach to the Christian paradise. If somebody is a Jain monk, he is greedy, he is a businessman. He is trying to win

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over by virtue, to be victorious in the other world, to become a spiritual conqueror; but the idea is of greed.

If you go and look around the world at monks and saints and *mahatmas*, you will find ninety-nine per cent of them are just greedy people, materialistic people. They are disciplining themselves because they know that if they sacrifice, great is going to be the pay-off. They are ready to sacrifice, they are ready even to kill themselves—but it is a bargain.

A man of meditation, understanding, has no motive, *no bargain with reality*. How can you bargain with reality? The whole idea is silly. A man of meditation is good because it feels good to be good; there is no motive. He is virtuous because being virtuous he feels so happy and so delighted. He loves, he shares, just like a flower shares its scent, its fragrance—naturally. His virtue is not cultivated, conditioned, it is growth in his being.

So you ask 'When does discipline become meditation?'

Never. Discipline never becomes meditation, but meditation always brings a discipline, an inner discipline. And that discipline is *because of* freedom. That discipline is not a new cage, that discipline makes you totally free and liberated. You don't have any commandments to follow, you don't follow anybody, any scripture, you simply follow your own inner core. And there is no conflict within you, there are no alternatives. You are not to choose, you don't have to choose to do this or to do that. Whatsoever arises in your being, you do it. There is never any repentance because a man of meditation cannot do wrong—it doesn't happen. Whatsoever he is doing, he is doing totally; the next moment he has moved beyond it. He never looks back, he never repents: whatsoever happened, happened; whatsoever did not happen, did not happen. He neither praises himself: 'I did this', neither does he ever feel guilty: 'Why could I not do this?' He has no hangover, he is clean-cut from the past. Each moment he moves into the future, each moment the past disappears and he is fresh like the dew-drops in the morning.

That discipline has freshness, that discipline has freedom, that discipline has fragrance. Otherwise, discipline makes people dull, stupid. Discipline makes people mediocre; discipline kills your freedom, kills

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your being; discipline becomes a suicide. So never start with discipline, start with meditation. That's why my emphasis is on meditation. If discipline comes out of meditation—good, otherwise it is not needed. It is better to have no character than to have a forced character.

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Why am I still not happy?

Because you still are, and because you are still chasing happiness. Happiness cannot be sought, you cannot seek it. It is a by-product, it is a natural consequence. If you make a goal out of happiness you will never find it, you will always miss it. It comes very silently, it comes like a whisper; it comes like your shadow. When you are totally absorbed into something and not thinking about happiness at all, it is there. Whenever you are thinking about it, it is not there, it is very shy. Whenever you look around, it disappears; whenever you start thinking 'Am I happy or not?' you are not. A happy man never thinks about happiness—he is so happy, how can he think about happiness? Only an unhappy man thinks about happiness, and by thinking, he becomes more unhappy.

I have heard . . .

A big dog saw a little dog chasing its tail, and asked 'Why are you chasing your tail so?'

Said the puppy 'I have mastered philosophy, I have solved the problems of the universe which no dog before me has rightly solved: I have learned that the best thing for a dog is happiness, and that happiness is in my tail. Therefore I am chasing it, and when I catch it I shall have it.'

Said the old dog 'My son, I too have paid attention to the problems of the universe in my weak way, and have formed some opinions. I too have judged that happiness is a fine thing for a dog, and that happiness

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is in my tail. But I have noticed that when I go about my business, it comes after me. I need not chase it.'

Listen to this old dog's idea.

You must have seen that whenever a dog is happy, he waves his tail, so naturally dogs think that happiness must be in the tail. Then they start chasing, but you cannot chase your own tail. You jump, the tail jumps; you jump more, the tail jumps more—you will get crazy. That's what is happening.

The question is from Arup.

Listen to the old dog. You go about your business and it comes after you. One thing has to be learned—nothing is more valuable than that—and that is to be absorbed into whatsoever you are doing. Don't think about whether it is a very great thing or not. If you are cleaning the floor, get totally absorbed into it. If you are cooking, get absorbed into it. Washing your clothes, get absorbed into it.

Whenever you are dissolved in your act, ego disappears. Then there is no space for the ego to exist. In that very moment when ego is not, there is happiness.

So let me say it in this way: Ego is misery, no ego is happiness. And ego remains only when you are split, ego is not whenever you are harmonious. Dancing, you become the dance—ego disappears; singing, you become the song—ego disappears; sitting silently doing nothing, you become that non-doing—and ego disappears. Act or no act, remember one thing: get absorbed into it, whatsoever it is. You have gone for a morning walk, get totally absorbed into it. Forget all about yourself, forget all about happiness; forget all about health, the oxygen in the air and all calculations; forget all that you have read about the beautiful experience of the morning walk—forget everything. Just walk, and one day you will find that suddenly you are totally there, and it has been there; happiness has visited you.

You will lose contact again and again because the moment you will start thinking about it, that it is there, it is gone. You come in, it goes out;

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you go out, it comes in; you cannot be with it together. Both Arup and happiness cannot be together in the room—that's impossible.

Start losing yourself. You must be too much after it, you must be continuously thinking about it, you must be planning how to attain to it—then it is never going to happen. If you are too much after happiness, all that happens is hell. If you forget about it, it is a very natural phenomenon. The self-consciousness does not allow it, it makes you very narrow. When the self disappears, when self-consciousness disappears, you are vast like the sky. Suddenly it pours into you.

So the art of being happy is the art of forgetfulness. And when I'm saying this, remember: now don't start planning about it—how to forget, how not to think about happiness—otherwise you are again in the same trap.

It is not a question of 'how', you simply do it. And it is not a question of tomorrow, you do it right now, this very moment. Listen to me, Arup. This very moment you listen totally. Don't think about what I am saying, don't try to figure it out, don't plan. Just listen. Just be here with me, this moment, and happiness is there. Silent, listening, attentive, with no self—how can you miss happiness? Nobody has ever heard that anybody can miss happiness when one is silent, attentive, self-forgetful, absorbed.

If you cannot be absorbed into my word, into my presence, it will be difficult for you to be absorbed anywhere else. Listening to me, just listen, and let it be this very moment.

An old rabbi used to say to his people 'Repent the day before you die.'

'But' they said to him 'Rabbi, we know not the day of our death.'

'Then' he answered 'repent today, repent now.'

Don't postpone because one never knows. Tomorrow you may not be here, the next moment you may not be here, so this is the only moment you have. *Now* is the only time you have and *here* is the only place you have. I am not telling you to prepare, to get ready. That's the whole message of Tao too: *You are ready as you are*. You start enjoying this moment and

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happiness will follow you. It always follows you, because it is in the tail. When you go about doing your business, the tail comes.

*

For the last two, three days, I feel as if you are constantly looking at me. Tell me, Bhagwan, what do you want to say to me through your eyes?

I have been constantly looking at you—not only for two, three days, but you may have only become aware of it during the last two, three days. Good that you became aware.

When I look at you there is a message, because there are many things which cannot be said by words. And I have to say with my hands, and I have to say with my eyes, and I have to say with my silence, and I have to say with my presence. Words are inadequate; they only go so far—beyond that they cannot go. But the eyes can convey, eye contact can become a great communion.

So when you see me looking at you into your eyes, don't miss that moment. In that moment don't start thinking, in that moment just look into me, in that moment be lost, in that moment don't think 'What is the message?' because if you start thinking about the message, you have missed. The eye contact itself is the message. You just be there, present, looking into my eyes and something is going to happen, something will transpire between me and you. Here I am not. If you can look into my eyes for a single second, totally, you will also disappear. And when the Master and the disciple both are not, there is the meeting.

'I am newly initiated and wish to be instructed in Zen.' Thus Kyosai approached the Master Gensha. 'How do I enter in the Way, Master?'

'Do you hear the river running nearby?' asked Gensha.

'Yes' said the seeker 'I do, Master.'

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Then, for a single moment, there was absolute silence and then Gensha said 'There! here is the way to enter.'

He is not talking about the river, remember. When he said 'Do you hear the river running nearby?' the disciple became aware. In that awareness, for a single moment, thoughts stopped. He heard the river running by, the noise, the song, the dance of the river—for a single moment he was no more selfconscious, his awareness was total. The Master watched. When the Master felt that the moment had come—the seeker was no more there, the questioner was no more there, selfconsciousness had disappeared and there was only silent awareness and listening to the river running by—he shouted 'There! here is the way to enter.'

Remember, he is not talking about the river. He is talking about this inner awareness, this silence, this unselfconsciousness, this purity, this innocence that has entered into the being of this disciple: he says 'Here is the way to enter.'

When I look into your eyes, and if you are also looking into my eyes: 'There! here is the way to enter.'

*

I often take drugs. Once when I was attending the discourse, I closed my eyes and suddenly felt the same as I feel on a drug trip. Bhagwan, is there any relation or similarity between samadhi and drugs?

There is and there is not. There is because drugs create a false *samadhi*, a pseudo *samadhi* almost like the *samadhi*. So there is a relationship because even if drugs create false *samadhi*, they create something similar to *samadhi*; and there is no relationship also because the false is not the real, and the false can never be the real.

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It is like this: if you are hungry in the night you dream that you are eating—yes, in the dream—everything looks like eating; you feel satisfied, you turn over and go to sleep. In the morning you feel it was just a dream. It has not nourished you, it simply deceived you.

Drugs deceive you and create a false *samadhi*—they don't nourish you.

Some day, when you will awaken, then you will see that you were simply dreaming that you were eating. It helped, because if you are hungry in your sleep the dream that you are eating helps you to continue sleep, otherwise your sleep will be broken. If the hunger is too much, how can you sleep? So the mind creates a dream: the mind says 'Okay, you are hungry—eat!' In the dream you go to the fridge, you open the fridge, you are eating many things that you have always been denying yourself. You eat well, you feel perfectly good, you turn over and you go to sleep. In the morning you know that it was a false food. Dream food cannot help—but you will only know in the morning, not before it. And the morning I am talking about may not come if you don't work for it.

So drugs can deceive you, they can deceive you for your whole life. They create a similarity through chemical change: through chemical coercion of the body and the mind cells a certain state is created which feels as if one has arrived. In the morning, when the drug influence is over, you are in exactly the same place as you were before—maybe even lower, because every high experience through drugs is bound to be followed by a very low and depressed experience. Then again more drugs are needed, and the quantity has to be increased—you become an addict. This is not a way towards truth because it is not nourishing.

Samadhi is a nourishment. You are not drugged by *samadhi*, you are awakened. But there is a similarity, so sometimes it can happen if you have been taking drugs. There can come a moment listening to me when you become silent, you are *en rapport* with me. And suddenly there is a moment, a moment of tremendous joy and beauty, and because you have been taking the drug, you will start thinking in terms of the drug. But if it is happening just by listening to me. . . . Think of it. If you meditate, if you go into the same world where I exist, into the same dimension where I exist—and

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if it can happen just by listening to me—then what to say about when you yourself will move into that world? Then you will know that all those experiences through drugs were just foolish, silly; you were wasting your energy and wasting your time.

But they keep you asleep. If you are interested in sleep, drugs are good, alcohol is good, any type of chemical that helps you feel that you are happy is good. Happiness never comes through it, it just gives you the illusion of being happy; it keeps you asleep. But if you are interested in becoming alert, awakened, then it is dangerous. Then you are undoing your very longing to become awakened, enlightened. You are undoing it by your drugs.

I have heard. . . .

A travelling salesman in the deep South hit one hotel where the rooms were infested with giant, economy-size mosquitoes. Furthermore, he was told that no mosquito netting was available. 'All you got to do is follow the example of the man who owns this hotel, Colonel Rip Clatterborn' the desk clerk told him.

'And how' enquired the salesman sarcastically 'does your blasted Colonel Clatterborn manage to go to sleep without a net?'

'He doesn't' admitted the clerk. 'But the Colonel is what you might call a dedicated drinker. He goes to bed so well oiled he doesn't notice the mosquitoes for the first half of the night. And for the second half, the mosquitoes are so drunk they don't notice the Colonel.'

You can go on playing this way, but you are wasting a tremendous opportunity. Avoid drugs. If you are really interested, then why not take the real drug? *Samadhi* is the real drug, but you cannot purchase it at the druggist's, you cannot purchase it through a dope pusher. *Samadhi* you have to attain through great intensity, thirst, passion, enquiry. *Samadhi* you have to attain. Drugs are available from the outside, *samadhi* happens in your innermost core; it is the ultimate drug—*soma*.

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Bhagwan, I want to ask three very short questions.

Thank you. If you ask short questions, I am going to give you short answers.

First: What do you think of life?

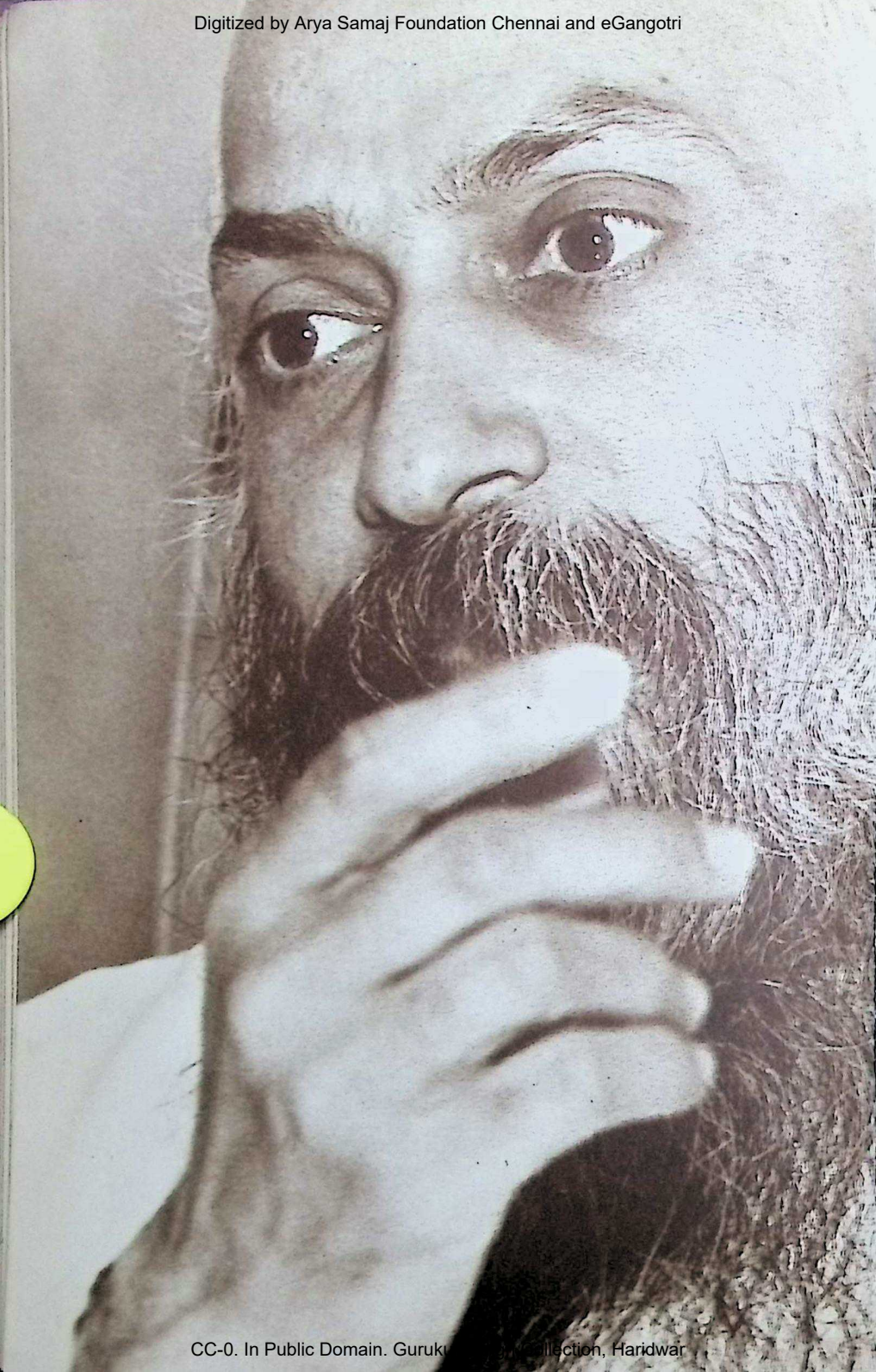
Life is wonderful. Without it, you are dead.

The second: What do you think about the love of a good woman?

Now, that is not fair. To ask such a question of a chronic bachelor is not right, but since you have asked, I have to answer: There is nothing better in the world than the love of a good woman, unless, of course, it is the love of a bad woman.

And the third: Was there any long period in your life when you did not speak at all?

Believe it or not, but once it did happen that for a year and a half I didn't speak at all—no morning discourse, no evening darshan. That year and a half was the time immediately after I was born.





When Lin Lei was nearly a hundred, he put on his fur coat in the middle of spring, and went to pick up the grains dropped by the reapers, singing as he made his way through the fields.

Confucius, who was on a journey to Wei, saw him in the distance. Turning to his disciples he said 'That old man should be worth talking to. Someone should go and find out what he has to say.'

Tzu Kung asked to be the one to go. He met Lin Lei at the end of the embankment and, looking him in the face, sighed 'Don't you even feel any regret? Yet you pick up the grains singing as you go.'

Lin Lei neither halted his steps nor paused in his song. Tzu Kung went on pressing him until he looked up and answered 'What have I to regret?'

*'A child, you never learned how to behave;
A man, you never strove to make your mark.
No wife nor son in your old age,
And the time of your death is near.'*

'Master, what happiness have you had that you should sing as you walk picking up the grains?'

'The reasons for my happiness all men share' said Lin Lei smiling 'but instead, they worry over them. It is because I took no pains learning to behave when I was young, and never strove to make my mark when I grew up that I have been able to live so long. It is because I have no wife and sons in my old age and the time of my death is near that I can be so happy.'

'It is human to want long life, and hate death—why should you be happy to die?'

'Death is a return to where we set out from when we were born. So how do I know that when I die here I shall not be born somewhere else? How do I know that life and death are not as good as each other? How do I know that it is not a delusion to crave anxiously for life? How do I know that present death would not be better than my past life?'

Tzu King listened but did not understand his meaning. He returned and told Confucius.

'I knew he would be worth talking to' said Confucius 'and so he is, but he is a man who has found it, yet not found all of it.'

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TAO IS not rational. It is not anti-rational either. It is super-rational. Life is more than reason. Life is more than can be understood by the mind. Life has to give you more than you can learn. It is bigger than your capacity of learning. It is bigger than you can ever know, but it can be felt. Tao is intuitive. Tao is more total. When you approach life through the head, and only through the head, it is a part approach; misunderstanding is bound to be there. A man who is trying to figure it out is bound to fall into a tremendous trap and will not be able to come out of it easily. Once you start intellectualising about life, you start going astray. Life has to be lived. Life has to be lived existentially and not intellectually. Intellect is not a bridge, but a barrier.

This has to be understood – then the parable is of tremendous import. And we are going to go into it very slowly, trying to understand each sentence in it, each word actually.

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The Confucian approach is a mind approach. The Taoist approach is a no-mind approach. Confucius thinks about life. Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu, don't think about life because they say: You can go on thinking and thinking about and about, and you will go round and round and you will never reach to the centre. About and about is not the way. Go directly, be immediate. *See* life, don't think about it.

Always remember, the menu is not the dinner. You can go on studying the menu—that is not going to help. You will have to eat, you will have to swallow, you will have to digest, you will have to be existentially connected with your food, you will have to absorb it into your being, you will have to make it a part of your being. Just studying the menu or the cookbook is not going to help. The scholar goes on studying the menu: the more hungry he becomes, the more he studies the menu; and, naturally, the scholar remains one of the most hungry persons in life. He has never lived, he has never loved, he has never taken any risk, he has never moved, never danced, never celebrated; he has just been sitting there and thinking about it. The scholar has decided that first he has to understand intellectually, then he will move. Now this is no way to move. First you have to move and then comes understanding.

Many people come to me and they say that they would like to become sannyasins. They are attracted by the idea, they are intrigued, but they have to think about it. Naturally, they say that first they have to think about it, then they will decide. How can you think about sannyas? What will you think about? It is an inner experience, it is something of the inner space, it is a contact with me of the inner; nobody can watch it. You can watch sannyasins, but you cannot know anything about sannyas by watching sannyasins. Even if the sannyasin himself tries to figure it out intellectually, he will not be able to. Sannyas has to be tasted—even then it is very difficult to explain it intellectually. But to think about it without moving into it is impossible. It is as if somebody says 'First I will have to know about love and then I will love.' How are you going to know about love? The only way to know about love is to fall in love—there is no other way. You can go to the library, you can ask many people, you can consult books and encyclopaedias, and you will find a thousand and one things

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about love, but not love. You may become too much of a scholar, your mind may become stuffed with information; but information is not knowing.

Knowledge is not knowing. It can deceive you, but it cannot deceive life. As far as life is concerned you will remain a desert—the flower of love will never bloom in your being. So with sannyas. So with everything that is significant. So with everything that is organic. So with everything that is alive. This is the basic standpoint of Tao.

Now this parable.

When Lin Lei was nearly a hundred, he put on his fur coat in the middle of spring, and went to pick up the grains dropped by the reapers, singing as he made his way through the fields.

Lin Lei is a Taoist Master, but as Taoist Masters are, they live a very ordinary life. They don't live in any extraordinary way, they don't claim that they are special beings, talented geniuses, sages, saints, *mahatmas*; they don't claim anything. They simply live a very ordinary life because they are natural beings: natural like the trees, natural like the birds, natural like nature itself. They are not in any way egoistic. For example, if in India you want to find out where the *mahatmas* are you can easily find them. But if you had gone to visit ancient China and wanted to know a Taoist Master, nobody would have been able to tell you where you would find one. You would have had to look, move, wander around the country . . . and at some time you might have come across one. But there is no way unless you have experienced something of it in your own being. Unless you have the taste, the flavour, you will not be able to recognise a Taoist Master.

Lin Lei is a Taoist Master—very simple, very old, very ancient; a hundred years old and he is picking up the grains dropped by the reapers. Now this is the lowliest job one can find, the most beggarly and yet . . .

. . . singing as he made his way through the fields.

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The Taoist is always happy because he does not wait for any cause: he does not wait for any special situation in which he is going to be happy. Happiness is like breathing, happiness is like the beat of the heart—happiness is his being, it is not something that happens to him. Happiness is not something that happens and does not happen, happiness is something that is always there. He is full of happiness. Happiness is the stuff that existence is made of; and a Taoist has fallen in harmony with existence—naturally he is happy. Whatsoever he is doing, he is doing it happily. His happiness precedes his action.

Sometimes you are happy and sometimes you are unhappy—because your happiness is conditional. When you are succeeding you are happy, when you are failing you are unhappy; your happiness depends on some outer cause. You cannot always sing; even if you sing, your song will not always have the singing. Sometimes it will really be a delight and sometimes just a repetition, dead and dull. Sometimes, when the friend has come, when you have found a beloved, you are happy. Sometimes, when the friend has gone, the beloved is lost, you are unhappy. Your happiness, and unhappiness, is caused from the outside—it is not an inner flow, it is not something that *you* possess. It is given to you by others and taken away, given to you by circumstances and taken away. This is not of worth because you remain a slave, you are not a Master.

The Taoists call that person a Master whose happiness is absolutely his own. He can be happy irrespective of the situation: young he is happy, old he is happy; as an emperor he is happy, as a beggar he is happy. His song is uncontaminated by circumstances; his song is his own, his song is his natural rhythm.

This man, a hundred years old. . . . Ordinarily, a man of one hundred years of age will not be able to sing—what is there to sing about now? Life has disappeared, life has oozed out, he is almost as dry as a bone, and there is nothing to hope for—only death is to come. Singing, celebrating—for what? A man of a hundred years has no future: his life is spent, he is exhausted, any moment death will knock him down. For whom? For what? For what reason can a man sing like that? And at the age of a hundred years one has to go and do such a beggarly job. . . . one has to pick up the

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grains dropped by the reapers. That means nobody is there to look after the old man. He is left alone—no family it seems, no son, no daughters, no wife, no brothers; nobody to look after him. What is there to sing about?

But if you have the song—the real song, the song that arises from your intrinsic core, your innermost centre—then it does not matter. You can go on singing even when death is descending. You can go on singing even if somebody is killing you. Your body can be killed, but not your song. Your body can be imprisoned, but not your song. Your song is eternal because it is uncaused.

Remember this very fundamental law of life: That which is caused is never eternal, that which is caused is temporal. When the cause will disappear, it will disappear; it is a by-product. That which is uncaused is going to be forever and forever, because there is nothing that can destroy it. Your body will die—it has been caused; the meeting of your father and mother has been the cause of it. Your body will die: one day it was caused. It has a certain energy, a certain life-span, then it will be finished. Every day you are dying, one day you will simply disappear into the grave.

But is that all that you have? Is that all that your being is? Is there not something more? There is something in you which was before you were ever born that is going to be there even after you are gone forever. After you have died, that which was before your birth will remain—that is uncaused.

That's why Taoists don't believe that God created the world, that God created man, that God created souls. If God had created souls then they were caused and one day they would disappear—howsoever far that day might be is not material. If the world were caused and man had been created, then one day the world would be uncreated and man would be uncreated. Taoists say 'That which is eternal, uncaused, uncreated'—they don't have a creator. In fact, nobody has ever reached that peak, that sublime peak, of understanding as have the Taoists. All other religions look juvenile. The Taoist maturity is so tremendous, is of such splendour, is of such depth and height, that no other religion can be compared to it; they all look like kindergarten schools—made specially for children.

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Made specially for children, that's why God is 'the Father'; children cannot be independent, they need a father. If your real father has disappeared then you still need an imaginary father in heaven to control you: you are not mature enough, you cannot be on your own, you have to lean on somebody or other.

Taoists have no concept of God—not that they are godless, they are the most godly—but they don't have a concept of God; existence is enough. There is no creator, there is no creation, there is eternity. This has always been so, this will always be so. Once you have come in contact with this eternal continuity inside your being, the substratum, then there is nothing to be miserable about.

You are eternal, you are immortal, there is no death for you because there has never been any birth. You are uncreated, you cannot be destroyed. Whatsoever the outer circumstances, your inner light goes on burning bright and the song continues.

Confucius, who was on a journey to Wei, saw him in the distance. Turning to his disciples he said 'That old man should be worth talking to. Someone should go and find out what he has to say.'

Confucius was always in search of knowledge. He was always in search of somebody who could say something to him, he was always ready to borrow knowledge. That's how the intellectual functions: all that he has is borrowed; he never looks within, he goes on looking outside—'If somebody has it, then I should go and enquire.' The intellectual is imitative, mechanical, parrot-like; for the intellectual, knowledge is something that has to be learned. He never looks within his own being, he never looks into his own inner consciousness; he never tries to understand the knower. He is after knowledge—and there is the difference. The Taoist is not after knowledge, but he wants to know: Who is this knower? What is this knowing? He wants to know the source of this knowing, where this consciousness is arising from.

You are here, you are listening to me. Now, you can be either a Confucian or a Taoist because these are the only two standpoints possible.

If you are listening to me and you become more and more interested in what I am saying and start collecting it, then you are a Confucian. But if while you are here listening to me—feeling my presence, looking into my eyes—you become aware of the consciousness that is within you, the attention that is within you and you become intrigued by what it is and a deep enquiry arises: Who am I . . . ? Not that you have to repeat the words ‘Who am I?’ but a deep enquiry, a quest arises; a passion to know: Who is this consciousness in me? What is this consciousness in me? What is its nature? What is its quality? Where does it come from? Where is it going . . . ? If this passion to know your consciousness arises, you are a Taoist. And only a Taoist is a religious person.

The Confucian is a scholar, he is a pundit, he is a professor. If you talk to him, he will talk about great things; but if you look into his being, there is nothing. All that he has gathered is borrowed. Again and again the Taoists write stories in which Confucius is going from somewhere to somewhere, always travelling, accumulating, and always looking from where he can get knowledge—as if knowledge were a commodity, as if knowledge were a thing that you could get somewhere, from somebody.

Nobody can give you knowledge. It is not a thing to be transferred. You have to become it, you have to grow into knowing; it is an inner transformation. No university can give you what religions call ‘real knowing’. Whatsoever you can get from the universities is information—stale, borrowed, dirty, because it has passed through thousands of hands; it is like a currency note. That’s why the note is called ‘currency’: because it goes on moving like a current from one hand to another, from one pocket to another pocket. But then it goes on becoming dirtier and dirtier. So with knowledge: down the centuries, it goes on from one generation to another generation, from one generation of professors to another generation of professors.

Knowing is fresh, knowing is from the source. And that source is alive in you, waiting for you to turn in. Don’t look for it on the outside—look within. That’s what Jesus goes on saying ‘The Kingdom of God is within you.’

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Confucius, who was on a journey to Wei...

He is always on a journey, seeking, searching for knowledge. He goes to everybody. Wherever somebody says that somebody has attained knowledge, he goes there. This is silly, this is stupid, but this is the stupidity all scholars have. They are basically of the mind that knowledge can be purchased. They are basically of the mind that knowledge is a thing, not an experience; a theory, not an experience. So one can learn it from somebody else. Remember one thing: that is the difference between scientific knowledge and religious knowledge. Once somebody has discovered the law of gravitation, everybody has not to discover it again and again—that would be foolish. You cannot go to the world and declare 'What Newton discovered, I have discovered again. Yes, the law of gravitation... I have seen an apple falling, and I have again discovered the law of gravitation.' People will laugh. They will say 'There is nothing now to discover. Discover something else which has not been discovered before.'

Science is information. If one man has discovered, then it can be transferred to everybody. The knowledge that science seeks is of the outside, so it can be learned from the outside. But religion has to be discovered again and again. It is like love: millions of people have loved before you, but unless *you* love, you will never know what it is. You cannot say 'Millions of people have loved, so what is the point of me loving again? Why go in the same rut? So many people have loved and they have written their diaries, and their love-letters are available—we can look into the books and have the knowledge.' But no, you will have to love, you will have to rediscover it. Unless you discover it, it will never be a knowing. Religion is like love; it is not like science. Einstein has discovered the theory of relativity, now finished—nobody else is needed to rediscover it now. What may have taken fifty years for a scientist to discover, a schoolchild can learn within five minutes. But that is not the way of religion. What Buddha discovered, what Lao Tzu discovered, Lieh Tzu discovered, you will have to discover again. Confucius is on the wrong track.

Confucius is used in Taoist tales as a laughing stock.

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Confucius, who was on a journey to Wei, saw him in the distance. Turning to his disciples he said 'That old man should be worth talking to.'

Why? Because a hundred years old, doing the lowliest job—and still singing? 'Go and enquire what is the reason for his happiness—why he is happy, why he is singing, so we will be able to deduce a law; some technique can be discovered.'

'Someone should go and find out what he has to say.'

Tzu Kung asked to be the one to go—one of the chief disciples of Confucius. He met Lin Lei at the end of the embankment and, looking him in the face, sighed 'Don't you even feel any regret? Yet you pick up the grains singing as you go.'

'Don't you even feel any regret?'—because to the disciple of Confucius this man seems to have nothing to be happy about. He should be crying, that would be logical. He should be weeping, that would be rational. But singing, picking up grains, a hundred years old, waiting for death—what more do you need to be sorrowful? He should be utterly miserable, that would be logical.

This is illogical, but Taoists are illogical people. And I would like you to become illogical because only illogical people are fortunate enough to be happy. The logicians are never happy, they cannot be: they have taken a wrong route from the very beginning. They think that as everything else is caused, happiness has to be caused too—that is their wrong standpoint. Happiness needs only understanding, no other cause. And understanding is also not a cause of it, understanding simply unveils it; it is inside you. It simply removes the veil and suddenly it is there—your beloved is inside you; it has to be unveiled, that's all. Unveiling is not a cause. Cause means it has to be created; unveiling simply means it was already there, but you were foolish enough not to unveil it.

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This Confucian approach towards life has to be understood because many of you are bound to be in Confucian company. The whole West is Confucian, logical, intellectual. The Confucian approach is based on the idea that truth has to be learned, that it is only a question of learning: if you learn well you will know what truth is. No, the Taoists say truth has to be *lived*, not learned. Truth has to be experienced: just by becoming more knowledgeable you will not know it. In fact, to have truth you will have to go through unlearning, you will have to wash your mind clean. Whatsoever you have learned is functioning like a block. You will again have to become ignorant, you will have to become innocent, you will have to drop all this nonsense that you are carrying in the name of knowledge. You don't know anything, but you think *as if* you know; this 'as if' is the problem. Somebody asks you 'Do you know God?' and you say 'Yes.' Have you ever thought over what you are saying? Do you really know? But you pretend. Whom are you deceiving?

I have heard a beautiful anecdote:

The tough guy sauntered into the dimly lit saloon. 'Is there anybody here called Donovan?' he snarled. Nobody answered. Again he snarled 'Is there anybody here called Donovan?'

There was a moment of silence and then a little fellow strode forward. 'I'm Donovan' he said.

The tough guy picked him up and threw him across the bar. Then he punched him in the jaw, kicked him, clubbed him, slapped him around a bit and walked out. About fifteen minutes later the little fellow came to. 'Boy, did I fool him' he said. 'I ain't Donovan.'

Whom are you fooling? You will be fooling only yourself, nobody else. Remember very well what you know and what you don't know. P.D. Ouspensky, in one of the greatest of his books, *Tertium Organum*, says that for the seeker the first thing to decide is what he knows and what he does not know—the first thing to decide. Once that decision has been taken things become very clear. Do you know God? Do you know yourself? Do you know what love is? Do you know what life is? But man goes on

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pretending that he knows, because it is very hurting to know that you don't know, it is very ego-shattering to know that you don't know. The ego pretends, the ego is the greatest pretender there is; it pretends, it says 'Yes, I know.' There are knowers who say God is not, there are knowers who say God is, but both are knowers. As far as knowledge is concerned, neither the theist nor the atheist are in any way different. If you go to India and you ask people—anybody—they will say 'Yes, God is.' If you go to Russia and ask anybody, they will say that they know God is not. But one thing is certain, both 'know'—and that is the problem.

The theist and the atheist are not opposite. They are not enemies, they are partners in the same game, because both are pretending that they know. A real man of understanding will not pretend that he knows, and then there is a possibility some day to know. Begin with ignorance, and some day you may be fortunate enough to know. Begin with knowledge, and this is certain: that you will never be able to know.

The Confucian goes on trying to learn. The Taoist goes on trying to unlearn.

Lin Lei neither halted his steps nor paused in his song. Tzu Kung went on pressing him until he looked up and answered 'What have I to regret?'

First he won't even stop his song to listen to what this man is asking, because Taoists are not interested in curious people. They say that curiosity leads nowhere, curiosity is a disease; curiosity is not enough—curiosity is not enquiry. Enquiry means you are ready to put your life at stake. Enquiry means you are not only a student but a disciple. Enquiry means that it is not just on a whim that you ask; you are ready to go into it whatsoever the cost. You are ready to pay for it; it is not just entertainment.

Lin Lei neither halted his steps nor paused in his song.

He didn't pay any attention to this curious man who was asking 'Why are you singing? What have you got to be happy about?' because if this man really were the man of enquiry, he would not jump upon him

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so suddenly. He would wait, he would come to the Master, sit by the side of the Master, he would wait.

In Taoist circles this is an accepted norm that when a disciple comes to the Master he has to wait, unless the Master asks him 'For what have you come?' And the Master will only ask when he has tested that you are not just curious, you have enquiry; that you have not just come by the way, that your search is not just lukewarm, but intense—that you are burning, that you are ready to explode. Only then will the Master ask 'Why have you come? What's your enquiry?'

This is no way to approach a Master—and to ask such a foolish question! The question is foolish: to ask 'Why are you happy?' The question is foolish; the 'why' is meaningless. If somebody is miserable, you can ask 'Why are you miserable?' But if somebody is happy you cannot ask 'Why are you happy?' Somebody is ill, ask 'Why are you ill?'—the question is relevant; but if somebody is healthy you cannot ask 'Why are you healthy?'—the question is irrelevant. Health is as it should be, happiness is as it should be. If somebody has gone mad, you can ask why he has gone mad, and if he is somebody sane you don't ask 'Why are you sane? What have you got to be sane about?'—that is meaningless. When you approach a happy person, a really happy person, you should look directly rather than create a smoke-screen of questions. You should wait on the Master, you should help the Master, you should drink of the energy that is flowing around the Master; you should taste the celebration that is going on there, you should allow his presence to penetrate your being, you should function like a sponge so that you become full of the presence of the Master—that will be the answer.

Now this is foolish, but I have come across millions of such people.

I used to travel around the country and even at railway stations. . . . I was going to catch a train when somebody ran after me and said 'Is there really a God? God exists?'

I was going to catch a train and my train was leaving. I said 'You come later on.'

He said 'But just a single answer. One sentence will do.' As if my saying 'yes' or 'no' were going to make any difference.

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Foolish people, stupid people: they think they are religious, they are making a 'great enquiry'.

That's why,

Lin Lei neither halted his steps nor paused in his song. Tzu Kung went on pressing him until he looked up and answered 'What have I to regret?'

Now look at the change. Tzu Kung asks 'What have you got to be happy about?' and the Master says 'What have I got to be unhappy about?' the total change—a one hundred and eighty degree turn. And what he says.... These four sentences are tremendous, you cannot find more rebellious sentences than these anywhere.

Listen.

'A child, you never learned how to behave...'

He says 'These are the things that you should look into...'

*'A child you never learned how to behave;
A man, you never strove to make your mark.
No wife nor son in your old age,
And the time of your death is near.'*

Try to understand each sentence. Each is pregnant with great meaning.

'A child, you never learned how to behave...'

Ordinarily, if you never learned how to behave as a child, you would be miserable your whole life. You would repent that you never went to school, you never learned the manners, the etiquette, the ways of society—the formalities; you would repent your whole life. But he says 'There is nothing to regret because when I was a child, I never learned how to behave. I was never a slave. I was free from my very childhood. I never allowed anybody to discipline me. I was never an imitator. I have lived my life as

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I wanted it. I have never allowed anybody to distract me, so why should I regret? Why? There is no reason to regret. If I had allowed people—my family, the friends, the society, the priest, the politician, the state—if I had allowed them to discipline me, then there would have been much to be miserable about. But I have lived a free life from the very childhood. I have remained free, I have lived in freedom, so what is there to regret?

This is of tremendous significance. And when I am saying it to you, this is my own feeling too. I have also lived the way I wanted to live. I have never allowed anybody to distract me. Right or wrong, good or bad, foolish or wise, I have lived the way I wanted to live. I have no regrets. There cannot be any regret. This is the way I wanted to live, this is the way I have lived. And life has allowed me to live the way I wanted to live—I am thankful, I am grateful. Now I know that if I had allowed the do-gooders, then I would have been miserable. Not that they were really wanting to harm me, they may have really wanted to help me—that is not the point at all. They may have been well-wishers, but one thing is certain—they were distracting me, they were trying to force me towards some directions which were not coming spontaneously to me. That I have never listened to. I have said to my well-wishers 'Thank you for the trouble that you are taking with me, but I am to go on my own way. If I fail there will be one consolation—that I went on my own way and failed. But following you, even if I succeed, I will always repent: who knows what would have been the result, what would have been the outcome, if I had gone on my own way?'

I have heard about a great doctor, a great surgeon. He had become internationally known, and when he had become old and he was retiring, all his disciples, from all over the world, gathered to celebrate. The day they celebrated, they found that he looked a little sad, he was there but not really. So a disciple asked 'What is the problem, sir? Why do you look so sad? Why? You have lived a successful life—nobody can compete with you, you are unique in your field; you are the topmost man and nobody will be able to replace you for centuries. You have everything to be happy about, and look at your disciples, your students—they are spread all over the world. Why are you sad?'

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And he said 'Seeing all this success, I am feeling very sad because I never wanted to be a doctor, I wanted to be a dancer. Now my whole life is spent, wasted, because deep down I still repent listening to others. Yes, I have become successful, but that success does not satisfy me because it is alien. It is as if you were not hungry and somebody has forced you to eat—maybe very nourishing food, but you will feel nauseous. You wanted to drink water and somebody has forced you to drink milk—certainly better than water, but you wanted to drink water. You were feeling thirsty and the milk has not satisfied you, it has deceived.' And I can understand the man. He was sad, his sadness is meaningful; he was sad because now this whole success is nothing but a failure. Deep down he has failed—he has failed himself; he did not trust his own intuition and he allowed others to manipulate him.

Look at this old man Lin Lei's statement:

'A child, you never learned how to behave...'

'...so what is there to regret? I have lived my life, I have lived my life in my own way.'

'A man, you never strove to make your mark.'

'And I have never tried to make my mark. I was not ambitious so what is there to regret?'

An ambitious man will always regret. Alexander died sad, in great frustration, because ambition by its very nature is unfulfillable. It is said, when Alexander was in India he went to see an astrologer and he asked the astrologer about his future. The astrologer looked at his hand and said 'One thing I have to say to you: you will be able to win *this* world, but remember there is no other world. And then you will be stuck. Then what will you do?' The astrologer must have been a great wise man and it is said that listening to this, 'there is no other world', Alexander became sad. Now even this idea that 'Once you have conquered this world what are you going to do? There is no other world....' An ambitious mind will simply feel stuck—what to do then?

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And whatsoever you attain, nothing is attained because ambition goes spreading on and on. Only a non-ambitious person can be happy. An ambitious person is bound to be always frustrated. Ambition comes out of frustration, out of ambition comes more frustration, and it is a vicious circle.

This old Master is saying a great truth. He is saying

'A man, you never strove to make your mark.'

'I was not worried to succeed in the world, to prove that I am somebody. I was not interested in becoming part of history. I was not interested in leaving my mark because that is foolish—even if you get some place in history, what use is it?'

I have heard an anecdote:

Moses was leading his people out of Egypt and then they came to the sea, and it was impossible to cross.

The parable is a very modern parable.

He looked at his press agent and he said 'What do you say? I have an idea. What is your opinion? I can ask the ocean or God to make way for us and the ocean will separate.'

And the press agent said 'If you can do that, then I promise one thing. In the Old Testament you will have two pages.'

But even if in the Old Testament you have two pages, or twenty, or two hundred, what is the meaning of it? And as history grows bigger, those two pages will become smaller and smaller and smaller and one day just a footnote. And then when history will become even longer—and it is becoming longer every day—the footnotes will also disappear somewhere in the appendix, and by and by you are gone. When your life is gone, how long can your mark on life remain? And what is the point of it all?

Great is the insight of this old Master:

'A man, you never strove to make your mark.'

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So what is there to regret? If you are ambitious you will regret, because ambition is never fulfilled. If you are non-ambitious you are happy, because frustration will have no entry in you.

'No wife nor son in your old age...'

And he says 'I have no wife and no son, so what is there to be miserable about?' Try to understand his meaning. He says 'I am absolutely alone—nobody to disturb my aloneness. My solitude is unperturbed. I am alone, free, absolutely my own master. Nobody to drag me here and there, no family, no relations—what is there to be miserable about?'

Remember, when you are alone, you are not alone; you are lonely, you miss the company of the other. You miss the company of the other because you have not yet learned how to be in your own company. You miss the company of the other because you don't know how to be with yourself. Loneliness is negative: absence of the other. Aloneness is positive: presence of your own being. Loneliness is solitariness, aloneness is solitude. Loneliness is ugly, aloneness is beautiful. Aloneness has a luminosity in it.

Buddha is alone, *I am alone*, Lieh Tzu is alone, this old man Lin Lei is alone. When you are sitting alone you are lonely, you are simply missing. Deep down you are seeking some company—where to go, what to do, how to get occupied so that you can forget yourself. You have not yet learned the way to be with yourself. You have not yet created a relationship with yourself. You have not yet fallen in love with yourself.

This man says

'No wife nor son in your old age...'

'What is there to regret? I am alone, like a great peak of the Himalayas ... alone. Everything is beautiful and silent and blissful.'

'And the time of your death is near.'

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Death, to the Taoist, is just returning home, the journey is over. Just as you go into a foreign land. . . . For example, when my sannyasins go back they go into a foreign land. Whenever they can come back—this is their home—they are happy. Death is coming back home, going to the origin, back to the source, returning from where we came.

So the old man said

'And the time of your death is near.'

'So what is there to regret? I am simply happy, just happy. Everything is simply fine—more one cannot expect.'

*'A child, you never learned how to behave;
A man, you never strove to make your mark.
No wife nor son in your old age,
And the time of your death is near.'*

'Master, what happiness have you had that you should sing as you walk picking up the grains?'

But the Confucian disciple could not understand. He repeated his question again. He missed. He heard but he had not listened—it went above his head. Such a great saying, so full of experience, so utterly revolutionary, but the Confucian missed.

The scholar always misses the truth. The pundit is the man most incapable of listening, his mind is so full of his own ideas. While this tremendous saying is being uttered, Tzu Kung must be thinking a thousand and one thoughts in his mind; must be preparing for more questions—what to ask next. He appears to be listening, but he does not listen.

'Master, what happiness have you had that you should sing as you walk picking up the grains?'

Again the question is meaningful: 'What happiness have you had. . . ?'

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Remember, if there is a cause to happiness, then the cause is bound to be in the past. Causes are always in the past. If you are happy, the question is 'What has made you happy?' and that which has made you happy has gone into the past. So a caused happiness is past-oriented. Past-oriented means that which is no more; it is fictitious, it is imaginary, it is illusory.

The real happiness is present-oriented; it is never past-oriented. The real happiness arises *here-now, this very moment*; there is no time for it to be caused. *It is cause and effect together.* Try to understand it. If you say 'I am happy because I was born to a rich father'—now this is seventy years, a hundred years back. Your happiness about something which has passed a hundred years back is just a figment in your memory. You say 'I am happy because ten years ago I was given the Nobel prize.' Ten years ago you were given the Nobel prize?—your happiness is very dusty. Ten years... so much dust has accumulated; it is not fresh, it is stale. You are a very poor man: you are eating food that was prepared ten years ago.

The real happiness is here-now. It has no concern with the past, it has no concern with the future. Sometimes you become happy about the future: you are hoping that you are going to win a lottery, or you are hoping that this is going to happen tomorrow—your girl friend is coming tomorrow and you are getting excited. For what?—for tomorrow, which has not come yet? You are mad. Either your happiness is past-oriented or future-oriented; and both are false because neither the past is, nor the future is. The past has already gone out of existence, the future has not entered yet. The real, authentic happiness is here-now. It arises, this moment, out of nowhere. There are not two moments together—that's why it is uncaused—because for cause and effect to exist, at least two moments will be needed: one to cause it, another to effect it. But only this moment—total, alone, single, is available.

Again the enquirer asks a wrong question:

...what happiness have you had that you shall sing as you walk picking up the grains?

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'The reasons for my happiness all men share...'

Again the old man says something beautiful:

'The reasons for my happiness all men share...'

'It has nothing to do with me; everybody has got it, but they don't recognise it. Not only that they don't recognise it, they seek for that which is already available. Not only that they seek it,

'...instead, they worry over them.'

The same reasons, for example these four reasons....

'The reasons for my happiness all men share' said Lin Lei smiling 'but instead, they worry over them.'

You worry about your childhood...that you were not well educated—were not sent to Harvard or Oxford or Cambridge, that your parents were poor, that you were not brought up as well as you would have liked, that you were not trained, that you missed many opportunities. You are sorry for it, you worry about it. This should be a *cause* to be happy—everything should be a cause to be happy, only then can a person be happy. Otherwise the poor person goes on crying and weeping because he was poor, and the rich person also goes on crying and weeping because he was rich. I have known rich people—they say their parents destroyed them because they were allowed so much comfort in their childhood that they never learned anything. You have seen, you must have observed, that it is very rare to find a rich man's son intelligent, very rare. They are all stupid, they are bound to be, because what is the point in becoming intelligent? Why bother? They already have all that they need; all that they can get through intelligence is already there, so why intelligence? In the universities they fail, everywhere they fail; they don't care a bit.

When I was in the university, I had a student who failed for five years

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in his BA class. I asked him—five years I waited—the sixth year, when the examinations were coming again, I said ‘What are your plans? Are you going to fail again?’ He said ‘Who bothers? My father is rich. Only the poor bother.’ If you are born into a rich family, then too you are not happy. If you are born into a poor family, of course, how can you be happy? If you are healthy you are not happy, because if you are healthy you never think of health as something to be happy about. A healthy person never thinks about health. If you are unhealthy, you are unhappy. Look at the logic of your mind. Whatsoever you can find to be miserable about you simply jump upon, and whatsoever you can be happy about you simply forget, you don’t take any note of it.

‘...but instead, they worry over them. It is because I took no pains learning to behave when I was young...’

The old man has to repeat. He has said it, but seeing that the person has not listened, has not understood it, he has to repeat.

‘It is because I took no pains learning to behave when I was young, and never strove to make my mark when I grew up that I have been able to live so long. It is because I have no wife and sons in my old age and the time of my death is near that I can be so happy.’

This you will find in all the Oriental scriptures again and again: great repetition. The reason is that the truths are such that the Masters have to repeat them, because said once, they are not understood. Buddha used to repeat everything three times—even small things. He would ask a disciple ‘Have you heard me? Have you heard me? Have you heard me?’ Three times! Out of great compassion. When the Buddhist scriptures were translated into Western languages people were very much puzzled: Why? Was Buddha talking to very stupid people? Why did he repeat so much? No, they were as intelligent as you are, as people anywhere ever have been. It is not a question of intelligence, it is a question of awareness. They were not aware, they were as unaware as you are.

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I have to repeat continuously. My editors get puzzled. You can ask Anurag, you can ask Pratima, they get puzzled why I repeat. They would like to sort it out. I don't allow them, I say 'Leave it as it is.' Because these truths are such that, once, you may miss, twice, I hope that you may pay a little attention, thrice. . . . I have to go on repeating—that is like hammering on your head. How long can you go on missing? It is a war between me and you.

The old man repeated again, but again he was not understood. Tzu Kung said

'It is human to want long life, and hate death—why should you be happy to die?'

The basic things were missed. Only one thing had he taken out of the four—the last. But the last can be understood only if the three preceding it have been understood, otherwise not. If the first three have been understood. . . .

*'A child, you never learned how to behave;
A man, you never strove to make your mark.
No wife nor son in your old age,
And the time of your death is near.'*

Just see: the first belongs to the childhood, the second to your youth, the third to your old age, then comes death. It is a very natural corollary, it is absolutely logical—you have to begin from the very beginning. But he had forgotten about the three. He had not listened to the three, he jumped on the fourth. He must have been afraid, a man who was afraid about death. That caught his attention.

But unless the three are understood, the fourth will be missed.

'It is human to want long life, and hate death—why should you be happy to die?'

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It is not human—maybe it is manly, but not human. You have to understand these two words. In the dictionaries they are synonyms, but they are not in reality. Just as I told you 'loneliness' and 'aleness' are synonyms in the dictionary but not in reality, so 'man' and 'human' are two different things. 'Man' is a static concept like 'dog', like 'buffalo', like 'donkey'. 'Man' is a static concept, just the name of a certain species, one of the species. One species is of monkeys, another of buffaloes, one is of man. Have you watched? For man we have two terms, 'man' and 'human'. For dogs you have only one term: 'dogs', for buffaloes only one: 'buffaloes', for donkeys: 'donkeys'. Why? Why this 'human'? It has a significance: 'man' simply means a biological species; 'human' has nothing to do with biology. 'Human' is a growing concept, an open concept; 'man' is a closed concept, 'man' means you are a being. 'Human' means you are a process, you are going, you are a journey, you are a pilgrimage, you are ongoing, you are a 'going beyond'.

Friedrich Nietzsche has said : The greatest thing that I love in man is that he is not the goal but the bridge. The most that I love in man is that he is an ongoing process; not an end but a means, a journey.

'Human' means the bridge—a bridge between man and God. 'Man' means just man, there is no opening in it. The word 'human' is open, it goes beyond man. 'Human' is a bridge, 'human' is a journey, a pilgrimage—one is going somewhere, one is seeking something, one is trying to become something. 'Man' is static, 'human' is dynamic. 'Man' is like a thing. 'Human' is a process, river-like, flowing, reaching to the beyond, groping in the dark. 'Man' is sitting, not going anywhere, crippled, dead, like a grave. 'Human' is a river, not knowing where the ocean is but trying hard to reach.

Remember this, 'man' is afraid of death. 'Human'? No, it is not human to be afraid of death. A person who is on a pilgrimage—he is ready to die if that is needed to go on; he is ready to go beyond, he is ready to use the door of death to pass beyond.

The man said

'It is human to want long life...'

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No, it is not human to want long life. Yes, it is relevant as far as the concept of 'man' is concerned. Dogs are afraid of death, buffaloes are afraid of death, donkeys are afraid of death—so is man. But to be human, one is so thrilled with the possibility—one wants to know what death is. As one has lived one's life, one starts feeling 'Now I have known what life is, I would like to know what death is. Life has been known, it was beautiful. Now let us see what death is, let it be another adventure.'

Socrates was human when he was dying, when he was being given the poison. His disciples were crying and weeping, and he said 'Stop! You can do it when I am gone, but not now. This is wastage, sheer wastage. Such a great thing is happening, I am dying and you are crying!'

And they said 'Master, you are dying, are you not afraid?'

He said 'For what? I have lived my life, I loved it, it was beautiful. I have known it, but there is no need to go on repeating it for ever and ever. Now something new—death is so new. I am enchanted, I am thrilled, the adventure is so great' said Socrates. 'I would like to see what death is now.'

One of the disciples, Crito, said 'But Master, everybody is afraid of death.'

Socrates said 'I don't know. I don't understand why people are afraid of death. If the atheists are right that one dies utterly and nothing is left, then there is nothing to be feared—Socrates will not be there so why be afraid? I was not there before I was born and I don't feel any fear about it.'

Have you ever felt any fear that you were not before you were born? Does any fear grip you? Nothing. You will say 'Nonsense, because then I was not, so what is the point of being afraid?'

And Socrates said 'I will again be disappearing if the atheists are right, so then what is the fear? There will be nobody to be afraid. Or maybe the theists are true and I will be there. If I am going to be there, then why be afraid?'

Now this is a man who has lived a dynamic life, a life of growth, evolu-

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tion. If you have lived a life of evolution, then death comes as a revolution, a sudden change to some unknown reality. Why should one be afraid? No, 'human'—it is not human.

But all men are not human beings, remember. Very rarely... somewhere a Socrates, a Lieh Tzu, a Buddha—these are human beings. Ordinarily there are men and women, but not human beings. To become a human being means to become a process, to become an enquiry, to become a passion for the impossible... a seeker, a seeker of truth.

Said the old man

'Death is a return to where we set out from when we were born. So how do I know that when I die here I shall not be born somewhere else?'

The same Socratic attitude:

'So how do I know that when I die here I shall not be born somewhere else? How do I know that life and death are not as good as each other? How do I know that it is not a delusion to crave anxiously for life? How do I know that present death would not be better than my past life?'

'How do I know...?' See the insistence. He is not saying 'I know', he is not claiming any knowledge. No wise man has ever claimed any knowledge. That's why Socrates says 'Maybe the atheists are true, maybe the theists are true, but that doesn't matter. Let any of them be true, I remain unperturbed.'

The wisdom, the real wisdom is always agnostic. Remember this word 'agnostic'. A real seeker is agnostic. He never claims 'I know', and he never says 'This is the truth'. He is very open, he is not closed. He has no dogma, he has no creed, he is simply conscious and aware, and is ready to face any reality whatsoever. Whatsoever reality comes to be revealed, he is ready to go into it. He trusts life. People who don't trust life—they create beliefs, dogmas, theories, to protect themselves. The real wise man is vulnerable; he does not protect. He is open to rains, to winds, to the sun, to the moon, to life, to death, to darkness, to light—he is open to all. He has no protection; his vulnerability is total.

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Remember this man's agnosticism. A hundred-year-old man starts feeling afraid of death. One starts thinking 'The soul must be immortal.' One starts imagining 'Now I will be received in paradise with great fanfare. God must be waiting, and a great marble palace must be ready for me.' One starts imagining things, one starts dreaming. But this man says 'How do I know?' He does not claim any knowledge. He simply says 'I don't know this way or that way. I am absolutely ignorant, I have not tasted death yet, so how do I know? Let me know! Why should I be afraid from the very beginning? It may turn out to be better than life, who knows?'

Let it happen. Remember, the real understanding is always waiting for the moment to happen. It never decides beforehand, it never plans beforehand—it is spontaneous.

Tzu Kung listened, but did not understand his meaning. He returned and told Confucius. He could not understand because he was a great scholar, the chief disciple of Confucius. He was already stuffed with knowledge, he could not understand. He reported to Confucius, his master, and what does Confucius say? Listen:

'I knew he would be worth talking to ...'

The man of knowledge always goes on claiming. Now he says

'I knew he would be worth talking to ... and so he is ...'

He is trying to say to his disciples 'I am proved right, my inference was valid: this man is worth talking to.' But he cannot accept what the man has said; that is beyond him also. It is beyond his disciple, and it is beyond him also.

He says

'... but he is a man who has found it, yet not found all of it.'

'... he is a man who has found it, yet not found all of it.' Now this is absurd. Truth cannot be divided—either you have found it, the whole of

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it, or you don't have it at all. It is impossible to have a little bit of truth. It cannot be fragmented, it cannot be cut into slices. Truth is total, truth is whole—either you have it or you don't have it. It is not possible to have a little of truth. It is not possible to have a little of God: it is impossible, the very thing is absurd. But when you come to an expert he has to say something to prove that he knows.

Confucius says that this man has found it. He says it because he had sent the disciple, now he has to prove it—that he was right. But he cannot concede that he knows, so he says 'He knows a little bit, but not all of it.'

This happens. A man of knowledge always goes on protecting his ego. This statement is as absurd as a statement can be. You ask a Buddha, you ask Lao Tzu, you ask Jesus, you ask Krishna and they will all say: Truth cannot be divided. It is not a thing that you can divide. It is an experience—when it happens, it happens. When it happens, it happens totally. You disappear into that experience. But Confucius says 'He has found, but not all of it.' This very statement shows the ignorance, but the expert always has to protect his expertise.

I have heard a beautiful anecdote. Listen to it carefully.

The boy was running around with too many women so the old man decided to send him to the leading psychiatrists. It was a long drawn-out analysis and the bill was very high, but he felt it was worth it if a cure was reached. Finally, when the son returned, he demanded to know what had been covered in the treatment.

'Did you tell the doctors how we caught you with the maid when you were ten?'

The son nodded.

'Did you tell them we couldn't keep a cook for the last ten years because of you? Twenty-three cooks we ran through!'

The son nodded.

'Did you tell them about the five models from the place, the thirty-three girls in college and what happened with the superintendent's wife?'

Again the son nodded.

'So tell me, what did they say?'

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'They said I have homosexual tendencies' said the son.

'They said I have homosexual tendencies'! Experts have to say something, they have to show their expertise. Now if this man has homosexual tendencies then nobody can have heterosexual tendencies—impossible! But the experts have to find something, they have to say something, howsoever utterly absurd.

Confucius says 'This man has found it, yet not found all of it.' That's all the comment that he makes, and this old man has spoken such a profound philosophy in these four sentences:

*'A child, you never learned how to behave,
A man, you never strove to make your mark.
No wife nor son in your old age,
And the time of your death is near.'*

'... What is there to regret?' And,

'The reasons for my happiness all men share...'

Because happiness is not something that you have to achieve, it is already there, it is in-built, it is your very nature. All men can be happy only if they stop *finding causes* to be happy, one has just to be happy for no reason at all.

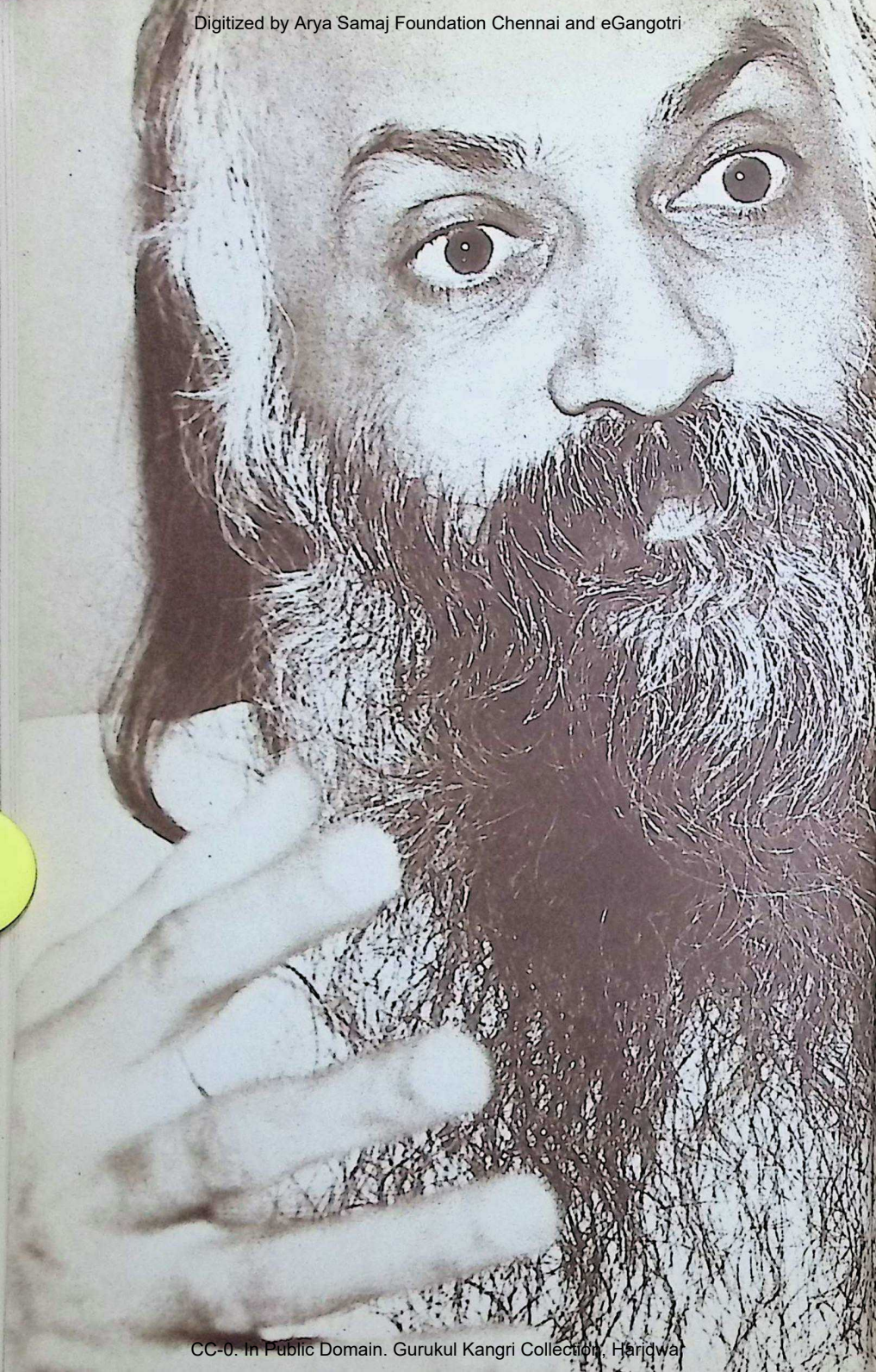
And he has given the whole message of Tao in these four sentences. Be anarchic. Be authentically true to your own being. Listen only to yourself. Don't allow anybody to discipline you. Don't allow anybody to make a slave of you. Don't allow anybody to condition you. The priest and the politician—avoid them, avoid the do-gooders. Remember that you have to be just yourself and nobody else. This anarchy, this chaotic freedom... And don't be ambitious, because that is just mediocre. Just live your life as totally as possible. Don't try to make a mark on the history pages—that is meaningless. And don't always be concerned with others. By and by learn how to be alone, enjoy solitude—that's what meditation is all about.

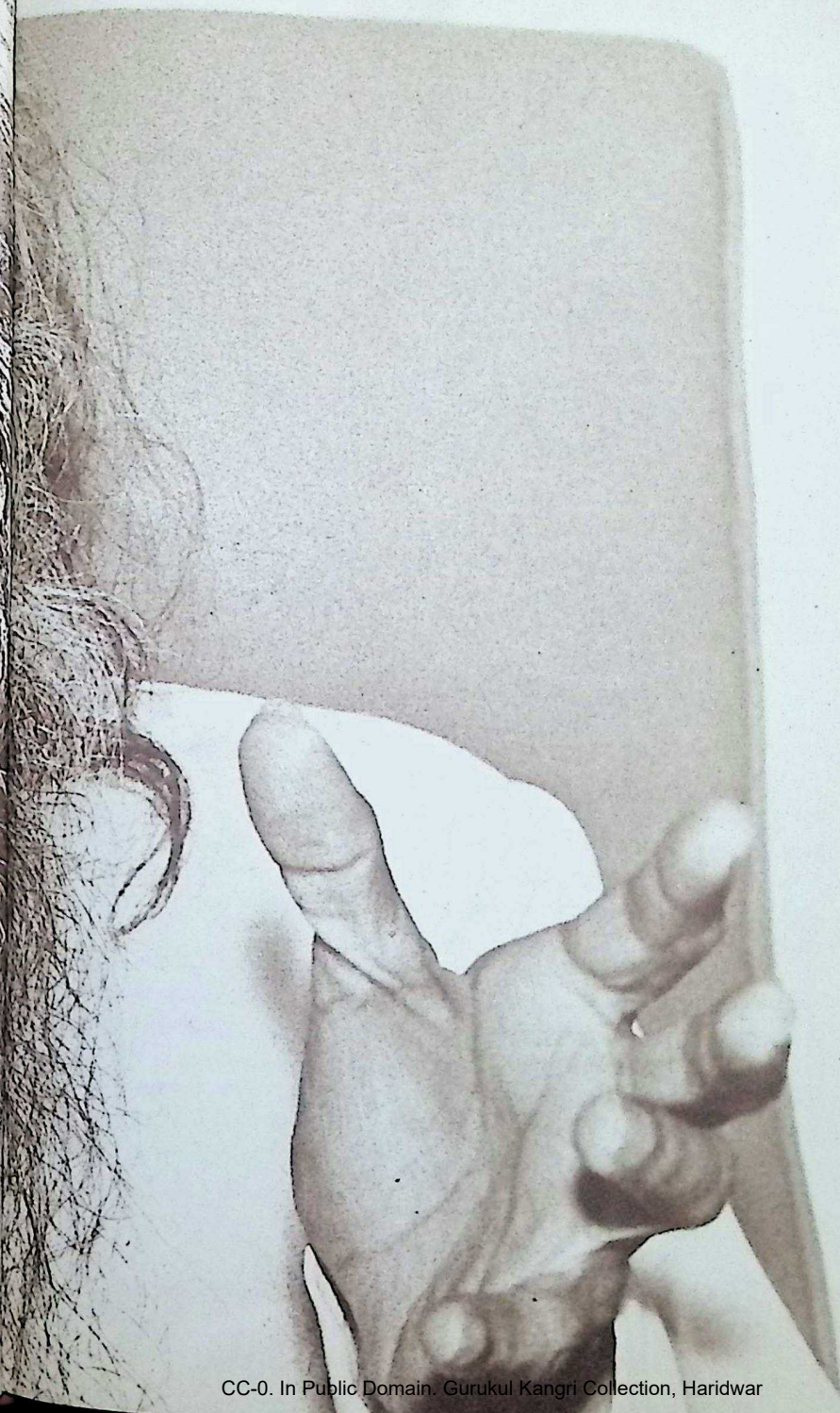
THERE CAN BE NO REGRET

And finally, remember that death is not a death, it is a new beginning. And, who knows? maybe it leads you into a higher life. If the cosmos has a rhythm in it, it must be so. It must be leading you into a higher life. You have learned so much, you have become more worthy, naturally death must lead you to a higher plane of being. That seems to be simple: a man who has lived, loved, experienced, meditated, who has gone through so many things in life, has become more worthy—he has to be given a higher life. If this existence has any compassion, then death is going to be a higher plenitude, a higher peak.

Wait with thrill, with great adventure. Wait with tremendous joy, delight and celebration. Happiness is very natural: one should not seek it, one should simply enjoy it. Such a great message, and what did Confucius say? That this man had found it, yet not found all of it—as if Confucius had found all of it.

These parables are very subtle. They are a great shattering of the Confucian ideal, but their way is very polite. If you don't go deep you may never understand. Meditate over these parables; they have great messages—decode them. Your life will be tremendously enriched through them.





I Am A Cross To You

I see the swamis eat so well and so often, and haven't heard you mention anything about this diet. It is said food quickens the sperm and is a sin to eat for the tongue. It should first be offered to the gods etc.

*

The first thing: I am not a believer in fasting, I believe in feasting. My whole approach is that of celebration. I am not against your pleasures—they are not all, one should go beyond them, but in themselves they are beautiful. A man should not deny anything, because the denied part will take revenge. The moment you start denying you go against Tao. Tao is to be natural: a feast and not a fast. A fast can be used only when it comes naturally.

Sometimes animals fast. Sometimes you may have observed your dog fasting: you put the food down and he will not eat. But he is not a Jain, he is not a believer in fasting; he does not feel like eating. It is not a question of principle, it is not a philosophy—he is ill, his whole being is against eating—rather than eat, he would like to vomit. He will go and eat grass and vomit. He would like to relieve himself, his stomach is not in a condition to digest any more. But he is not a faster. It is natural.

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So, if sometimes you feel that the fast comes naturally—not as a law, not as a principle, not as a philosophy to be followed, as a discipline to be imposed, but out of your natural feel for it—good. Then, too, remember always that your fast is in the service of feasting, so that you can eat well again. The purpose of fasting is as a means, never as an end; and that will happen rarely, once in a while. And if you are perfectly aware while you are eating, and enjoying it, you will never eat too much.

My insistence is not on dieting but on awareness. Eat well, enjoy it tremendously. Remember, the rule is: if you don't enjoy your food you will have to eat more to compensate. If you enjoy your food you will eat less, there will be no need to compensate. If you eat slowly, tasting every bit of it, chewing well, you are completely absorbed into it. Eating should be a meditation.

I am not against taste because I am not against the senses. To be sensitive is to be intelligent, to be sensitive is to be alive. Your so-called 'religions' have tried to de-sensitise you, to make you dull. They are against taste, they would like you to make your tongue absolutely dull so you don't taste anything. But that is not a state of health; the tongue becomes dull only in illness. When you have a fever, the tongue becomes dull. When you are healthy the tongue is sensitive, alive, throbbing, pulsates with energy. I am not against taste, I am for taste. Eat well, taste well; the taste is divine.

And so, exactly like taste, you have to look at beauty and enjoy; you have to listen to music and enjoy; you have to touch the rocks and leaves and human beings—the warmth, the texture—and enjoy. Use all your senses, use them at their optimum, then you will really live and your life will be aflame; it will not be dull, it will be aflame with energy and vitality. I am not for those people who have been teaching you to kill your senses; they are against the body.

And remember, the body is your temple, the body is a divine gift. It is so delicate and it is so beautiful and it is so wonderful—to kill it is to be ungrateful to God. God has given you taste; you have not created it, it is not anything to do with you. God has given you eyes and God has made this psychedelic world so colourful, and he has given you eyes. Let there be a great communion between the eye and the colour of the

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world. And he has made everything and there is a tremendous harmony. Don't break this harmony.

These so-called *mahatmas* are just on ego-trips, and the best way to feel that you are great is to be against the body. Children do it. The child feels that the motion is coming; he holds it, he feels powerful because he feels his will: he will not yield to the body. His bladder is full and he holds it. He wants to show the body 'I'm not your servant, I'm your master.' But these are destructive habits.

Listen to the body. The body is not your enemy, and when the body is saying something, do accordingly, because the body has a wisdom of its own. Don't disturb it, don't go on a mind-trip. That's why I don't teach you any dieting, I teach you only awareness. Eat with full awareness, eat meditatively, and then you will never eat more and you will never eat less. More is as bad as less. Too much eating is bad, just like too much fasting; these are extremes. Nature wants you to be balanced, to be in a sort of equilibrium, to be in the middle, neither less nor more. Don't go to the extreme.

To go to the extreme is to be neurotic. So there are two types of neurotics about food: those who go on eating, not listening to the body—the body goes on crying and screaming 'Stop!' and they go on. These are neurotic people. And then there is the other variety: the body goes on screaming 'I am hungry!' and they are on a fast. Neither is religious, both are neurotic, both are pathological—they need treatment, they need to be hospitalised. Because a religious person is one who is balanced: in whatsoever he is doing, he is always in the middle. He never goes to the extreme because all extremes will create tensions, anxieties. When you eat too much there is anxiety because the body is burdened. When you don't eat enough then there is anxiety because the body is hungry. A religious person is one who knows where to stop; and that should come out of your awareness, not out of a certain teaching.

If I tell you how much to eat, that is going to be dangerous because that will be just an average. Somebody is very thin and somebody is very fat, and if I tell you how much to eat—'three chapatis'—then for somebody it may be too much and for somebody it may be nothing. So I don't teach

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rigid rules, I simply give you a sense of awareness. Listen to your body: you have a different body. And then there are different types of énergies, different types of involvement. Somebody is a professor in a university; he does not exert much energy as far as his body is concerned. He will not need much food, and he will need a different kind of food. Somebody is a labourer; he will need much food, and a different kind of food. Now a rigid principle is going to be dangerous. No rule can be given as a universal rule.

George Bernard Shaw has said that there is only one golden rule, that there are no golden rules. Remember it, there is no golden rule—there cannot be, because each individual is so unique that nobody can prescribe. So I simply give you a sense. . . . And my sense is not of principles, of laws; my approach is of awareness, because today you may need more food and tomorrow you may not need that much food. It is not only a question of you being different from others—every day of your life is different from every other day. The whole day you have rested, you may not need much food. The whole day you have been in the garden digging the hole, you may need much food. One should be just alert and one should be capable of listening to what the body is saying. Go according to the body.

Neither is the body the master, nor is the body the slave; the body is your friend—befriend your body. The one who goes on eating too much and the one who goes on dieting are both in the same trap. They are both deaf; they don't listen to what the body is saying.

And then you say 'It is said food quickens the sperm and is a sin to eat for the tongue. It should first be offered to the gods etc.'

Have you some antagonism toward the gods? If you offer food. . . . So many people offering food—it will quicken their sperm! Have you some enmity toward the gods? And it will help them to fall into sin! Be kind. Leave the gods alone. In fact, when you eat respectfully, lovingly, meditatively, the food is offered to God because God is within you. All food is offered to the God within. Just be respectful. Eat with feeling, eat with gratitude. The food gives you life, it is going to vitalise you, it will become your blood, your bones. Feel grateful—without it you will not be alive, feel thankful. And if you are eating silently, meditatively and your mind is not rushing here and there, you are totally there, your attention is

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perfect, this is offering. You have offered the food to God because you are nothing but God's hand, his instrument. Where are you going to offer the food? God himself is eating through you, so don't overfeed God otherwise he feels a belly ache, don't starve God otherwise he feels hungry.

And these things are nonsense, that it 'is a sin to eat for the tongue'. Then for what will you eat? Then it is a sin to see for the eye, for what will you see? Then it is a sin to hear for the ear, then for what will you hear? Then there is nothing left for you—commit suicide, because the whole of life is of the senses. Whatsoever you do, the senses come in. It is through the senses that you flow and relate with life. When you eat with taste, God inside is fulfilled, satisfied; and when you eat with taste, the God within food is respected.

But your *mahatmas*, your so-called 'religious gurus', they have been teaching you self-torture. In the name of religion they have been simply teaching you nothing but masochism: 'Torture yourself. The more you torture, the more valuable you become in the eyes of God. The more unhappy you are, the more virtue you have. If you are happy, you commit sin. Happiness is sin; to be unhappy is to be virtuous.' This is their logic. I cannot see the point, it is so absurd, so illogical, so patently foolish. God is happy, so if you want to be in tune with God be happy. This is my teaching: God is happy, so if you want to be in tune with God be happy, because whenever you are happy, you fall in step with God; whenever you are unhappy, you are out of step. A miserable man cannot be a religious man.

So if you ask me what is sin—there is only one sin: to be miserable is to be a sinner. To be happy, tremendously happy, is to be a saint. Let your religion teach you how to sing and how to dance and how to delight in life. Let your religion be an affirmative religion, a yea-saying religion, a religion of happiness, joy, bliss. Throw all the nonsense that you have been carrying for centuries—that has crippled the whole of humanity. It has made people so ugly and so unhappy and so miserable. And it appeals only to the pathological—those who want to torture themselves; it gives them an excuse.

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To torture oneself or to torture others, both are diseases—the very idea to torture. Somebody is an Adolf Hitler, he tortures others; somebody is a Mahatma Gandhi, he tortures himself. Both are in the same boat—maybe standing back to back, but standing in the same boat. Adolf Hitler's joy is in torturing others, Mahatma Gandhi's joy is in torturing himself, but both are violent. The logic is the same—their joy depends on torture. Their direction is different, but the direction is not the question, their mind has the same attitude: torture. You respect a person who tortures himself because you don't understand the logic of it. Adolf Hitler is condemned all over the world and Gandhi is worshipped all over the world, and I am simply puzzled. How is it possible?—because the logic is the same. Gandhi says 'Don't eat anything for taste. Taste should not be allowed. Eat as a duty, not as a joy. Eat because one has to live, that's all.' He reduces the joy of eating to the ordinary world of work: 'Don't eat as play.' Remember, animals eat that way. They eat just to eat, just to exist, to survive. Have you seen animals enjoying food? Not at all. They don't have feasts and parties, and they don't sing and dance. Only man has made eating a great feast.

And the attitude is the same about other things. Gandhi says 'Make love only if you want a child, otherwise never. Let love be only biological. Eating should be only to survive and love should be so that the race survives. Never make love as fun.' That's what animals do. Have you looked at a dog making love? Look in his face, you will not find any fun... a sort of duty. He has to do it, something is enforced from within—the biological urge. And the moment he has made love, he forgets the beloved, he goes on his own way, he never says even a 'thank you'. Finished, the job is done! Only man loves for fun. That is where humanity is higher than animals—only man loves for fun; just for the joy of it, just for the beauty of it, just for the music and the poetry of it.

That's why I say the pill is one of the greatest revolutions in the world because it has completely changed the whole concept of love. Now one can love only for joy. There is no need to be under the biological slavery, there is no need to make love only when you want a child. Now sex and love are completely separated. The pill has made the greatest revolution: now

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sex is sex and love is love. Sex is when it is biological; love is when it is simply a beautiful music of two bodies meeting, engulfing each other, disappearing into each other, losing into each other, falling into a totally new dimension of rhythm, harmony...an orgasmic experience. No problem of the children, no biological push-pull, nothing. Now the act in itself is beautiful, no more a means towards any end—that is the difference. Work is when it is a means to some end. Play is when the end and the means are together. Play is when the means itself is the end—there is no other end to it.

Eat for the joy of it, then you are man, human, a higher being. Love for the joy of love, then you are man, a higher being. Listen for the joy of listening and you will be freed from the confinement of instincts.

I am not against happiness, I am all for it. I am a hedonist, and this is my understanding: that all the great spiritual people of the world have always been hedonists. If somebody is not a hedonist and pretends to be a spiritual person, he is not—then he is a psychopath. Because happiness is the very goal, the very source, the very end of all things. God is seeking happiness through you, in millions of forms. Allow him all the happiness that is possible and help him to go to higher peaks, higher reaches, of happiness. Then you are religious, and then your temples will become places of celebration and your churches will not be so sad and ugly, so sombre, so dead, like graveyards. Then there will be laughter and there will be song and there will be dance and there will be great rejoicing.

Religion has suffered very much because of these people who have been teaching self-torture. Religion has to be freed from all this nonsense. Great rubbish has become attached to religion. The essential religion is nothing but joy. So whatsoever gives you joy is virtuous; whatsoever makes you sad, unhappy, miserable is a sin. Let that be the criterion.

And I don't give you rigid rules because I know how the human mind functions. Once a rigid rule is given, you forget awareness and you start following the rigid rule. A rigid rule is not the question—you can follow the rule and you will never grow.

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Listen to a few anecdotes:

Benny arrived home to find the kitchen a mess of broken crockery.

'What happened?' he asked his wife.

'There's something wrong with this cookbook' she explained. 'It says that an old cup without a handle will do for the measuring—and it's taken me eleven tries to get a handle off without breaking the cup.'

Now if the cookbook says that, it has to be done. Human mind is foolish—remember it. Once you have a rigid rule, you follow it.

The mob was meeting the big guy, and what the big guy said, went. The buzzer rang and the servant went over to answer the door. He peeked through the slot in the frame, and, recognising the visitor, allowed the panel to swing back.

'Leave your umbrella at the door' the servant told the visitor.

'I ain't got one' answered the visitor.

'Then get back home and get one. The boss told me everyone must leave their umbrella at the door. Otherwise I am not going to allow you in.'

A rule is a rule.

One of my friends is a professor at the University of Calcutta, a very renowned scientist. He went to Rangoon just to gather a specimen of the urine of a certain person. The disease happens very rarely and the urine changes its composition altogether, so he rushed to Rangoon. He wanted to study it—he was working on, he was researching, that particular disease. He got the urine. He was very happy because the illness happens very rarely, once in a while. But when he came to Calcutta Airport he was prevented by the authorities. They looked into their files—there was no provision to import urine. So they said 'You will have to leave it. We will have to enquire.'

But he said 'This is nonsense!'

'This is all we can do. You can look in the file—nobody has ever imported urine and the government has no idea about it—this is something new! We will have to ask Delhi.' And as things go. . . .

So the urine was not allowed; it remained with the airport authorities.

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And the professor was crying, and he said 'This will be destroyed within forty-eight hours and it will be of no use. I need it right now.'

'But' they said 'that is not possible at all, because we don't even know how much to charge—how much penalty. We will have to wait.'

After two months the urine was delivered. Because something goes to Delhi, and then the red file, and. . . . After two months!

Rules are rules. And I don't want you to become government officials, I want you to become intelligent people.

It was a desperate chase but the police-car was catching up to the bank-robbers when suddenly it swerved into a gas station, from which point the cop driving phoned his chief.

'Did you catch them?' the chief asked excitedly.

'They were lucky' replied the cop. 'We were closing the gap, only half a mile away, when I noticed our five hundred miles were up and we had to stop and change our oil.'

What can you do when the oil has to be changed after each five hundred miles and five hundred miles are up? You have to change the oil first.

I never give you rigid rules because I know how stupid human mind is and can be. I simply give you a feel, a sense of direction. Be aware and live through awareness.

Ordinarily you are living a very unconscious life. You eat too much because you are unconscious—you don't know what you are doing. You become jealous, you become possessive, because you are unconscious and you don't know what you are doing. You get mad in anger, you become almost possessed of the devil when you are in a rage, and you do things which you don't know that you are doing.

Jesus said on the cross—the last of his words, but of tremendous import—he said: Father forgive these people because they don't know what they are doing. Now Christianity has never interpreted these tremendous words rightly. Jesus' message is simple. He is saying: These people are unconscious people. They don't know awareness at all, so they cannot be responsible. Whatsoever they are doing, they are doing in sleep; they are

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somnambulists, sleep-walkers. Please forgive them. They cannot be held responsible.

So when you eat too much, I pray to God 'Father, forgive this man. He does not know what he is doing.' When you fast, I again have to pray to God 'Forgive this man because he does not know what he is doing.' The real question is not of doing but of bringing an awareness into your being, and that awareness will change everything. You are like drunkards.

I have heard . . .

Mike told Pat he was going to a wake, and Pat offered to tag along. On the way Pat suggested a nipper or two and they both got well sloshed. As a result Mike couldn't remember the address of the wake. 'Where is your friend's house?' Pat asked.

'I forget the number, but I'm sure this is the street.'

They had walked along for a few minutes when Mike squinted at a house that he thought was it. So they staggered in but the hall was dark. They opened the door and discovered a living room, which was also dark except for the faint glimmer of candles sitting on the piano. They went down in front of the piano, knelt and prayed. Pat stopped long enough to look at the piano. 'Mike' he said 'I didn't know your friend, but he sure had a fine set of teeth.'

This is the situation. This is how man is. The only thing that I would like to give to you is a taste of awareness. That will change your whole life. It is not a question of disciplining you, it is a question of making you luminous from within.

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Rajneesh Ashram is operated with Confucian and scientific attitudes and processes (planning, budgeting, accounting, rules, regulations). Would

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it be appropriate to acknowledge Confucius and Western science as part of the Tao, and thereby spiritual?

Tao is vast—science can be included in it. But science is not vast and Tao cannot be included in it. Science is a part of the vast mystery of life. If you take science as a part, then there is nothing wrong; but science pretends, claims, that it is the whole, thereby everything goes wrong. Exactly the same is the situation with intellect, calculation, arithmetic. Nothing is wrong with intellect if it functions as a part and does not start claiming 'I am the whole'. When the intellect claims 'I am the whole', then there is trouble. When the intellect says 'I am just a part of a vast entity, of a huge entity, and I do my work—beyond that I don't know what is going on', then there is no problem. I am not against intellect as such. I am against the intellect which claims to be the whole.

And that is the standpoint of Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu. They are not against intellect. How can they be? They are not against anything. My hand is a part of my body, but if the hand starts claiming 'I am the whole', and if the hand starts saying 'I should dominate the whole because I am the whole, everything else is secondary', then the hand has gone mad, then this hand is dangerous—it has lost contact with the whole.

Nothing is wrong with science in itself, but science should be a part of religion, then it is beautiful. Intellect should be a part of the totality of human beings, then it is beautiful. Intellect too is beautiful. I go on using the intellect every day. What am I doing here right now? Intellect is so significant that even when you have to talk about something which is not within intellect, you have to use intellect. Even to talk about Tao, you have to take the help of the intellect, you have to lean on intellect. How can Tao be against intellect, reason? The only thing that Tao wants you to understand is that life is more than reason, vaster than reason. Reason covers a small space, but that is not the boundary of the totality.

Lao Tzu is big and Confucius can be included in him, but Confucius is very narrow and Lao Tzu cannot be included in him. Lao Tzu is Tao, Confucius is Torah. 'Torah' is a Hebrew word, but I like it because it goes well with Tao. Tao means love, Torah means law. In the word 'tarot' is

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the word 'torah'. 'Tarot' comes from two words: *torah rota*; it means the wheel of law, the rotating wheel of law. Torah means the law. Law is bound to be rigid and law is bound to be narrow. The law needs to be perfectly defined; if it is not defined, it will not be of any use. The law has to have definitions, clear-cut boundaries, only then can it be of any use.

That's where Jesus entered into the history of the Jews: he brought Tao into the world of Torah. Naturally he asked to be crucified—it was only natural, because Torah cannot tolerate Tao. The law and the law-oriented mind cannot allow love, because when love comes all law is shattered. Love is so vast, oceanic, and it comes into the narrow world of the law and the law breaks down. The Jews could not allow Jesus because he brought a very foreign climate which had never been part of the Jewish mind.

Jesus is indefinable; Moses is perfectly definable. Moses will easily agree with Confucius, will not agree with Lao Tzu. The Ten Commandments are the foundation of the law-abiding mind, and of course the law-abiding mind can always find ways and means and loop-holes in the law.

A woman, a married woman, fell in love with a young man and the young man wanted to make love to her. But she said 'This is not right.' She was a Jew and she said 'This is against the law. And we will be breaking a commandment.'

And the young man said 'So what? Nine are still left!'

Law is narrow, and so narrow that one has to find loop-holes—otherwise life would become impossible. Law creates the hypocrite, law creates the cunning person, law creates the criminal—otherwise life would become absolutely impossible. Law does not allow you to live; it makes life so narrow that you have to find ways and means. . . . And then comes the lawyer. He helps you, he helps you to break the law and yet remain within the law—that's his whole work. The lawyer is needed because the law creates the criminal on the one hand and the lawyer on the other, and both are the same.

I have heard. . . .

A priest was saying to a young man 'Listen to this story. There were

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two brothers. One was very law-abiding and became a lawyer and the other was very rebellious and became a criminal. The one who became a criminal is now in jail for his whole life. What do you say about it?

And the young man said 'I can only say one thing: one has been caught and the other has not been caught yet.'

The lawyer and the criminal are both by-products of the law, the Torah. I am not against Torah because such a vast humanity has to exist; Torah is needed, the law is needed. You have to keep to the left of the road. If everybody starts walking anywhere they want—as people do in India—then it will be very difficult, it will be very dangerous. One has to follow the law.

But law is not life. One should remember that the law has to be used, has to be followed, and yet one has to remain available to Tao, the beyond. Tao should be the goal and Torah should become just a means. And Torah should not claim 'I am the whole'. Once Torah claims 'I am the whole', life becomes meaningless. Once logic claims 'I am the whole', life becomes meaningless. Once somebody says 'Life is nothing but science', then it is a reduction and everything is reduced to the lowest denominator. Then love is nothing but chemistry—a hormonal thing. Then everything can be reduced to the lowest, then the lotus is nothing but mud.

One should remain available for Tao; following Torah, one should remain open to Tao. In fact, Torah is right only if it leads you in the direction of Tao. Law is really right if it leads you towards love. If it goes against love, then that law is illegal.

For example, the law says that you should make love only to your wife. Good, if you love the wife then the law goes towards love. But if you don't love the wife, then it is immoral to make love to her: then law is going against love. If you make love to a woman to whom you are not married, it is love not law. And if you can manage to get married to the woman, it becomes law also—but it is not against love. A wise man will see that his life always uses the law for love. Torah is a stepping stone towards Tao.

This ashram, naturally, has to be run according to Confucius, but Confucius here is in the service of Lao Tzu. You see this mad man here?

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Confucius is in the service of Lao Tzu: Torah in service of Tao. Then there is no problem. Vice versa, then things go wrong; then you are standing on your head and something has to be done immediately.

*

Yesterday, although sitting in an uncomfortable position, I slept deeply through most of your lecture. I don't find your discourses boring, so why did I sleep?

Nothing wrong. If you enjoy the sleep, perfectly good. Just remember one thing: don't start snoring because that disturbs other people's sleep.

A man started to snore in his seat at the opera. 'Please stop your snoring' the usher pleaded. 'You are disturbing the others.'

'Look, kiddo' the man said angrily. 'I paid for this seat and I'll do as I please.'

'Yes, sir' replied the usher. 'But you are keeping everybody awake.'

Sleep is good—nothing like it. Enjoy it to your heart's desire.

And sometimes it happens. . . . There are two possibilities: listening to me, either the talk becomes boring, then you can fall asleep; or the talk can become like a lullaby, then too you can fall asleep. The talk can become like a song around you, a warm song around you, then you can fall asleep. Or it can become a jarring note, very boring, so you have to escape somewhere. And my guards won't allow you to escape from here easily, so the only possible escape is to close your eyes and go to sleep. That is an escape so that you need not listen. Both are the possibilities.

Sometimes what I am saying may look boring to you because whatsoever I am saying is one truth again and again and again. And I have to

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repeat it because I have compassion for you. Otherwise every morning I could come and sit in this chair, say 'ditto', and go away.

The great novelist had gone insane, but now there seemed to be some hope for his recovery. For three months he'd been sitting at a typewriter in his room and pounding out a novel. At last he announced that it was completed and brought it to the leading psychiatrist at the institution who grasped it eagerly and began to read: 'General Jones leaped upon his horse and yelled "Giddap, giddap, giddap, giddap, giddap."' Then the doctor thumbed through the rest of the book. 'Why there's nothing here but five hundred pages of "giddaps"! he exclaimed.

'Yeah' said the writer. 'Stubborn horse!'

So what can I do? I have to say 'Giddap, giddap' every day. Stubborn horse... Unless you listen, I am going to repeat it again and again. It is not going to help you much escaping into sleep, it is not going to help you much. I will hammer you out of it.

Sometimes it is boring. I know it, because sometimes I myself fall asleep. Then I have to look at the clock.

The psychiatrist was late for the appointment. He came barging in and was very apologetic. 'Think nothing of it' said the patient. 'I kept busy.'

'How?' asked the doctor suspiciously.

'I was in the corner talking to myself.'

'Was it an interesting conversation?'

'Not very. You know me!'

Certainly I know myself more than you know me. I know sometimes it becomes too boring, so don't feel guilty. Just remember one thing: don't snore. Sometimes it becomes a lullaby. If you love me, and you love me tremendously, then whatsoever I say goes and surrounds you like a warm blanket; you start feeling cosy, comfortable. Maybe the physical posture is not very comfortable. It has been made in such a way that you cannot be physically very comfortable in this Chuang Tzu Auditorium. The mar-

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ble underneath, cold, hurting, and my guards all around. And they don't allow you anything, they don't even allow you to cough, sneeze; and you have to be completely alert, otherwise. . . . The posture is not comfortable—even then you fall asleep. Think: if the posture were comfortable then you would fall into a coma! But you love me and while my words reach you they become lullabies. But there is nothing wrong in falling asleep once in a while. Don't make it a permanent habit!

When I become enlightened, how am I going to know that I have become enlightened?

Safari. Africa. Big-game hunting—and the woman was driving the handsome white hunter crazy with her barrage of questions.

'How will I know if I trap a tiger?' she asked.

'By his yellow coat and stripes, madam.'

'And how will I know if I trap a lion?'

'By the brown colour and his flowing mane.'

'And how will I know if I trap an elephant?'

'That, madam' sighed the white hunter 'is the easiest of all. By the slight odour of peanut on his breath.'

Don't be too worried. This enlightenment is such a big thing—like an elephant—you will not be able to miss it. You will not even be able to escape it! Once it happens it is self-evident: it needs no other proofs of what it is.

It is like a dead man coming back to life—will he need any proof? He will know that he is alive. It is like a blind man whose eyes are healed—will he ask for any proof? He will know because suddenly he will see all the colours, the sun and the moon and the stars, and the faces all around. And the darkness will have suddenly disappeared that has always been there. And everything will be full of light and colour . . . and the rainbows . . . Will a deaf man need any proof when his deafness is gone? Suddenly, so

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many sounds which he has never heard before will be there; he will be surrounded by them.

But even these things are not real metaphors for enlightenment. It is so tremendous, it is so radical that there is no way of missing it. Don't be worried about such problems. Rather try to become enlightened.

*

It seems as if you speak only for me, as if you go on answering only my questions. Can I ask how you do it?

Mulla Nasruddin was telling me:

'I went to the country on my vacation and the little birds sang so merrily under my window every morning that when I left I went out and thanked them for the beautiful melodies. The landlord came out and said "I hope you don't think those birds are singing for you?"

"Why, of course I do" I said.

"Those birds are singing for me" he said, angry-like.

'I knew I was right... but we got into a big fight over it. So we were brought before the judge. He fined us both ten rupees each. "Those birds" he said "were singing for me." '

When I am talking to you, everybody will feel that I am talking to them because whatsoever I am saying is so fundamental that it has to be related to everybody. I am not particularly talking to anybody, but I am talking about such fundamental things that it is impossible not to be related with those fundamental things—everybody is related, more or less. When I talk about love, you will all feel that I am talking to you because love is your problem—everybody's problem. When I talk about the mind, of course you will think I am talking to you, because you have a mind as everybody else has, and all minds are mad.

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So when I touch on a fundamental truth, everybody is bound to feel that there has been a special message for him. But remember, I am only talking about the fundamental truths. They are addressed to everybody here but not to anybody in particular, though I know everybody will feel. Good, that's beautiful that you feel directly connected with me.

The two hunters sat in their boat, hidden from the view of any ducks that might happen. They waited and waited. Suddenly they heard a noise in the growth alongside them and upon parting the reeds found another hunter—cockeyed drunk and working on the death of another fifth. 'Hey!' they warned. 'This is our spot. Get the hell downstream.'

The drunk said nothing. He just killed the bottle and then paddled two miles away. A single duck came skimming by a short time later. The two hunters each fired two shots and missed. Then they watched downstream as the drunk took one shot and bagged it.

They paddled down to offer congratulations. 'Say' they told him, 'that was pretty fast. How'd you do it?'

'Aww...' said the drunk. 'With all them ducks up there, how could I miss?'

That's how the situation is here. With so many orange ducks around, I can go on shooting. There is no need to make any target—how can I miss? It is impossible to miss.

But good that you feel personally connected—but remember, don't make it an ego-trip. The mind is very cunning and you have to be constantly alert about its subtle ways, otherwise you will think 'I am somebody special. Bhagwan is talking just to me.' And then you will start fantasizing and projecting, and you will be lost in your fantasy world. Yes, I am talking to you too, but not specially. I am talking in a very general way; I am telling you that which is fundamental—naturally it is your foundation too.

*

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Is there a difference between inner discipline and love?

There is none: with the inner discipline a love arises naturally. But there is a great difference between the outer discipline and love—not only difference, but antagonism. If you force an outer discipline on yourself it will kill your love qualities, it will kill your love sensibilities, it will make you dull. You will lose your fine receptivity because any discipline forced from the outside is against your sensibilities, and love is the culmination of all sensitivities.

When you fall in love with a woman, you fall in love from all the five senses. You may not be aware because man has become so alienated from his own senses that he is not aware, but watch the animals which are still more rooted in their beings—howsoever unconscious, but still rooted in their beings. A dog is going to smell his girlfriend before he makes love. It is not only a question of seeing a beautiful woman, you should feel the smell too. Sometimes it happens that the face is beautiful and appeals to you, but the smell is not appealing. Then, if you marry this woman, you will be in trouble. Your one sense will be constantly divorcing and your other sense will be constantly marrying, and there will be conflict.

Real love happens only when your five senses are in harmony like an orchestra. Then there is a sort of eternity to your love. Then it is not temporal, then it is not momentary. When you love a woman, you love her sound, you love her touch, you love her smell, you love the way she walks, you love the way she looks at you, you love her totality. And this totality can only be glimpsed through all the senses.

But man has become very much eye-oriented. No other senses are allowed to say anything, you just look through the eyes—the proportion. In your world beauty contest they don't smell the body. This is foolish. This is simply foolish. A woman may have a beautiful proportion of the body and may stink! She may have the right proportion, but may not have the right voice, the right sound. Her sound may be unmusical, then she is not beautiful—something is missing. A real world beauty contest will have to be based on all the five senses. Why should the eyes dictate and dominate? This is very dictatorial. Just the eye is dictating the whole life;

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naturally you are not happy because one sense has become Adolf Hitler. There should be a democracy in your being, in your body. All the senses should be allowed to say their things, and you should listen to all.

If you enforce any discipline from the outside, it is going to kill your love, because all disciplines from the outside are bound to dull you. That is the meaning of an outer discipline. That's what Mahatma Gandhi goes on saying. That's what Adolf Hitler did—imposed a discipline on the whole nation from the outside, and imposed it so perfectly that people started doing things which they could not have even dreamt about. But the discipline had dulled them completely, they were no longer sensitive. Millions of Jews were burnt and the people who were in charge of burning these millions of Jews were standing there unaffected. What happened? Their sensitivity had been dulled. A great layer of dullness had been imposed on their being.

That's what is being done in every army. The whole training of the military is nothing but how to dull a person, how to dull his sensitivity and how to dull his intelligence. You will never find army people intelligent—impossible, otherwise why should they be in the army? Can't they find anything else to be? The army should be the last thing. And the whole training is nothing but the creation of dullness. 'Left turn, right turn, left turn, right turn' three, four hours in the morning, continuously.

Once a professor became a soldier and he was a man of great intelligence. So, when he was ordered 'Right turn!' he stood wherever he was standing. And then the general asked 'Why are you standing there when I have said "right turn" and everybody has turned?'

He said 'Sooner or later you will say "left turn", so what is the point? They will come to the same position again, and this is going to happen for three, four hours—why bother?'

Why this continuous 'left turn, right turn'? There is a trick in it: it is a conditioning; you are not allowed to think. 'Left turn' means 'left turn'—you have to do it. Go on doing something, obeying something, by and by you lose your intelligence. Then you don't think, then some day

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you are ordered to kill the enemy and you kill. It is just like 'right turn, left turn'. You don't think, you don't ponder over the fact 'What has this man done to me? Why should I kill him?' The 'why' never arises—you simply do it. You become a robot, a mechanical thing; you are no more a man.

In India, the Sikhs, the Punjabis are the best army people, the best soldiers, and naturally the whole country thinks they are the most stupid. These two things go together. If a race is very perfect as far as war is concerned, then the race becomes less intelligent. It is bound to happen—both things cannot go together. An intelligent person will have to think before he acts. The soldier has to act before he thinks. That is the whole process: he should act before thinking. And then what is the point in thinking when you have acted already? Then there is no need.

Any outer discipline, whether it be of a soldier or of a saint, kills your sensitivity, kills your fineness, receptivity; and naturally it kills your love because love is nothing but the harmony of all your senses and intelligence. But with the inner discipline there is no contradiction with love. With the inner discipline, love arises. But again remember: the love that will arise with the inner discipline will not be the love that you have known up to now. Your love is everything other than love.

The limousine pulled up in front of the madhouse and the aristocratic-looking gentleman got out. 'Is this an asylum for the insane?' he asked the gate attendant.

'Yes, sir' said the gateman.

'Do they take inmates upon their own recommendation?'

'How should I know? Why?' said the gate keeper.

'Well, you see, I've just gotten hold of a package of my old love-letters and . . . and I feel that I'm mad.'

Just look at your old love-letters and you will also feel like going to the nuthouse—on your own recommendation. Whatsoever you call love is a frenzy, a fever, a sort of chemical neurosis; it is not love. How can you love? Love happens only as a shadow to meditation. When you have be-

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come so alert, there arises a new quality—that is love. Right now what you call love is jealousy, competition, possessiveness, anger, hatred. Maybe you are fed up with yourself, you cannot be with yourself, so you need somebody; and you call it love. You cling to somebody, you dominate somebody, you try to manipulate somebody. It is politics not love, it is ambition to dominate not love. And naturally it leads you to hell, naturally it makes you more and more miserable.

What has your love done to you? Dreams and dreams and dreams. And dreams are only when you look at your love somewhere there in the future, then it is a dream. When you look back at the love that has happened, then it is a nightmare. All dreams prove nightmares. No, this is not love, otherwise the whole earth would have been happy. So many people loving, everybody is loving. . . the mother is loving, the father is loving, the son, the sister, the brother, the wife, the husband, the friend, the priest, the politician, everybody is loving to everybody, love must be so much. . . . But look into people's eyes—there is only misery and nothing else. Then something has gone wrong, something else has been named love. It is not love. On the container it says 'love', but look into the content: jealousy, possessiveness, anger, hatred, domination, all ugly things are there. Yes, the container is very beautiful, very well packed, like a Christmas gift. Open . . . and inside, just hell.

This love I am not talking about. When you go inside your being a totally new energy arises. You have so much energy that you would like to share it, then love is a *sharing*. Then you don't need love, then you are not in need of somebody to love you. For the first time you have possessed your treasure of love; and a new need arises to share it, to give it to whomsoever needs it. Share it and give it. When love is a need and you want somebody to love you, it is going to create misery. It is a beggar's love, and beggars can't be happy. When love has been known—and that is only possible when you move inwards and come to the innermost shrine of your being—when you have known the reservoir of love there, then a new need arises to share it, to give it, to whomsoever needs it. Give it, and you feel thankful that somebody has taken it. Then there is happiness, then love is heaven.

But then a need has taken a radical turn: now you need to give. Right

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now, you need somebody to give to you—you are a beggar. Then, you become an emperor. The inner discipline makes you an emperor.

*

So be it.

It is from Sudha.

You will not be able to understand the question because the questioner has a long history. Sudha has been asking for months together, again and again, and I have not been answering her because I always suspected that her question was not the true question and the true question was hiding behind it. Then, one day, out of desperation, she wrote the real question. The real question was: 'Bhagwan, I want you to tell me that Sudha is my greatest sannyasin, and you never say it, you never even mention my name.' But I didn't answer even that. So now, finally, she writes this question: 'So be it.'

Now the time has come to answer it. Remember, whenever you ask a question, there is always a hidden meaning in it. It may not even be apparent to you, you may not even suspect it. You may think 'This is the question that I am asking', and there may be something else. You may want me to pat your back, to say 'Very good.'

There are a few questioners who ask such cunning questions. For example they will say 'Bhagwan, great silence is coming, great energy is arising. What do you say about it?' If I take their question at the surface and if I say 'Good', then I have conceded that they are arriving very close to enlightenment. All that great energy and all that great experience that they go on writing about again and again in their questions is not happening. If it were happening, they would become more silent. If it were happening, their questions would disappear. If it were happening, they would not be in any need of confirmation, they would not be in any need of approval. It is not happening.

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You ask a question; you are in great need somehow: your ego has to be strengthened. I am here to shatter your ego; I am not here to strengthen it. If I strengthen your ego I will be your enemy and not the friend. It hurts: if I shatter your ego it hurts. But finally, you will come to know that that was the only thing to be done. It is surgical, it hurts; but only this surgery is going to transform you.

Sudha is beautiful, but as humanly weak as everybody else. As everybody would like to be patted on the back, she also likes to be patted. I am not a miser, I can pat—there is no problem in it. I can say 'Sudha, you are great', but that will poison you. That is not going to help. That will hinder you. That will inflate your ego more. You will become more solidified in your egoistic projections. No, I cannot say that because I would like you to really become great, and to really become great means to become egoless. The only way to be really happy is to be without the ego.

You seek in the world, through money, power, prestige. Then you become a sannyasin and then you start seeking the same old disease in the new names. The old politics comes back, you start competing.

Drop all these things. Here, at least with me, be plain, be ordinary. And the more ordinary you are, the more extraordinary you will become. The more you efface yourself, the more you will be. The moment you cease utterly, you become divine. Nobody is barring the way except your own ego, except you.

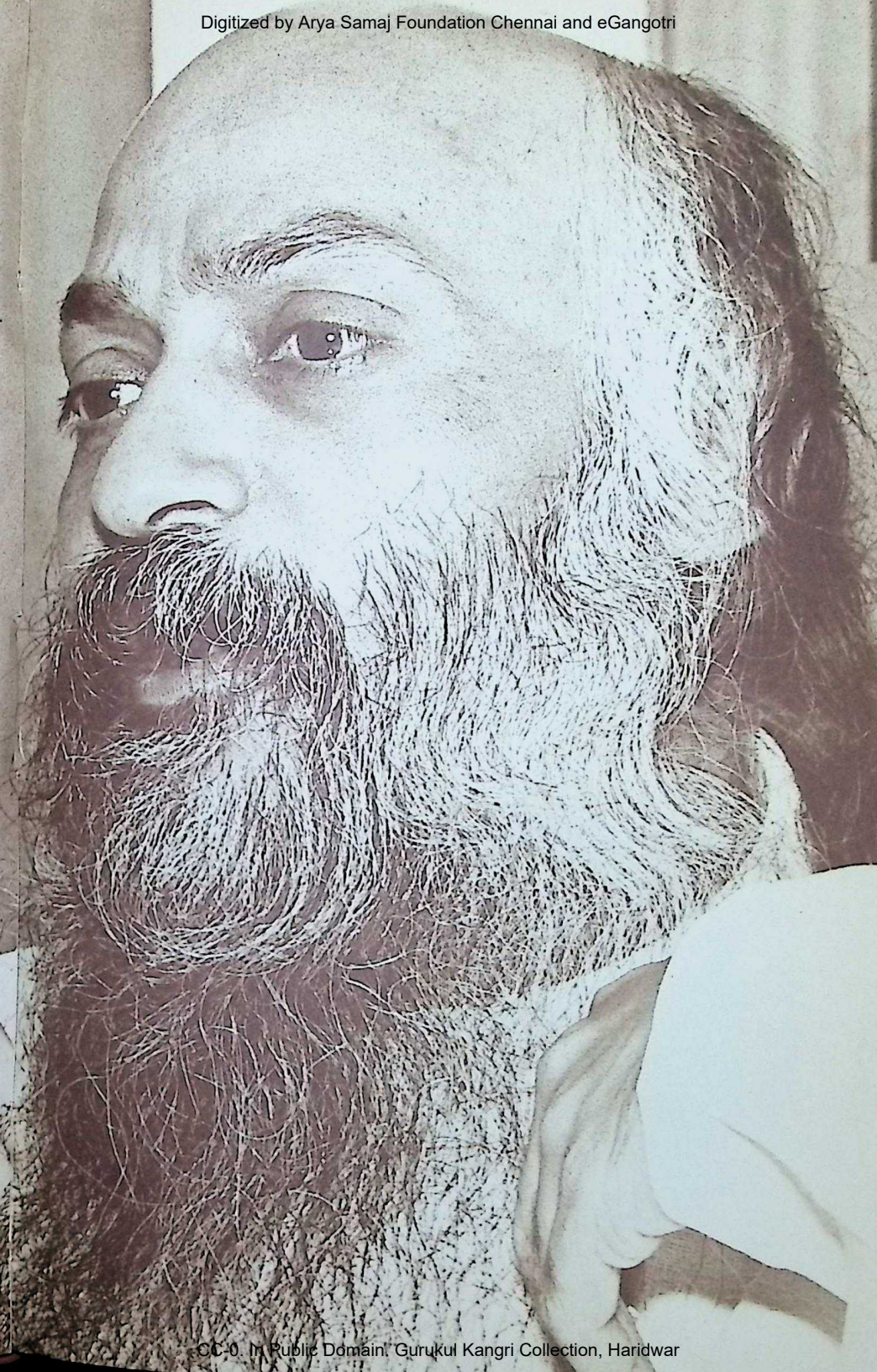
Sometimes the ego is such that it can take nourishment from anywhere.

'Now, Mistress O'Grady' the attorney asked 'you say your husband never said a kind word to you since you were married. Are you sure of that?'

'Come to think of it' she replied 'once in a while he did say "You're a foine one".'

Now the ego can even have nourishment from where no nourishment is possible. Remember the subtle ways of the ego. My whole work here consists in dissolving you, in dismantling you, in destroying you, so that a new being is born, so that a resurrection becomes possible. I am a cross to you, so that I can also become a resurrection to you.





*Tzu Kung grew weary of study
and told Confucius 'I want to find rest.'*

'There is no rest for the living.'

'Then shall I never find it?'

*'You shall. Look forward to the lofty and domed
mound of your tomb and know where you shall find
rest.'*

*'Great is death! The gentleman finds rest in it,
the mean man submits to it!'*

*'Tzu Kung, you have understood. All men understand
the joy of being alive, but not its misery,
the weariness of growing old, but not its ease,
the ugliness of death, but not its repose.'*

PHILOSOPHY is the enemy of truth. And when I say philosophy I mean all philosophy, mine included, because the philosophy creates a screen of words and you cannot see the reality as it is. It distorts reality, it interprets reality, it gives a garb to reality, it hides reality, it covers reality.

Truth is naked, truth is all over, truth is within and without; and the only barriers are the words, the theories, the theologies that you have learned. They don't allow you to see that which is, they come in the way, they are prejudices. All philosophy is a prejudice, and all concepts are not bridges—no concept is a bridge—they are the barriers.

One day or other, an authentic enquirer comes to that great moment of realisation when he feels weary, tired—tired of all this nonsense that goes on in the name of thinking. The word 'god' is not God. How long can you go on playing with the word? The word 'food' is not food. How long can you go on carrying the word 'food' and remain hungry? One day or other you will become aware that what you are carrying is only a word—it cannot nourish you, it cannot give you life, and it cannot give you peace, and it cannot give you anything. Of course it promises all, that is how philosophy becomes so important—because of its promises. But all those promises are empty; they are never fulfilled. Philosophy has never helped anybody to realise truth. This great moment of realisation has come into the life of Tzu Kung. He was the chief disciple of Confucius.

Tzu Kung grew weary of study . . .

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To look is one thing, to study is diametrically opposite. If I say to you 'Go and see the rose flowers in the garden', and rather than going to the garden you go to the library and you study about the rose flowers—that is study. About and about, around and around it moves; it never touches the real point.

Tzu Kung grew weary of study...

Enough of the words. Enough of the theories, dogmas. Enough of the doctrines. And this I call a great moment in the life of an enquirer. Everybody has to pass through words because we have been trained for words. Everybody has to pass through theories; we have been given theories from our very childhood. We have been brought up according to prejudices, doctrines, churches, schools. Somebody is a Christian and somebody is a Mohammedan and somebody is a Hindu, and we have been brought up, conditioned. So the moment you start asking 'What is truth?' your mind starts supplying words; it knows the answers. Those answers are all false, those answers are all borrowed, but it gives you beautiful answers. They satisfy you for a while, and if your enquiry is not great, they may satisfy you forever. Only a great enquirer sees the point that words are meaningless.

Language is not the door towards reality, but silence. The inner talk must cease, only then will you have clarity. Only then reality reveals itself to you. You go on chattering inside, and your mind goes on functioning, constantly, obsessively, like a maniac. And the mind is a maniac: it goes on creating new words, new combinations, new theories; it goes on speculating. It is a great inventor as far as theories are concerned and it does not allow you even a single interval, a gap, to look at what is there. The inner talk must cease... then suddenly there is no barrier; there never has been.

The Zen monks say: From the very beginning the truth is unhidden, the truth is in front of you.

What are you seeking? Where are you running? But your eyes are closed through prejudices.

CHOOSE THE NEW

Tzu Kung grew weary of study...

He has learned much and now he realises that learning has not nourished him. It has not strengthened him, it has not delivered anything, it has not made him feel more real than he was before. He is not yet anywhere, he is yet hollow. There is no integration. He does not know in fact who he is. He became weary. He must have been a great enquirer—even Confucius could not deceive him.

Confucius is a great scholar: he can supply answers for every question possible, and he can invent beautiful answers. All those answers are fabricated, home-made, but they can be fool fools. They can make many people feel that they know. They can become consolations. And his knowledge, his respectability, his impeccable character... He is a man of virtue, remember, a very moral man... a man of character, of great mannerism, etiquette... a gentleman. The 'gentleman' is the goal of all Confucian philosophy: a man must become a gentleman. He is impeccable, you cannot find a loop-hole in his character; all virtues have become *real* in him. A moral man with great knowledge, supported by the tradition, convention, scripture—respected by the kings and the queens, respected all over the country—but even he could not deceive Tzu Kung.

Tzu Kung grew weary of study...

When you become weary of study, the great moment has come when a student becomes a disciple. When you are weary of study, then you take a hundred and eighty degree turn. Then you are no longer interested in theories, you want the real; you want the food to eat so that you can be nourished. And you don't want any more recipes, you don't want any more cookery books; you want the real food.

...and told Confucius 'I want to find rest.'

Words create restlessness. Doctrines, dogmas, make you more tense because they lead you astray; they lead you away from reality. The further

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away you are from reality, the more restless you will be. Let that be a criterion. Whenever you feel restless, that means you have gone far away from reality. Whenever you are close to reality, there is tremendous rest, calm, quietude, grace, silence, peace. You are at home because reality is your home. Restlessness simply means you are going away and your whole being is being uprooted from your home, hence restlessness.

Tzu Kung said '*I want to find rest.* Enough of the theories, and enough of the studies. I have studied all that can be studied. I have become a great learned man, your greatest disciple, but that is not satisfying. Help me to find rest.'

Have you watched it? The more you know, of words, scriptures, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Gita, Koran, Bible, Vedas, the more you will feel your mind is getting more and more mad; you are being pulled in all directions. One theory says something, another theory says something else; they contradict each other, they are always at each other's throats. Great argument and no conclusion. Down the centuries philosophy has not come to a single conclusion. For five thousand years philosophers have been discussing, but there has never been any conclusion—any conclusion on which they could all agree. There has never been any agreement. It has not happened and it is not going to happen. Two philosophers cannot agree because agreement is possible only when you know the reality, then there is agreement. If you know the reality and I know the reality there is agreement, because then there is no problem. You know the same reality, I know the same reality—how can there be argument? But argument is possible if I have my theory and you have your theory, then there is no possibility of agreement. Agreement happens only through *experience*. Experience is conclusive. Argumentation is non-conclusive. One argument leads to another and so on and so forth. When two persons are arguing, both cannot be right. Both can be wrong, but both cannot be right.

It happened:

Mulla Nasraddin and his wife were arguing one day—the husband and

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wife argument—and it came to the natural conclusion that by and by Mulla started feeling 'Why did I start at all?'

He was feeling hungry and the wife was not even thinking of cooking the food. So he went to the wife and said 'Sorry, I confess I was wrong.'

The wife said 'That won't do. You will have to confess that I was right. Just your being in the wrong does not make much difference, you will have to confess that I was right. Give a positive statement! Because you may be wrong and still you may think inside yourself that I am also wrong, so that is not of much use.'

Both persons can be wrong. Remember, truth is one; untruths can be as many as you want. Religion is one—cannot be two—because truth is one; but philosophies can be as many as you want. Everybody can have his own philosophy: it is your dream about reality. You can manufacture a theory on your own, you cannot manufacture reality. It creates the restlessness. And when you are non-conclusive, you are hanging in a limbo. And that hanging in the middle, neither here nor there, is what philosophy creates in a man. He starts feeling that he knows, and he also goes on feeling deep down that he doesn't know. Now this is a very tense state. You know that you don't know and yet you feel that you know. You feel that you know and yet you know that you don't know. Now you are getting split, you are becoming schizophrenic. And in this state of non-conclusive mind one always feels incomplete, and incompleteness hurts. One wants to know the complete truth, the whole truth.

It happened in a hotel that a salesman came. The manager said 'It will be difficult for me to find a room for you though there is a room vacant, which I cannot give.'

The salesman said 'But what is the reason? Why can't you give it if the room is empty?'

The hotel manager said 'A great politician is staying just beneath that room. A room is vacant on the first floor, but on the ground floor beneath the room a great political leader is staying. And he gets mad at small

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things. If you walk in your room or if you make some noise, then he will create much fuss and I don't want any trouble. Please go to another hotel.

'But' the salesman said 'I have looked all around. All the hotels are booked. So please, have mercy on me, and I promise you that I will not even move in the room. The whole day I will be working in the town and at night I will simply come and go to sleep. By the morning I will be gone, gone to another town, but give me the room.' So the room was given.

In the middle of the night, the salesman came back, tired, sat on his bed, took off one of his shoes and dropped it on the floor. Then he suddenly remembered that the great political leader might get disturbed, so he took off the second shoe very silently and without making any sound he put it on the floor and went to sleep.

After one hour, the great politician came and knocked on his door. He opened the door and saw the politician mad, red with anger, and he could not understand 'What could I have done?—because I have been asleep for one hour!' And he said 'Sir, have I done anything wrong? Maybe in my dream...? Or maybe I have made some sound or said something? But I am sorry, I didn't mean it.'

The politician said 'That is not the thing. What happened to the other shoe? For one hour you have been keeping me awake. I heard the noise—the first shoe fell on the floor—and I said "So this man has come!" And then I was waiting for the second! And then, by and by, I became almost mad. I couldn't sleep. What happened to the second shoe?'

That happens to a mind which remains in an inconclusive state: something goes on hanging, like a sword. You can understand the difficulty of the politician. He must have tried to go to sleep but he must have been visualising the second shoe hanging in the air. 'What happened?'

Mind is at rest only when there is conclusion, otherwise never. And philosophy never leads to any conclusion. Only reality is conclusive; only experience, only *existence*, is conclusive.

*Tzu Kung grew weary of study
and told Confucius 'I want to find rest.'*

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'There is no rest for the living' said Confucius.

Now this standpoint—that there is no rest for the living—is based on a certain philosophy: that life is struggle, that life is action, that life is conflict, that life is a war to survive—how can you rest? The same philosophy has become predominant in the West: Darwin, the philosophy of 'the survival of the fittest', and Nietzsche, 'the will to power'. Confucius is deeply understood in the West; he is a Western man. He was born in the East, but he is not Eastern at all. His attitude towards life is that of activity. It is a yang attitude, a male attitude—fight, conflict, struggle, conquer, prove your will. You are here to prove your will, you have to show the world that you are somebody. You have to leave a mark on history, otherwise your life is meaningless. You have to compete, you have to struggle—only then can you leave your mark on history. If you remain silent and restful, how are you going to leave your mark on history?

Lao Tzu has not left any mark on history; Tamburlaine has left his mark on history. Chuang Tzu has not left his mark on history; Nadir Shah, Alexander, Napoleon, Hitler, Stalin, Mao—they have left their marks on history. Mao was a Confucian, he believed in Confucius and he tried hard to destroy all Taoist possibilities and potentialities in China. He destroyed many Taoist monasteries, he wanted to uproot them completely. Why?—because they don't teach any struggle. If you don't teach any struggle, how can you teach revolution?

The attitude of Tao is of cooperation, not conflict. The attitude of Tao is not to be against nature but to be with it, to allow nature, to let it have its way, to cooperate with it, to go with it. The attitude of Tao is of great relaxation.

Remember, it is not of inactivity. It is neither of activity nor of inactivity; it is transcendental. The Taoist word is *wu wei*: it means action through inaction. That is the goal of Tao: Do, but don't be the doer. Act, but let *Tao* act through you—simply be cooperative. Then, through Tao, you can be restful *in life*.

But how you can be restful with Confucius? He's right: he says that as far as his philosophy is concerned,

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'There is no rest for the living.'

You have to struggle hard, you have to prove your mettle, you have to prove your will. Life is here so that you can take the opportunity and prove yourself. It is a competition, cut-throat competition; everybody is at each other's throat; and if you relax, you are gone. Fight hard! In every way remain alert and don't think of rest. The word 'rest' to the Confucian mind is escapism. Don't ask for meditation—that is escapism. Don't go to the Himalayas, and don't sit silently—that is escapism. Do something! Life is for doing and death is for non-doing; that is their logic. Naturally, one day you will be dead and then you will be at rest, so why worry about it? Their division is clear-cut, and to logical minds it appeals.

He said

'There is no rest for the living.'

'Then shall I never find it?' asked the disciple.

Naturally, if there is no rest for the living then when? 'When am I going to be at rest? Am I not going to find it ever? Is this nightmare to continue for ever and ever? And is there no end to it?'

Confucius said

'You shall. Look forward to the lofty and domed mound of your tomb and know where you shall find rest.'

'You shall.' Mind these words. This is the greatest deception ever invented by man: 'You shall... not now, somewhere in the future... not here, somewhere else.' All the so-called 'religions' have used this deceptive device. They promise. They say 'You will find everything that you want, but not now... tomorrow.'

And the tomorrow never comes—it cannot come by its very nature. Future never comes because whenever it comes, it is the present. It is always now, and now, and now. Wherever you will be, it will be now and here.

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And the promise is 'You shall.' The promise is very cunning. That's what all the religions have done. 'In heaven you will find peace, rest, happiness. In *moksha*, in *nirvana*... somewhere far away exists the land of peace and happiness. You will reach there one day, but not now. And if you want to reach there, sacrifice your present-day happiness for it. The price has to be paid' they say. 'And the price is this: Sacrifice your present for the future. Sacrifice the real for the imaginary. Sacrifice life for after-death.'

And they have convinced humanity and almost all have sacrificed their lives. Nobody comes back from heaven to relate whether it happens. Nobody comes after death to say 'Yes, Confucius is true.' So the deception remains because it cannot be contradicted. It is very clever—it is impossible to contradict it. You cannot disprove it, though you cannot prove it; but you cannot disprove it either.

'You shall.' Just listen to these words: 'You shall.' This is your whole conditioning. In childhood the parents say 'Not now. When you are older you shall.' When you are older, they start saying 'Not now. When you are old, retired, with a good bank balance; all is done and the time to rest and to relax has come—then.' And when you are old, they say 'After death.' They go on postponing. The carrot of the future goes on dangling in front of you and the closer you come to it, the more it goes on receding. And, meanwhile, you go on missing all that was possible.

A future-oriented philosophy is poisonous. A future-oriented philosophy is like opium: it drugs you and it does not allow you to live your life right now, here-now. And that is the only life. Now look at Confucius' answer. The disciple wants to find rest; he is told

'There is no rest for the living.'

'Life is struggle, so don't ask for rest. Rest happens, certainly, but not now, never now. *You shall. Look forward.*... Always look forward, don't look here-now. Don't look right in the moment; live for the future and sacrifice the present.'

This, I say, is the greatest deception ever invented by any man. It has worked well. The priest and the politician both live on it—the future.

The communist goes on saying 'Wait, sacrifice for the future. Sooner or later there is going to come a society, a classless society, then everybody will be happy.' You are unhappy, you are miserable, you want rest now and they say 'Don't be worried. Rest will be possible. Look forward. Let the revolution happen and then things will be good. If you want that the future should be happy... sacrifice. Sacrifice!' The Fascists say 'Sacrifice, so that the Fatherland can win. And once the Fatherland has won and once the Nordic race has proved that it is the superiormost race, then there will be peace on earth.'

The politician lives, exploits, in the name of the future. The present is ugly, miserable, horrible. He creates imaginary goals, utopias—very beautifully he decorates them, he makes them very colourful—and you become enchanted, so you don't look around yourself. It is ugly, it is horrible, it is miserable—within, without. You are simply tears and nothing else, only anguish, hell. But they say 'You shall. Look forward. That great day is coming.' The politician lives on it and the priest lives on it. And the politician and the priest are not very separate: they are partners in the same business. The business is not to allow man to be here-now, because once a man is here-now, he's so happy that he won't listen to any politician and he won't listen to any priest.

If man is allowed to be here-now, he will be so peaceful and so restful that he will not bother about any heaven. He has achieved it—who bothers about your paradise? Your paradise seems meaningful because man is miserable. For the paradise to remain meaningful man has to remain miserable. And because of the paradise the priest exists, because he will show you the way, he holds the key, he has a direct line to God. You don't have, so you have to persuade and bribe the priest so that he will take care of your interests and persuade God that you should be given happiness. You have suffered enough and you have suffered very righteously; you have sacrificed all—for the religion, for the country, for humanity. 'Sacrifice for anything, but sacrifice!' that is their slogan. Anything will do, any nonsense ideal will do... but sacrifice.

Old ideals are dropped because they become rotten and man becomes fed up with them. Then new ideals are invented, then sacrifice for them—

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that's what has happened down the ages. Only ideals change, but the sacrifice continues. Sometimes it is God you have to sacrifice for. The Mohammedan priest goes on saying that if you die on the field fighting for your religion, your paradise is absolutely certain. So die courageously, knowing well that you will be received well in heaven. The Communist says that if you are dying for the revolution you are great. Your name will resound down the ages, you will be remembered as a martyr; you will be respected. But do one thing: don't live, sacrifice.

A very absurd situation. The parents go on sacrificing for you; the father, the mother sacrifice for you. They say 'I am sacrificing for my children.' Naturally they take revenge, because when the mother sacrifices for the child she is destroying her own life. She will take revenge. She will say again and again, she will make it clear to you again and again 'I have sacrificed for you. Know well, remember well, that I sacrificed my life, my youth—everything for you.' And she will try to persuade you 'You also do the same for your children.' So you will sacrifice for your children, and then you will persuade them that they do the same with their children . . . so nobody ever lives. One generation sacrifices for another, and if you don't sacrifice, then you become disrespectful. Nobody respects you, then you are a criminal. If you don't sacrifice for others they say 'What are you doing? You are not a good man, you are immoral. Sacrifice is good. To life for oneself is selfish.' Just look at what these people have been doing: to be happy is selfish, to sacrifice is good. And by sacrificing you will be unhappy and an unhappy man creates unhappiness around. And an unhappy man will take revenge—he can never forgive; his life has been destroyed. They say that the wife has to sacrifice for the husband and the husband has to sacrifice for the wife. For what? Both sacrifice, so both miss life.

I teach you pure selfishness. Never sacrifice for anybody. Just live your life authentically and then you will never take revenge on anybody and you will never have any grudge against anybody. And a man who has no grudge against anybody is a loving man; compassionate, kind, sharing. And a man who has no grudge against anybody—against his children, husband, wife, is tremendously beautiful. He creates a milieu of happiness

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around himself. Whosoever comes into his milieu shares his happiness.

Be selfish.

Just look at these trees. No tree is trying to sacrifice for another tree, hence they are green. If they start sacrificing, no tree will be green and no tree will ever flower. Look at the stars. They are very selfish—they shine for themselves; they don't sacrifice. Otherwise, the whole existence would become ugly and dark. Selfishness is natural. And the self that I am teaching you is what Tao is: your nature. Listen to it, follow it. Your nature is saying to you 'Be happy.'

If this Tzu Kung had asked Lao Tzu, he would have said 'Great congratulations. You are tired of study? Very good. So drop all thinking, now meditate. You want rest? It is possible right now.' Lao Tzu would not say 'You shall.' Future is meaningless, it is a trick—a trick to console you, that though you don't have right now, but you shall. You can hope, and through hope you can poison your whole being.

The priest and the politician want you to become martyrs, and martyrs are not good people because they are very angry people. They have missed their life, they are bound to be angry—it is natural. You have forced them to destroy their life, you have persuaded them, you have bribed them, to destroy their life—how can they be happy? and how can they ever be able to forgive you? Impossible.

Live for yourself and you will live for everybody else, but it is not a sacrifice. Live for yourself, be really authentically selfish—that is the way of nature. You take care of your happiness, your rest, your life, and you will be simply surprised that when you are happy, you help others to be happy because you understand by and by, that if others are happy you will be more happy. Happiness can exist only in an ocean of happiness. It cannot exist alone.

Remember the logic, the deep logic, of selfishness. Happiness cannot exist like an island, no. If everybody were unhappy here, then it would be very difficult for you to be happy—almost impossible, because this ocean of unhappiness all around would go on crashing on your shores. The misery all around you would affect you; it would penetrate your being. So a happy person by and by comes to understand the basic, the fundamental law that: If I want to be happy, it is good to make people happy around

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me. But he is not serving others, remember. He is not sacrificing. He is simply selfish. He wants to smile, he helps you to smile too, because a single smile cannot exist; it will look very absurd. Just think: you are sitting here, only one person smiles and all are serious. He will look a little embarrassed, he will start feeling guilty: Why did he smile when nobody is smiling? Something has gone wrong. He should be more careful next time; he will think. No, when you all laugh then it is very simple to laugh; the whole creates the possibility of laughter. We depend on the whole, we are part of the whole.

By being happy you create a possibility for others to be happy. And this is real service—this is not sacrifice at all; you are not becoming a martyr. The mother is happy, that's why she loves the child. She is so happy that she wants to share her happiness with the child. She will never have any grudge. In fact, she will feel grateful to the child that because of the child she had many beautiful moments. She will always feel grateful to the child. 'Because you came to me, because you chose me to be your mother, you chose my womb, you have made me so happy, you have given me such beautiful moments which would not have been possible without you. I am grateful.' And the child will feel grateful to such a mother who is grateful to him; and he will never be against the mother—it will be very difficult. Ordinarily, I never come across a person who is not against the mother or against the father. It is very rare.

Gurdjieff used to say to his disciples 'Unless you have forgiven your fathers and mothers you cannot grow.' You will say 'What nonsense! What is he saying? "Unless you forgive. . . ."' He had it written on his door: Unless you forgive your fathers and mothers don't enter here. But nobody has been able to forgive their father and mother because the father and mother have sacrificed too much.

The father and mother have been so miserable because of the children. And they go on saying how much they have suffered. No mother says 'How much I have enjoyed your being my child.' No father says 'By coming to our house you have brought light to us, love to us, God to us.' Then the children would be able not only to forgive, they would be able to love, they would be able to be grateful.

Once Tao is understood, the whole business of psychoanalysis will

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disappear, because the whole business of psychoanalysis depends on the fact that you cannot forgive your mother and your father. Lying on the couch of a psychoanalyst, what do you do? You just rage against your mother and your father. What do you do in primal therapy? Janov will be meaningless if Tao is understood. What do you do when you kick and scream in Primal Therapy? Whom are you kicking? Your mother and father. Whom are you screaming at? Your mother and your father.

If you listen to a patient on the psychiatrist's couch, all that he talks about is ninety per cent concerned with his mother. 'Mother' seems to be the problem. It is, but the reason is that the politician and the priest have contaminated the mind of humanity. They always say 'You shall. Look forward. You will be happy in the future.'

Only the present moment is all that you have. Use it intelligently, don't be deceived by anybody.

Confucius says

'You shall. Look forward to the lofty and domed mound of your tomb...'

'Lofty and domed mound of your tomb...'? A tomb is a tomb, and an ugly thing—howsoever you make it. You can make it a marble tomb and you can write the name in golden letters, but it doesn't deceive, it is meaningless. Inside is just death and an ugly death because of a life unlived. A life never lived is ugly. Life postponed is ugly, life lived is beautiful. And there are very few people who live their life, only they have a beautiful death. Then death too is beautiful because they become so capable of living that they, one day, start living their death too. They live their life, then they live their death.

Unlived life cannot lead you to a beautiful death. Yes, you can make a marble tomb and you can write the name in golden letters and put beautiful poetry on it; and you can burn candles and you can offer flowers, but this is all phony. Whom are you trying to deceive? For all this marble and golden letters and the flowers and the candles, the man cannot live; the man is dead. And he never was allowed to live—because of you. Look at this dangerous sentence from Confucius:

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*'Look forward to the lofty and domed
mound of your tomb and know where you shall find
rest.'*

Unless rest is achieved in life it cannot be achieved in death. Let this be an absolute rule: that whatsoever you achieve in your life, you will be able to keep in your death, not otherwise. If you have achieved meditation, your death will be meditative. If you have achieved love, your death will be full of love-energy. If you have achieved God, your death will be divine.

But remember, death cannot achieve anything; the achievement comes through life. Death is just the final reckoning, the final judgment. Death simply closes your life and the judgment becomes final. If the man was a great lover and he loved, and loved unconditionally, and his life was a flame of love, a light of love, then death will close the chapter with this flame burning bright. But if the death closes your life and it was just a misery and nothing else—just a hoping for the future, never any authentic experience—then you die in a futile way. That's what Gurdjieff calls 'the dog's death'. Then you simply die but you don't achieve anything; there is nothing.

Nobody achieves anything through death unless he achieves it through life. Death is a single moment. What can you achieve in a single moment? You missed a seventy-eight year life and you hope that you will attain something in a single moment? For eighty years you lived unconsciously, in turmoil, in madness, in nightmares, and then suddenly in death you will become restful? No, sir, you will be turning and tossing in your tomb; you will not find rest.

Confucius is wrong, absolutely wrong. He is giving a consolation. This is criminal. To give such consolations is a crime against humanity because you can distract somebody. And he succeeded in distracting this disciple.

*'Great is death! The gentleman finds rest in it,
the mean man submits to it!'* said the disciple.

Confucius succeeded in distracting. The great moment has been

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destroyed. Tzu Kung has arrived very close to the door through which he could have escaped, but Confucius pulls him back. And the disciple starts talking again in terms of philosophy, dogma, study. That's what he has learned through scriptures: '*Great is death!*' He does not know. He does not even know rest—how can he know death? Death is ultimate rest, absolute rest... he does not even know relative rest. He does not know what life is, he is in a turmoil, split. And he starts saying '*Great is death!*' Listening to the Master he is again clouded by words.

Confucius was a great teacher, very charismatic, his impact was great: he has ruled China down the centuries, he is still influential, he still dominates. In India there has been a man, Manu, who can be compared to Confucius. Manu still dominates India, and the same type of man—nothing different. The Indian society is based on the laws of Manu and the Chinese society is based on the laws of Confucius. And both men have destroyed both of the countries.

'Great is death!'

Listening to the Master, to his teacher, the disciple is again befogged; the charisma functions—he is deceived. He forgets that he has said 'I want to find rest and I have become weary of all the studies.' He was just at the turning point where the student can become a disciple. He missed again. He again falls back into the old trap which is always easy to fall into because one knows it very well, it is familiar. '*Great is death!*' Not knowing anything about life, not knowing anything about rest, he asserts such a profound truth: Great is death. He must have read it. Yes, in the scriptures it is written: Great is death. But death is great only when life is great.

Remember, your death is your death; my death is my death. My death will depend on my life, your death will depend on your life. If your life is great, your death will be great because death is a culmination of your life. If you have lived well, totally, you will attain to a great peak, a Himalayan peak. But if you have just been crawling on the ground, you have not lived at all, you were just dreaming and hoping and desiring, and never a single moment of life came to you, never a single moment of authenti-

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city; and you were always playing roles and hiding yourself behind masks, you were never a real person, you were always phony—your death is going to be phony, it cannot be great. The end can be great only if the whole journey has been great. Each step of the journey contributes to the end. It is simple, obvious. If you have been dancing your life, your death will be a great dance. If you have just been crying and weeping, your death will be just a crying and weeping—it cannot be otherwise; it concludes your life.

So remember: Everyone lives *his* life and everyone dies *his* death. Death is as unique and different as life is unique and different. When Buddha dies, of course Buddha dies. When Lieh Tzu dies, of course Lieh Tzu dies. Their death has a glory, a fragrance—it is a flowering. In a single moment their whole life comes to the ultimate flame. They have achieved, they have arrived home. Your death is nothing but a beginning of another weary life. Here you die, there you are born. From one door you enter, from another door you are back to life again—and of course the same rut, the same wheel moves.

'*Great is death!*'—but not on the lips of Tzu Kung. Yes, if Lao Tzu were saying it, it would be okay. Not even on the lips of Confucius is death great, because the whole approach is wrong.

'The gentleman finds rest in it...'

Remember this word 'gentleman'. That is the highest value in Confucian ethics—the gentleman. And who is a gentleman?—a phony person. Who is a gentleman?—a hypocrite. Who is a gentleman?—one who is masked in manners, etiquette, character; who is conventional, traditional. A gentleman is not an individual, he is just a member of a society. He does not exist on his own; he has no life of his own. He exists only as a part of a society, so whatsoever the society allows *is* his life, and whatsoever the society does not allow he denies himself; he chooses society instead of nature. That is what a gentleman does: he chooses man-made law against God-made law. A gentleman is one who has betrayed God, a gentleman is one who has chosen society. And the society is neurotic, and the society

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is ill, and the society is not normal at all. No normal society has yet existed on the earth. Only rarely have a few individuals been normal. Society is abnormal—a great crowd of mad people. The gentleman is one who follows this crowd. A gentleman has no soul. Of course, the society respects him tremendously, the society has to respect this man, the society calls him the *mahatma*, the 'saint', the 'sage'. The society respects him because the man has sacrificed his life for society.

A real man is rebellious, a real man does not bother about respectability, a real man lives his life naturally. He does not bother about what the society says or does not say. Society is not a consideration for a real man. If you want to be phony then society has to be considered at each step: what to say, how to say, when to say, when not to say; how to live, how not to live. The society has determined everything. You just have to fit, you just have to be a cog in the wheel. A real man is not respected. How can the society respect the real man? Hence Jesus is crucified, hence Buddha is stoned, hence Socrates is poisoned.

The society accepts these people only when they are dead. Then there is no problem because a dead Jesus cannot be rebellious, a dead Socrates cannot be rebellious, a dead Buddha becomes an *avatar*. An alive Buddha is dangerous, but a dead Buddha can be worshipped in a temple. Remember, whenever these great real people die, then people worship them. When they are alive, then people are very much against them. The same people who crucified Jesus have become Christians—the same people. The people are all the same. Jesus was intolerable, but a dead Jesus is perfectly okay—what can he do? A dead Jesus is in your hands: you interpret him, you put theories around him; he cannot have his own say, you speak through him. It always happens.

So if you really want to be an authentic person never be bothered too much about what the society says about it. I am not saying to go specifically against society, no—that is not rebellion, that is reaction. You go according to your nature. If it fits with the society, perfectly good, there is no need to go against. If it does not fit with the society, perfectly good, there is no need to follow the society.

There is a difference between the rebellious person and the reactionary.

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The reactionary is one who will go against society whatsoever the case may be: he has decided to go against the society even if the society is right. Sometimes the society is right, because the society cannot be absolutely wrong. . . even a mad person sometimes is right.

It happened:

A great political leader was addressing the inmates of a mad asylum, and he had spoken for only five, seven minutes when a madman stood up and said 'Stop this fool! He is mad! He does not know what he is talking about.'

Of course the politician was very angry and he said to the superintendent 'Throw out this man!'

And the superintendent said 'For the first time in seven years, he has said something significant, something meaningful. I cannot throw him out. Seven years he has been uttering nonsense. . . now, for the first time; something which is not nonsense! I cannot throw him out. But don't you be worried because the doctors say that this man can say only one thing in seven years which will be right. So don't be worried, he will not disturb again. In seven years, only for a single moment does he become sane, otherwise he remains insane.'

Even mad people sometimes say right things. Even this mad society sometimes is right, otherwise it would not exist. To exist at least *something* must be right, otherwise life would become impossible. A reactionary is just the same traditional person who has moved to the other extreme. The traditional person follows the society right or wrong. 'Right or wrong this is my country. Right or wrong this is my religion. Right or wrong this is my priest. Right or wrong this is my scripture.' That is the traditional man. Then one day somebody turns to just the other extreme. He says 'Right or wrong I am not going to follow the society.' This is the reactionary. They both are the same people, not different.

Who is a rebellious person? The rebellious person is one who does not bother about the society at all—he simply lives through his innermost core—who follows his Tao. If society fits with that inner Tao, good, he goes

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with the society; he is not reactionary. If the society does not fit with his inner Tao, he goes alone. He is not a traditional, conventional, straight person. His criterion is his inner soul.

'Gentleman' means one who has been persuaded by the society to sell his authentic being and to borrow a false mask from the society.

'Great is death! The gentleman finds rest in it...'

Now what has a gentleman to do with rest and death? A gentleman cannot find rest even in life, a gentleman is very much repressed. A gentleman has not allowed his whole being free play; he has denied a thousand and one things, those are boiling within him—how can he find rest? And if you cannot find rest in life, how are you going to find it in death? Then don't befool yourself, this is opium: you hope that something will happen in death which has never happened in life, you are under a drug.

The gentleman has never loved as he wanted to love, the gentleman has never been angry, the gentleman has never hated anybody—not that he has not hated, he has not shown it. All that the gentleman can do is to change his expressions; the inner being is never changed. Anger arises in him but he does not show it, he represses it. So he goes on and on accumulating a thousand and one things inside him which create the chaos, which are boiling inside. He can burst any moment—a gentleman is a dangerous person to live with. Never live with a gentleman, or with a lady. A woman is beautiful, a lady is ugly. A woman is natural, a lady is fabricated.

One bum arrived at the office of a psychiatrist, very beggarly, hungry, dirty, and the psychiatrist said 'I can see that you will not even have enough to pay the fee, but I feel sorry for you. What do you do for your living?'

And the bum said 'I have made three million fabricated houses.'

And the psychiatrist shouted 'This is a lie!'

And the bum laughed and he said 'Didn't I say they were all fabricated?'

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Fabricated—the gentleman, the lady, are fabricated people, just cultivated, painted, not true, not honest. When they feel anger they smile, when they hate you they embrace you. You can never depend on them, you can never decide when they are really smiling and when they are pretending. In fact, after long practice, even they cannot decide whether they were really laughing or just laughing, whether they really loved this woman or they were just pretending.

Many people come to me and they say 'We cannot decide whether there really is love or not.' One has lived in lies so long, maybe for so many lives, that one has lost track. One cannot even feel what is right and what is wrong, and what is true and what is untrue. Every day it happens: somebody comes and he says 'I am in love with this woman but I cannot decide whether I really love her.' What does it show? You have lost all contact with your own being, you have become alienated from yourself. A stranger to yourself you have become. This should be a simple thing. It is as if somebody says 'I cannot decide whether this rose is a real rose or just painted. I cannot decide.' What does it mean? 'I cannot decide whether these trees are green or somebody has just thrown green paint on them.' But these trees are outside you. Maybe sometimes you can be deceived—maybe the tree is false, is made of plastic—but about your own inner feelings you cannot decide. What does it show? It simply shows you have forgotten the language of truth. You have lied so long, so long, that *lies* have almost become your truth.

The gentleman is an inauthentic person. Never be a gentleman, never be a lady. Be human beings. These are roles, actings. Be true—it is *your life*. Be authentic so that it can grow, because all growth happens only when you are true and authentic. Maybe you will have to pay much—one has to pay; maybe there will be pain—all growth is through pain; maybe you will always be in difficulties, but nothing to be worried—they are worth it.

Socrates died, was poisoned, don't you ever feel jealous of him? You are alive, would you not like to exchange your life for Socrates' death? His death is more true than your life. Jesus was crucified. He was only thirty-three, he had not known much but would you not like to exchange

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... would you not be on the cross instead of living your bogus life? At least he was true—on the cross, but true.

You are untrue.

An untrue life is worse than a true death: a true death is better. An untrue happiness is worse than a true unhappiness—let this be remembered always. True tears are better than false smiles because growth comes through being true. Growth never comes through falsity, and the ideal of 'gentleman' is the ideal of the false man.

*'Great is death! The gentleman finds rest in it,
the mean man submits to it!'*

And remember this too: Confucius is always comparative. He always creates this distinction between the gentleman and the mean man, the superior and the inferior, the extraordinary and the ordinary. Tao says: Nobody is superior and nobody is inferior; nobody is great and nobody is mean, because we belong to one reality, to one Tao. How can we be mean or superior or inferior? That is impossible—we are made of the same stuff. It is God that pulsates in you, it is God that pulsates in me, it is God that pulsates in the trees and in the rocks. Nobody is superior and nobody is inferior. The very idea is egoistic, but the Confucian philosophy is centred on the ego.

Now this Tzu Kung says

*'Great is death! The gentleman finds rest in it,
the mean man submits to it!'*

Now he is enjoying that he is a great man, a gentleman, so he is persuaded by Confucius through his ego: 'You are a great man, a gentleman, a superior being. You will find rest in death. You are not mean, so don't be worried—only mean persons don't find rest in death. And don't hanker for rest in life' because that too is meanness according to Confucius. Rest is not possible, rest is escapism.

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Confucius was always worried about Lao Tzu and his teachings. It is said that once he went to see Lao Tzu. Of course, he was older than Lao Tzu so he wanted Lao Tzu to behave in a mannerly way, as an old man expects. But Lao Tzu was sitting and he would not even stand to greet him and he would not even say 'Sit down, sir' and he didn't pay much attention to him. He became very angry. 'What type of Master is this?' And he said 'Don't you follow any manners?'

Lao Tzu said 'If you feel like sitting, you sit; if you feel like standing, you stand. Who am I to say anything about it? It is your life. I don't interfere.'

Confucius was shocked. Then he asked something about the superior man, the gentleman, and Lao Tzu laughed and he said 'I have never come across any "superior" or "inferior". Men are men as trees are trees and everything participates in the same existence. Nobody is superior and nobody is inferior and it is all nonsense and rubbish!' He became very much afraid. And the man had tremendous silence around him; he was a pool of silence.

Confucius came back. His disciples asked 'What about Lao Tzu?'

He said 'Never go near this man, he is dangerous. If you come across a tiger, you can save your life in some way. If you come across a lion, you can save yourself. But this man is very dangerous. He is like a dragon, a flying dragon! He will kill you! Never go! Whenever you hear that Lao Tzu is around, escape!'

Confucius was very much worried about Lao Tzu's teaching. The teaching is so utterly different, so utterly true, so utterly amoral, so utterly rebellious and so utterly individual. It believes in no man-made laws, only in nature. Trust in nature is Tao.

And Lao Tzu says: You can rest in life, because even while you are walking you can remain unmoving. Your innermost centre can remain unmoving; you can become the centre of the cyclone. The wheel moves but the hub remains. The wheel goes on moving, but it moves on something which is not moving. Act, do, but remain a non-doer deep within. Talk, speak, but remain in silence deep within.

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Lao Tzu says: Let contradictions meet. Let paradoxes dissolve. Be paradoxical, because life is paradoxical. Live, and yet live as if you were dead. Then, when you die, die as if you were entering into another life—higher life, greater life. Let paradoxes meet, mingle, fuse, into one unity.

Confucian thought is of division, classification, categorisation: Life is life, life is struggle. Death is death, death is rest—clear-cut divisions.

Lao Tzu says: There are no distinctions, no clear-cut distinctions. Life is death, death is life. A man can live tremendously and yet deep down remain absolutely transcendental, away, far away, distant, not involved at all. You can walk through the river and your feet can remain untouched by the water; you can be a lotus flower. And that is the true life. You speak and yet you speak not. Something in you remains far away. You touch the earth and yet something in you remains high in the skies.

Confucian life will be a very ordinary life, very logical, mathematical, classified, but very ordinary. Taoist life is really extraordinary, very rich, because it contains the negative and the positive both, the yin and yang both, conflict and cooperation both, love and hate both, life and death both.

Always remember, let there be a harmony in the contradictions within you, then you will reach to the highest point and the highest peak. Don't choose one, choose both together. Be courageous. Don't be miserly in choosing. When life gives you a paradox, choose the whole paradox; swallow it all and whole, and digest it completely and you will become a flying dragon.

'Tzu Kung,' said Confucius 'you have understood.'

Of course, Confucius must have been very happy. He has converted the disciple back to the old rut.

'Tzu Kung, you have understood.'

He has missed the opportunity to understand, but Confucius says

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*'...you have understood. All men understand
the joy of being alive, but not its misery,
the weariness of growing old, but not its ease,
the ugliness of death, but not its repose.'*

Again the same division: There are few people who understand the beauty of life, but not the ugliness of it. Then there are some who understand the ugliness of life, but not the beauty of it. There are some who understand the ugliness of death, but not the repose of it. And then there are some who understand the repose of death, but not the ugliness of it—but both *are* the same. You choose one category, somebody else chooses another category.

Confucius is saying

*'Tzu Kung, you have understood. All men understand
the joy of being alive, but not its misery...'*

Again a split. He says

*'...men understand
the joy of being alive, but not its misery...'*

'You understand the misery of it. The weariness of growing old all men understand, but not its ease; you understand its ease. The ugliness of death all men understand, you understand its repose.'

But this is again *choice*. Both should be chosen together. Both should be chosen so much together that there is no choice. Life is ugly and life is beautiful, and death is ugly and death is beautiful, because existence exists through dialectical processes.

Your left leg moves because your right leg stands still: the movement becomes possible because one leg is standing still. Then your left leg stands still and your right leg moves: the movement is possible because of no-movement.

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I can speak to you because something deep inside is always silent. The word is meaningful, significant, only because of the silence. If there is no silence, then the word is meaningless, then it is gibberish. When the word is meaningful, always remember that the meaning comes through silence, silence pours into the word and the word becomes luminous.

Love is beautiful because there is the possibility of hate, otherwise love would be so sweet that it would create diabetes! Just sugar, sugar, sugar.... No, the salt is also needed; hate gives salt to life. Activity is good, but if there is no inactivity in it, it will create neurosis—obsessive action. Inactivity is good, but if there is no activity in it, it will be a sort of death, a lethargy, a dullness. Both are good, the whole is good.

Tao says: The whole is good. Don't choose. Let it be as it is. As it is, it is a wise arrangement. There cannot be a better world than this. There is no possibility of any improvement. You accept both, and through that acceptance, you transcend.

This Tzu Kung was just close to the door through which he would have escaped into the open sky. He has been misled again. Remember, in your life also there will be many moments when you can escape, but your past is heavy—it pulls you back. Confucius could succeed because Tzu Kung's whole past was nothing but theories, words, philosophies, doctrines; and they understand each other's language. He pulled him back. Again that great moment was missed. And these great moments come very rarely.

Sometimes I see somebody come to me; he wants to be initiated into sannyas, but then he says 'But I am hesitating.' And I watch. He is just standing at the door through which he can escape, but he is hesitating: the past pulls him back. Now it depends. If you are courageous you take the step, because you know your past—it has not satisfied you—so what is the point of falling back into it again?

This Tzu Kung knows that he has become weary of study, now what will he do with Confucius? There is study and study and study... nothing else! Confucius knows no meditation, he believes in no ecstasy; he is just a moral teacher—very earthly. He does not know anything greater than society, bigger than society; he has a very narrow outlook. Now what is he going to do? He will be studying again, he will be again pondering

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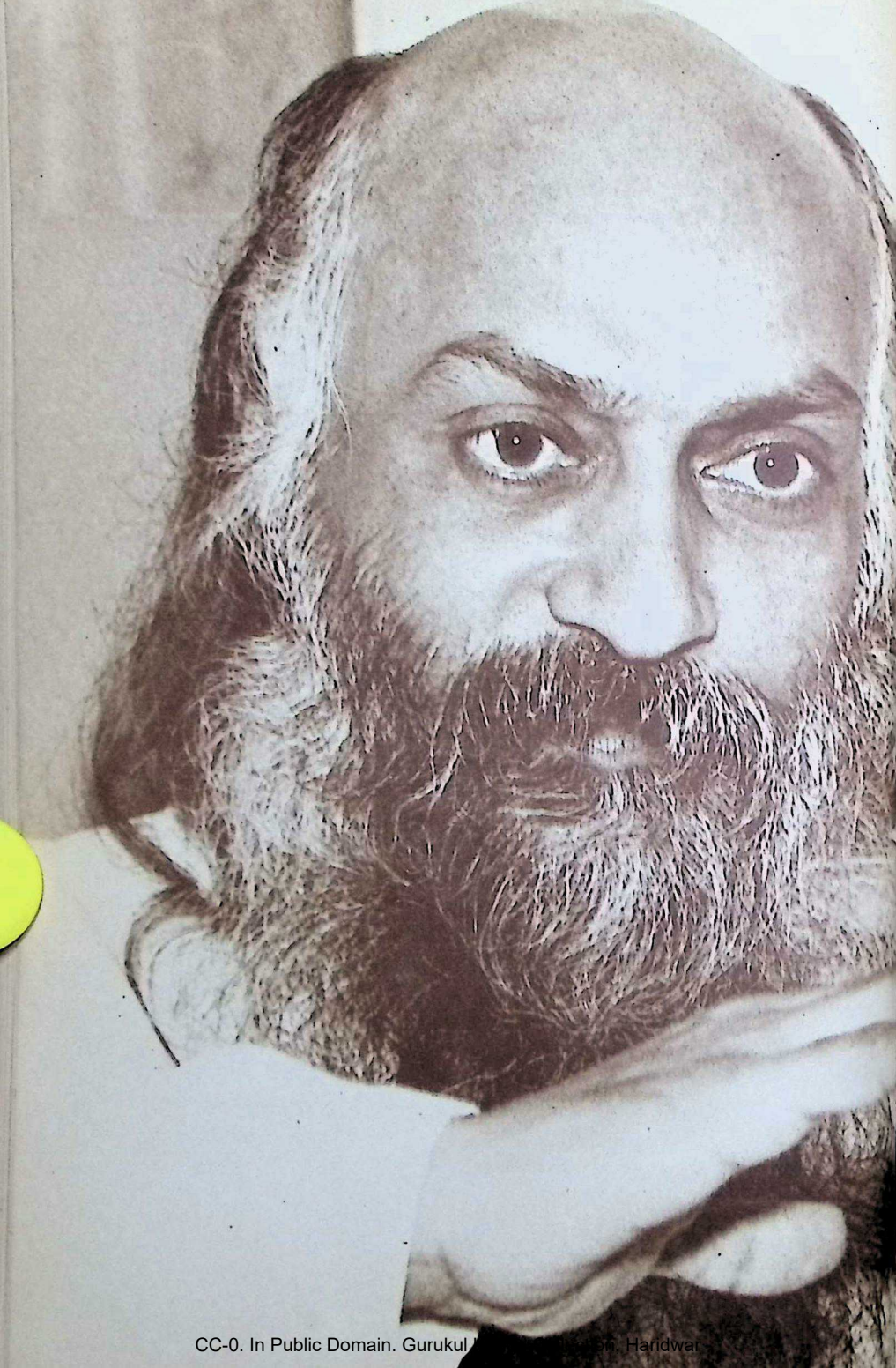
over the books, the old, traditional, rotten books he will be studying... again. That he has been doing!

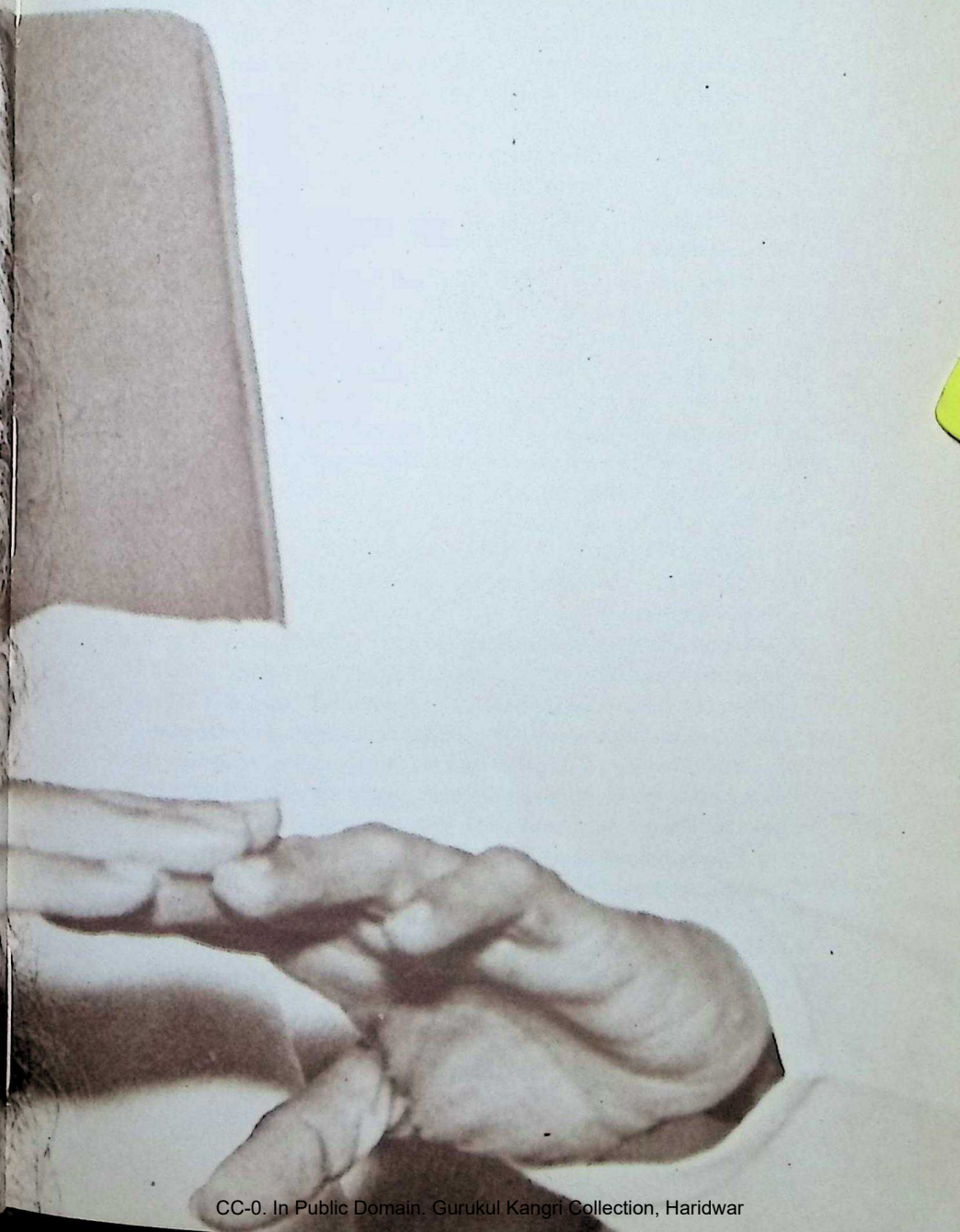
Always remember that when a new moment, a new insight, hovers around you, choose the new because the old has not done anything for you, so what is the point of going back? Even if the new proves wrong, then too, choose the new. At least it will be a new adventure; you will come to know something. Even if you don't reach the goal, at least you will have learned some courage to move into the unknown, to embrace the unknown. That will be your gain. But never choose the old. Whenever there is a possibility for the new, go into the new. And go *fast* because the old is very heavy—it will pull you back.

Again and again I see a few people just sitting before me, hanging between their past and their present. Remember, present is very small and past is very long, so of course its weight is big. Unless you are very courageous you will never get out of it. It is very comfortable and convenient to remain with the past, but comfort and convenience are nothing. Growth is all.

Grow.

If growth comes through discomfort, inconvenience—good. Then inconvenience is good, beneficial; then discomfort is good, beneficial. But always remember one thing: Go on growing. Don't become a rut. Don't start moving in the same vicious circle again and again and again.





Putting Shoes On A Snake

Can one believe in Tao, not interfering with other people's lives, accepting what is now, and by profession be a psychotherapist? What, or how, is a Tao way of doing therapy?

It is from Poonam.

It is of tremendous significance.

The first thing: 'Can one believe in Tao...?'

Tao does not depend on belief. You cannot believe in it. Tao knows no belief system. It does not say 'Believe.' That's what other religions do. Tao is the dropping of all belief systems. Then arises a totally new kind of trust—trust in life. Belief means believing in concepts. Concepts are *about* life. Trust is not concerned with concepts. Trust is immediate, direct, in life; it is not about life. Belief is far away from life. The stronger the belief, the greater the barrier. Tao is neither a belief nor a disbelief but the dropping of all beliefs and disbeliefs. When you drop all beliefs and disbeliefs and you are immediate, in contact with life, a trust arises, a great 'yes' arises in your being. That 'yes' transforms, transforms totally.

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So the first thing you ask: 'Can one believe in Tao...?' No, it is not a belief. Don't approach through the door of belief otherwise you will reach into a philosophy, into a religion, into a church, into a dogma, but you will never reach into life. Life simply is. It is not a doctrine preached by somebody. Life is simply there all around you within and without. Once you don't look through words, concepts, verbalisations, it reveals to you; everything becomes so crystal clear, so transparent. In that transparency you are not separate from it—how can you believe in it or disbelieve in it? *You are it*. That is the way of Tao: to become Tao.

The second thing: 'Can one believe in Tao, not interfering with other people's lives...?' Once you have stopped interfering with your own life, you have stopped interfering with others' lives. If you continue to interfere with your own life, you are bound to interfere with others' lives. That is just a reflection, that is just a shadow. Stop interfering with your own life, then suddenly all interference disappears because that is absurd. Life is already going where it needs to go, why interfere?

The river is already flowing towards the ocean, why interfere? Why direct it? If you start directing the river, you kill it—it becomes a channel. Then it is no more a river, then the life has disappeared, then it is a prisoner. Then you can force it anywhere you want to take it, but there will be no song and no dance; it will be carrying a corpse. The river was alive, the channel is dead. The channel is just a river for the name's sake. It is not a river, because to be a river means to be free, to flow, to seek, to follow one's own intrinsic nature. Not being directed, not being pulled and pushed, not being manipulated is the very quality of being a river. Once you have understood that you grow when you don't interfere in your own life, when you understand that you grow when nobody interferes in your life, how can you interfere in anybody else's life?

But if you interfere with your own life, if you have some ideal of how it should be, the ideal brings interference. The 'should' is the interference. If you have some ideal: that you have to be like Jesus or like Buddha or like Lao Tzu, that you have to be a perfect man or a perfect woman, that you have to be this and that, then you will interfere. You have a map, you have a direction, you have a fixed future. Your future is already dead, you have converted your future into past. It is no more a

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new phenomenon: you have converted it into a dead thing. You will carry the corpse, you will interfere in everything because whenever you will feel you are going astray—and by astray I mean astray from the ideal.... Nobody has ever gone astray, nobody *can* go astray. It is not possible to commit error. Let me repeat it: It is impossible to go astray because wherever you go is God and whatsoever you do culminates into divinity. All acts are naturally transformed into the ultimate—good and bad, all. Sinner and saint, all reach to God.

God is not something that you can avoid, but if you have some ideal you can postpone. You cannot avoid: sooner or later, God is going to take possession of you, but you can postpone. You can postpone infinitely—that is your freedom. Having an ideal means you are against God.

Gurdjieff used to say that all religions are against God, and he has something; he has a great insight into it. All religions are against God because all religions have given ideologies, ideals. No ideal is needed, no ideology is needed. One should live a simple, ordinary life; one should allow God to do whatsoever he wants. If he wants you to be this way, good. If he wants you to be that way, good. Let his kingdom come, let *his* will be done—that is the Taoist attitude. Then there is no interference. When there is no ideal there is no interference. And once you enjoy the freedom that comes when you don't have any ideals, how can you interfere in anybody's life?

You interfere in the lives of your children, you interfere in the life of your wife, your husband, your brother, your friend, your beloved. You can interfere only because you think that by interference you are helping them. You are crippling them. Your interference is like what Zen people say—they have the right expression—they say: Putting shoes on a snake. You are helping, you may be making a great effort, doing great things—putting shoes on a snake—thinking 'How will the snake walk without shoes? There may be difficulty and the roads are rough and there are thorns also. Life is full of thorns, so help the snake—put shoes on the snake.' You will kill the snake.

All effort to improve upon people is just like that, but it is a natural corollary: if you are trying to improve yourself, you will try to improve

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others. Your own disease goes on overflowing onto others. Once you stop improving upon yourself, once you accept yourself *as you are* unconditionally, with no grudge, with no complaint; once you start loving yourself as you are, all interference disappears.

The third thing: Accepting what is now, can one by profession be a psychotherapist? He will be a therapist but in a totally different sense—not in the Freudian sense, he will be in the real sense a therapist. And what is the real sense of 'therapist'? He will allow freedom; he will simply be a presence, a light, a joy. He is not going to change the patient, though the patient will be changed. He will not make any effort to make him well. He will not make any effort to make him normal. He will not make any effort to help him to be adjusted to this neurotic society. He will not try to do anything. He will simply be a presence, a catalytic agent. He will love. He will share his energy with the patient, he will shower his energy on the patient. And remember, *love* is real therapy; everything else is secondary.

In fact, there are so many psychiatric patients in the world because they have not been loved, nobody has loved them—that's why they have gone berserk. They have lost contact with their centre, because it is only in love that one becomes centred. Their illness is not the real problem; the real problem is that deep down they have never been loved, that they have never known the milieu of love. So a Taoist therapist will simply give his love, his understanding, his vision. He will share his energy and he will not in any way interfere.

And the healing is going to happen. Healing will happen, not by any effort of the therapist but by his no-effort, by his inactivity, by his tremendous passivity. Have you watched it happen? Sometimes you are ill and you call the doctor, and the doctor comes; and suddenly just his entering the room and you are no longer as ill as you were before. He has not given you any medicine, just his presence, his care, his love. He just puts his hand on your head, takes your pulse, and suddenly you feel a change is happening. And he has not done anything, no medicine has been given, he has not even diagnosed. Even before diagnosis, if the doctor is a loving person, fifty per cent of the illness has disappeared.

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And for the remaining fifty per cent, he has to do something because he also does not know that man cannot heal anybody. It is always God who heals. Man can only become a passage for the healing energy—that's why healing works. Just three, four persons—loving persons—sit around the patient holding hands, singing a song, chanting, and suddenly the patient feels a tremendous upsurge, a transformation, happening. What is happening? These four persons, in love, have become vehicles of God, for Tao.

Somebody can be a therapist. Tao is not against therapy, but the therapy will have a different quality. It will be *wu wei*, it will be action in inaction, it will be feminine. It will not be aggressive, it will not force the patient to be healed; it will simply persuade. It will simply seduce the patient to be healthy, that's all. There is going to be a great seduction. The therapist is centred, grounded, is flowing; his presence, his light, his love, will help the patient's energy to come up, to surface in his being. It was always there—he has lost contact.

In Zen temples they treat mad people. They don't do anything. They take care. When they pray, the mad person comes and sits, and they are not praying for the mad person at all—that is not their concern. They are praying as usual, they are chanting as usual, and the mad person sits there. One hundred Buddhist monks chanting, and the beautiful chant, and the vibe, and the atmosphere, and the silence of a Zen community, and the trees, and the rock garden, and the whole atmosphere of it...and the patient simply sits. In fact they don't even call him a patient, because to call a patient a 'patient' is to fix the idea in his mind that he is ill. It is a suggestion; it is very dangerous. They don't call him a patient—a person who needs prayer, a person who needs meditation, a person who needs relaxation, but not a patient; not that he is ill, not that something has gone wrong, that he is a nut, no.

The very idea that somebody is a nut gives him the fixation 'I am a nut', and he goes on repeating it and he tries hard not to be a nut. And there is a certain law discovered by hypnotists, they call it 'the law of reverse effect'. If you try too much not to be a nut, you will become a nut. You can try and see. Try for seven days not to be a nut—

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continuously remain conscious 'not to be a nut', watch every act that you do—and within seven days, you will go nuts. The continuous repetition will create the reverse effect. In a Zen monastery what they think about the person is that he needs relaxation, that he was too much in the world and has become too tense, that he is too tired, that's all. No disvalue in it, just compassion. He is not hospitalised, he is sent to a temple.

Temples used to function in the old times as the places of therapy. The temple is the right place for therapy, because the very idea is different. You are not a patient, you are not to be hospitalised, you are not to lie down on the psychiatrist's couch; you go to the temple. You go to the temple to renew your contact with God. To renew your contact with God because he is the source of healing and health and wholeness.

Yes, a person can be a psychotherapist. In fact, only a Taoist can be an authentically real psychotherapist. But he will not be the doer. He will be just a vehicle, a medium.

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I imagine you can talk about all the 'traps' of growth because you experienced these problems in your life. Would you be willing to talk about your real life experiences rather than just the abstracted, impersonal concepts?

The real cannot be talked about. The moment you talk about the real it becomes an abstract concept. The moment something is expressed it becomes a concept. That's why Lao Tzu says: The Tao that can be talked about is no longer Tao. The truth that can be uttered becomes a lie. The real cannot be talked about, the real can only be experienced. And it is good that the real cannot be talked about, otherwise people

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would simply gather words about the real and forget about experiencing it. By its very nature reality is elusive, it never comes into words.

So all that I can do is to show you the traps so that you can avoid the traps. If you can avoid all the traps you will fall into the real. That is the ancientmost method; the Upanishads call it *neti neti*, 'neither this nor that'. They say: Show the disciple this is not true, that is not true. Go on showing him what is not true. When you have covered the whole field, when you have shown him everything that is not true, then suddenly he will become aware of truth because now only truth is left. So all that I can do is to talk about the traps.

The question is relevant. Many people think 'You should talk only about God, about truth, about *moksha*, *nirvana*. Why should you talk about jealousy, hatred, anger?' Because if you go to other ashrams in India you will not find therapies there. You will not find encounter groups, you will not find gestalt groups, you will not find bioenergetics, you will not find Rolfing and Structural Integration. No, they simply read the scripture, they talk about truth. Here the whole approach is totally different, because you can go on talking about truth and it is meaningless unless the traps are broken. My whole effort here is to break all the traps. Once traps are broken, blocks are removed, the stream of truth flows. It is not a question of the stream, it is only a question of the rocks that are blocking the path.

The whole approach has to be understood, and that's what I go on doing while I am talking. You may be surprised because for all of these few days I have not been talking about Tao, rather I have been criticising Confucius. He is the trap; he has to be broken, demolished completely, with no compassion. He has to be smashed to pieces and bits, and thrown. Once Confucius is gone. Lao Tzu enters. You would like to invite Lao Tzu but Confucius is sitting on the throne; he has to be dethroned first. Once he is dethroned, suddenly you will see Lao Tzu has always been there—the presence of Confucius was hiding him.

Neti neti—the negative approach: my approach is negative. I will never talk about reality because it cannot be talked about. I only talk about what is unreal, what is wrong. Once you understand the false as the false, you will become capable of knowing the real as the real.

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Bhagwan, when am I going to become enlightened?

Please don't be in such a hurry because I will be left without business. This is not fair. If I have so much compassion for you, you should have at least a little compassion towards me too. Go slowly. Let me also enjoy the Masterhood.

The psychiatrist leaned heavily on the bar and began to drink long, hard doubles. His face was wreathed in sorrow and he was, at the same time, ominously sad. Another psychiatrist happened by.

'John!' he exclaimed: 'John! My good fellow. You don't seem to be yourself tonight. Care to tell me about it?'

'There isn't much to tell' John replied. 'Remember that rich nut I was treating for years? The one who practically kept me in business from the start?'

'I certainly do. You mean the one who kept dreaming for thirty years that he was still in high school?'

John nodded.

'What happened?'

'Last week he graduated.'

Don't graduate so fast. Go slowly. Even if you want to be in a hurry, remember it: there are things which cannot be done in a hurried way, and enlightenment is one of those things.

If you hurry you will never arrive. If you go slowly, there is a possibility of arriving. And if you don't go anywhere at all, if you simply sit where you are, you have arrived. It is not a question of any distance that has to be travelled; it is not a goal far away. Naturally, if the goal is far away you can go faster.

Mulla Nasruddin works in an office, and he lives just in front of the office and is always late. The boss, tired one day, said 'This is too much. I have been telling you again and again and again. Don't you see? The other person who works with you and lives three miles away is always on time, and you live just in front of the office and are always late.'

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Mulla Nasruddin said 'It is simple, it is logical. If he is late he can hurry... three miles. If I am late, I am late—there is no way to hurry. The gap... he can run, he can take a taxi. But what to do? If I am late, I am late. I am just in front of the office—there is no way to hurry.'

Remember, enlightenment is not somewhere else, neither in space nor in time, it is here-now. And if you hurry too much you will go astray, you will go far away. The whole thing is to slow down—to slow down so deeply that one day *nothing* moves in you. In that very moment, in that moment of no-movement, you will become enlightened.

Particularly for the Western mind speed is an obsession. They think that from the bullock cart they have come to the jet, so why can't speedy methods be developed for enlightenment? If the coffee can be instant, then why can't *nirvana* be instant? But they don't understand, because *nirvana* is not somewhere else, otherwise it could have been possible to go with speed. It is already the case. You have to come only where you are. You have to be that which you already are. So the faster you go, the further away you will reach—far away from enlightenment. It is not a question of reaching, it is not a question of arriving—you have to simply slow down. And that's what the whole teaching of Tao is, and my teaching too.

Slow down. Relax. Forget ideals. Forget that there is any future. Let this moment be all. Relax. Enjoy the small things of life, so that you are not going, so that you are not always projecting some desire into the future. You don't have any future.

Then one day it happens: you have fallen tremendously into the present moment; nothing moves. In that moment of no-movement one simply recognises who am I. All these meditations that you are doing here are only to help you to relax, to forget the future, to be here-now. Singing, dancing, chanting, humming... it is a present-moment activity: you get absorbed into it. Listening to me is a meditation: you get absorbed into it. You are not worrying about going anywhere, you are simply here with me.

In the East, *satsanga* has been one of the most valuable methods for enlightenment. The East has said that if you are in the presence of the

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Master, nothing else is needed. Just be in his presence, just sit silently with him, just be with him and enlightenment will take care of itself. Whenever the right moment comes it will happen. You need not worry about it, you need not plan it, otherwise you will be in a turmoil: 'When is this enlightenment going to happen?' Then enlightenment has also become a desire, a greed, a lust.

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You said the other day that duty was a four-letter word, but I have also heard you say many times that you want your samnyasins to be tremendously responsible. Please tell me, are not a sense of duty and a sense of responsibility the same thing? I hope, beloved Bhagwan, that I am not confusing you!

You cannot...because I am utterly confused. You cannot confuse me any more. I am absolutely confused.

Duty and responsibility are synonyms in the dictionary, but not in life. In life they are not only different, they are diametrically opposite. Duty is other-oriented, responsibility is self-oriented. When you say 'I have to do it', it is a duty. 'Because my mother is ill, I have to go and sit by her side.' Or, 'I have to take flowers to the hospital. I have to do it, she is my mother.' Duty is other-oriented: you don't have any responsibility. You are fulfilling a social formality—because she is your mother; you don't love her. That's why I say that duty is a four-letter, dirty, word. If you love your mother, you will not say 'This is a duty.' If you love your mother, you will go to the hospital, you will take the flowers, you will serve your mother, you will be by her bedside, you will massage her feet, you will feel for her, but it will not be a duty—it will be responsibility. You will respond out of your heart.

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Responsibility means the capacity to respond. Your heart vibrates, you feel for her, you care for her; not that she is your mother—that is irrelevant—you love the woman. She is your mother—or not, that is secondary—but you love the woman, you love the woman as a person. It is a flowing from your heart. And you will not feel that you have obliged her, and you will not go advertising all around that you are such a duty-fulfilling son. You will not feel that you have done something. You have not done anything. What have you done? Just taking a few flowers to the mother who is ill and you feel that you have done a great obligation? That's why I say that duty is dirty. The very word is dirty: it is other-oriented.

Responsibility has a totally different dimension: you love, you care, you feel; it comes out of your feeling. Duty comes out of thinking that she is your mother—'that's why', 'therefore'; it is a syllogism, it is logical. You go somehow, dragging yourself, you would like to escape, but what can you do? Your respectability is at stake. What will people say? Your mother is ill and you are enjoying yourself in the club and you are dancing, and your mother is ill? No, your ego will be hurt. If you could avoid this mother without your respectability being affected and your ego being affected, you would like to avoid. You will go to the hospital and you will be in a hurry to rush away, you will find some reason. 'I have to go, because there is an appointment.' There may not be. You want to avoid this woman, you don't want to be with her; even five minutes are too much. You don't love.

Duty I am against, but responsibility—yes, I say that my sannyasins have to be tremendously responsible. And once you drop duty you are free to be responsible.

In my childhood my grandfather used to like his feet to be massaged and he would call anybody—whosoever was passing. He was very old and he would say 'Will you massage my feet?'

Sometimes I would say yes and I would massage, and sometimes I would say no. He became intrigued. He said 'What is the matter? Sometimes you say yes—and nobody massages my feet as lovingly as you do—but sometimes you simply say no.'

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I said 'Whenever it is a duty I say no. Whenever it is a responsibility, I do it.'

He said 'What is the difference?'

I said 'This is the difference. When *I* feel love, when *I* would like to massage your feet, then I do it. When I feel it is just a formality—because you have asked and I have to do it—my mind will not be here because the children are playing outside and they are inviting me. . . . I will not be here at all, then I don't want to do it because that is ugly.' So sometimes it would happen that I had to say no to him when he wanted a massage, and sometimes I would simply go to him and ask 'Would you like a little massage? I am in the mood. I will really do a beautiful job. You allow me.'

Do whatsoever comes out of your feeling, out of your heart; never repress your heart. Never follow your mind because mind is a social by-product, it is not your reality. Move out of your reality. Function out of your reality. Don't function out of principles, etiquette, patterns of behaviour, what Confucius calls 'gentlemanly'. Don't be a gentleman, be a man—that's enough, be a woman—that's enough. And be truly a man, truly a woman. Sometimes you will feel like doing something; do, pour your heart in it, it will be a beautiful flowering. Sometimes you won't want to do, say so, be clear about it; there is no need to camouflage it.

*

Why does one cling to the old? Why is one afraid of the new?

There is a natural reason in it. With the old one is efficient, with the new one is awkward. With the old you know what to do, with the new you will have to learn from ABC. With the new you start feeling ignorant.

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With the old you are knowledgeable: you have done something again and again, you can do it mechanically, you need not have any awareness, With the new you will have to be alert, aware, otherwise something may go wrong.

Have you not watched it? When you learn driving, you are so alert. When you have learned it, you forget about it. You sing a song, you listen to the radio, you talk to the friend or you think a thousand and one thoughts, and driving continues as a mechanical thing, robot-like—you are not needed. The old becomes mechanical, habitual. That's why with the new comes fear. That's why children are capable of learning. The older you grow, the less is the capacity to learn. It is very difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. He will repeat the old tricks again and again; those tricks he knows.

I have heard....

The foreign diplomat was unable to speak English. When the lunch-bell rang at the United Nations Assembly he stood behind a man at the food counter and heard him order apple-pie and coffee. So he ordered apple-pie and coffee too. For the next two weeks he kept ordering apple-pie and coffee. Finally he decided he wanted to try something else so he listened attentively while another man ordered a ham sandwich.

'Ham sandwich' he said to the counterman.

'White or rye?' the counterman asked.

'Ham sandwich' the diplomat repeated.

'White or rye?' the counterman asked again.

'Ham sandwich' the diplomat repeated.

The counterman grew very angry. 'Look, Mac' he roared shaking his fist under the diplomat's nose, 'do you want it on white or rye?'

'Apple-pie and coffee' answered the diplomat.

Who should take such a bother? It is getting too dangerous, that's why one goes on with the old. But if you live with the old, you don't live at all, you live only for the name's sake.

Only with the new is life.

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Only with the new, and only with the new is life. Life has to be fresh. Remain a learner, never become a knower. Remain open, never become closed. Remain ignorant, go on throwing the knowledge that accumulates—automatically, naturally. Each day, each moment, free yourself from all that you have known and again become a child. To become so innocent, like a child, is the way to live and to live abundantly.

*

Is the childishness of senility anything to do with awareness? Is senility a disease of the West only? What is senility?

It has nothing to do with East or West. East and West may differ on the surface—deep down there is no difference. Man is man... maybe a few different patterns in the East and a few different patterns in the West, but they are on the surface; they are only skin deep. Just scratch a little and East and West both disappear. Deep down is humanity, one.

This question is significant. 'Is the childishness of senility anything to do with awareness?' And, 'What is senility?'

Senility is becoming old without becoming mature. Senility is growing old without growing up. Then, as the end result, the senile person becomes very childish because his child has never become a grown-up; he has always been hiding the child inside him. He was occupied in a thousand and one things of the world and the child was waiting and waiting. Now he has become retired, now all those occupations are gone and his energy also is weakening, so all those controls are also gone. Because when you control yourself and you pretend something that you are not and you hide something that you are, great energy is needed. The old man is naturally losing energy; his control is gone, he cannot control, so that which is hidden inside him surfaces: he again becomes childish.

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But remember, that is not what Jesus means when he says: Only those who are like children will be capable of entering into the kingdom of God. Child-likeness is not childishness. Child-likeness comes only when a person is not only growing in age but is growing up, is becoming integrated inside. It is not only a physiological phenomenon that he is sixty, but psychologically, spiritually, he has become a grown-up person, mature, ripe. Then, in the end, the person becomes child-like, innocent.

Childishness is not a value, it is a disvalue. Child-likeness is a great value. To be child-like means that the circle is complete: the man has lived life, lived and loved, experienced all that was available and has come to conclude that there is nothing more valuable than innocence. He has known—known that knowledge is futile, so he has dropped knowledge. He has known all the cunning ways of the world—he has been cunning, he has been deceptive, he has been deceived, others have been cunning towards him—he has known all that, but he has grown-up and he has come to conclude that that is just useless, meaningless. Deceiving, deceived—all is a game; it does not lead you anywhere, it is a dream. He has dropped all those games.

A really mature person is one who has no more obsessions with any game. He lives simply, innocently, without any pretensions and without any masks. That is the innocent person: a grown-up person become innocent, child-like. Simply getting old in age, one becomes senile, ugly, rotten; and one day, when your energies are gone, your childishness surfaces and the old person starts behaving in foolish ways.

Remember, to be foolish is one thing and to be innocent is totally another. Sometimes they look similar, but they are not. An innocent person may sometimes look foolish, but he is not foolish. You can cheat him, but he is not foolish; and while you are cheating him he is feeling compassion for you. One day you will understand that you were a fool, he was not a fool. A foolish person looks innocent, but is not innocent. He is also cunning, though his cunningness is not a very developed quality, his cunningness is not very complex. He is also cunning, but people are more cunning than him—he is relatively less cunning, so he looks foolish. An innocent person looks similar to the foolish one, but he is not.

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Childishness is foolishness, stupidity: idiotic it is. Child-likeness is totally different: it is a flowering of innocence. St. Francis is child-like, Jesus is child-like, Lao Tzu is child-like.

*

The last time I was here I saw myself as a beggar; this time a thief. Please comment.

You are growing well! This is the spiritual path. A disciple, when he first comes to the Master, is naturally like a beggar. He is begging, he is tremendously desirous, greedy; he goes on asking this and that. When you have grown a little into the world of discipleship you become a thief. Then you start feeling that truth cannot be given, it can only be stolen.

Yes, this is the way in which a disciple grows. Truth has to be stolen from the Master, it cannot be given. You will have to be very, very intelligent, aware, to steal it away. If I could give it to you it would have been simple, but I cannot give. You have to become very, very alert.

Do you know that the art of the thief is the art of awareness? When a thief enters into somebody's house in the dark night—no light—he may not have entered the house before, he may not know the topography of the house at all, but still he functions well. He moves in somebody else's house, which he has never entered, as if it were his own house. He has a tremendous confidence. And he moves so alertly that he does not make a single sound; his breathing is very quiet, he moves as if he were not there. Great art.

It is said about one Zen Master that he used to send his disciples to learn the art of stealing. He used to send them to a master thief. 'Go to the master thief and learn such self-confidence as a thief has, such awareness, such cautious alertness, such mindfulness—because a thief

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has to be very, very mindful, he needs presence of mind.' You cannot rehearse it—it is not acting, you cannot prepare for it. Nobody knows what is going to happen. You cannot arrange for it, you cannot prepare for it—anything is possible. It is very accidental.

It is said about a master, a master who was well known all over Japan and was a master thief, that his son asked him 'Now you are getting old, teach me your art.' The old man said 'Okay, but this is such an art as cannot be taught. It is more like a knack—not like knowledge, but I will try. You come with me tonight.'

The young man was very afraid, but the old man—who was very old, seventy years old—the old man went and broke open a wall. And the man was perspiring although it was a cold night, and he was trembling. But the father was working so at ease, as if this were his own house. He broke open a hole, he entered and called the son. He went in, but his breathing was so chaotic that he could not control it, and the father was as if he were not breathing. Then the father took him in. He opened many doors and they went to the main chamber of the house where he opened a cupboard and told the son 'Go in and bring the best dresses there are.' And the son went in and the father locked the door, made a loud noise and ran away.

Now the whole house was awake and everybody started searching—where was the thief? The wall had been broken, certainly. And this young man—inside the cupboard and the cupboard locked—started thinking 'Has my father gone mad? Is this the way to teach?' And he started praying to God 'This is my first and last, I will never even think about it.' Then a servant came with a candle and he looked around, and suddenly the young man found that he was making a noise like rats make. It was very intuitive.

And the servant opened the door and looked in. The young man blew out the candle, rushed out with the whole house and the servants and the neighbours following him. And he came by the side of a well, he threw a big rock in it and stood by the side, behind a tree. The whole house and the servants and the neighbours all gathered at the well. They thought that the thief had jumped in, and they said 'Now there is no problem.

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In the morning we will see, either he will be dead or he will go to the jail.' And they went back.

Now the son came back home, and the father was fast asleep and snoring. He pulled back the blanket, threw the blanket and said 'Have you gone mad?' And the father said 'Now there is no problem. You are back, so you have learned the art. Now go to sleep and from tomorrow you start on your own.' But the son said 'Tell me why you did this!' The father said 'It is not a question of teaching—it is intuitive art. Such things happen, so I left you in a very accidental situation. Such things happen! This is no ordinary art, but now you have come back home I know you are a born thief, you are my son.'

Good, Ramananda. This question is from Ramananda.

Last time you were a beggar, now you are thief. Be really a master thief.

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What is rationalisation?

Rationalisation is a pseudo reasoning—it looks like reason, but is not. In life you use it every day. You come from the office angry, the boss was nasty but you could not be angry there; there you had to smile. He was shouting at you, screaming at you, and you were smiling; you were as soft as butter, you swallowed anger. You wanted to kill the man then and there, but that is not economical and can lead you into danger. So now you come back home, now you start searching in a very unconscious way to find some excuse so that you can throw out your anger. And your small child comes dancing and singing, and you are angry, and you say 'Not a single moment's peace! Stop! The whole day I have been tired

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and I come home and there is no peace even here.' And you get angry.

Now, rationally, you manage—as if the child has disturbed you. The child has always been that way but today you are angry, now you rationalise. Or you don't like the food that the wife has prepared—not that the food is bad, but you are searching, you are groping in the dark for some excuse. And then, if the food is not good, or you can prove that the food is not good—which is very easy, then you explode at the wife and you rationalise. But you don't look at the real reason.

If you really want to be awake and alert and if you really want to be a religious person, you will have to drop all rationalisations. These rationalisations are very tricky: because of these rationalisations you can never look deep inside yourself. You find a thousand and one ways to persuade yourself, to pretend. These pretensions have to be dropped. If you are angry, let it be clear to you that it is anger. Better go to the wife and say 'Do something wrong please. I am angry and I want to throw it.' That will be better, more alert. You tell your son 'Shout! Jump! Break something! I am very angry and I would like to throw it on you. Help me.' That will be more conscious.

If you start living consciously, by and by you will see that you have been rationalising and rationalising in your life. You have not done anything else.

Let me tell you few anecdotes that will give you some different angles of rationalisation.

There was a row in a small town between a Christian group of citizens and the Jewish community. The Christians were unveiling a statue of Jesus, when a Christian became involved with a Jew. The Jew picked up a large stone and threw it at his enemy but struck the statue instead, knocking off its head. He had not intended it, but he could not let the incident go to loss—a Jew never allows anything to go to loss.

'There you are' he shouted triumphantly. 'If that had been Moses he would have ducked.'

Now this is a rationalisation. One has to find a way to escape out of it and one has to use it for one's own benefit. You never allow anything

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to go to loss: good, bad, nectar, poison—whatsoever: you try to use it for your own profit. But by and by this becomes such a deep-rooted habit that you completely forget about real reasons.

The fighter had a good chance to capture the championship if he trained diligently, but he couldn't break the habit of indulging in New York night-life. Finally his manager was forced to lay down the law. 'Either you quit the night life until after the bout' he ordered 'or I'll cancel the bout on the grounds that you're out of condition.'

The fighter agreed to behave himself and all went well for about a week. Then the manager found the fighter sneaking into camp at four in the morning. 'Well, what's your alibi this time?' the manager asked in disgust.

'I heard a noise' the fighter explained 'so I got up to investigate.'

'Yeah, well how come you're all dressed up in a tuxedo?'

'I thought it might be a lady burglar.'

One goes on and on defending oneself, creating more and more lies around oneself. If you look at yourself honestly, you will find nothing but a bundle of lies. That's why people don't look at themselves, because it is horrible to look at: the whole thing is just a lie. Socrates says 'Know thyself.' The Upanishads say 'Look within.' Jesus and Buddha and Lao Tzu—they all go on teaching 'Close your eyes and go within.' But you cannot go, because whenever you look within there are lies and lies, queues upon queues of lies. It is horrible to look at those lies that you have lived, that you have pretended to live.

A man who is really in search of truth has to drop all of these rationalisations.

Three textile men were seated in Feuerstein's, the Lindy's of the Lower East Side, and discussing the finer things life has to offer.

'The best' said Nat Pineus 'is a nice juicy steak, smothered in onions and mushrooms with crisp french-fried potatoes.'

'I don't agree' answered Lou Goldberg. 'The best is borscht, a boiled potato and a good piece of herring.'

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Sharfman shook his head. 'I'm sorry, gentlemen, to me the best is a date with Lana Turner, Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.'

'Aha' replied Pineus and Goldberg 'and who's talking about the *very* best?'

Immediately—they were talking about the best. Now they say 'Who's talking about the *very* best?' You can always find a loop-hole to protect yourself; and the mind is very cunning. If you really want to get out of the cunningness of the mind—which is not deceiving anybody but yourself—you will have to find out how the mind has become trained in finding rationalisations, loop-holes, false reasons, pretensions, masks, lies. It has really become a great inventive force in your life.

And it is not about big things. About small things too... your smile, the way you look at people, the way you walk—all are lies. You never walk as if you were alone on the earth. You never smile as if the smile were coming from your inner being. It is always a pretension; it is always a language, a gesture. Look at people and you will find a mess. Their eyes say one thing, their lips say another thing; their words say one thing, their hands are expressing something else. But nobody looks, because everybody is so much drowned in his own lies—how can you look at others?

Gurdjieff took his disciples far away to a Russian town, Tiflis, for three months. They kept absolutely silent for three months; silence was really absolute—not even through gestures had they to show anything, not even through eyes had they to recognise that somebody else was present. And in one, simple, small house, thirty persons. And each had to live as if he were alone. Twenty-seven left—only three were left in the house.

After three months, Gurdjieff brought these three persons to Tiflis town and said to them 'Look around.'

Ouspensky was one of these three disciples, and Ouspensky writes in his diary 'I could not believe. I saw dead people walking... lies and lies and lies. Nobody was true. And that day' Ouspensky says 'I recognised

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Gurdjieff and his truth. Only he was standing there, alone in that whole town of thousands of people, who was true.' But Ouspensky says 'Before that I had never imagined such a situation. I had never thought that all these people were just lies.'

The day your meditation will enter into your being you will be surprised: you will find millions of somnambulistic people just moving in deep sleep, living lies, corpses. And only then can you recognise a Buddha, only then can you recognise who is enlightened. Before that it is impossible, and the way towards it: to throw all rationalisations. Next time you start rationalising something, stop immediately, then and there. The moment you catch hold of yourself red-handed, stop it immediately, even if it feels awkward. You were just going to smile, a friend came to meet you and you were just going to smile, and you know it is a lie; stop it, let it disappear immediately from your lips and tell your friend 'Excuse me. I was just going to smile and it was false.' And he will feel more love from you, because how can love flow through falsity? You were just going to say something which is false—stop immediately, even if you catch hold of yourself in the middle of the sentence. Then and there, don't complete the sentence, ask forgiveness. Watch out. It will take a little courage and a little time and a little patience to get rid of rationalisations, but that's a *must*.

Once rationalisations are gone, suddenly you are vulnerable. The China Wall has disappeared.

Finklestein was frantic. For five weeks now he hadn't been able to do anything in the way of business because he'd forgotten the combination to the safe. His partner, Kanubowitz, had gone away on an extended motor trip and there was no word from him. Then one day the phone rang. 'Izzy,' Finklestein shouted into the phone 'thank God you called. I can't do any business. I had to lay off the whole shop, fire the salesman, refuse orders from our biggest accounts and just stay here in the office and wait for your call.'

'What happened?' asked the partner.

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'It's the safe. I forgot the combination.'

'That's simple. Turn once left and twice right.'

'But how about the numbers?'

'It doesn't matter' said the partner. 'The lock is broke.'

It is as simple as that. Once rationalisations are dropped—in fact there is no lock—you are open, you can enter into your being. Sometimes it happens that if there is no lock and you think there is a lock you go on finding keys and inventing keys, and you waste your time.

It happened in the life of Houdini. He was imprisoned in many jails, chained many times, but within seconds he would come out of the chains, out of the prison cells; nobody had been able to put him in a jail. But in Italy it happened that for three hours he could not come out of the cell and there were thousands of people waiting for him to come. And what happened? It had never happened before. Had the police succeeded? Had they created a situation from which Houdini, the great magician, could not come out? And when he came out he was perspiring and tired and exhausted. And he simply fell out and they asked 'What happened?' He said, 'They befooled me, they tricked me. There was no lock! And I was simply trying to open the lock and there was no lock. The door was not locked—they tricked me. So when after three hours of strenuous work on the lock I simply fell, the door opened.'

On your inner being there is no lock. There has never been. No key is needed, no truth is needed—just lies have to be dropped and truth will assert itself. It is burning right this moment inside your being, but there is a great layer of lies—layer upon layers—and you cannot see the light. Rationalisation is one of the very cunning tricks of the mind to create the China Wall around you. You are imprisoned in your rationalisations. If you want to be liberated, drop rationalisations.

And nobody else can do it for you—only you can do it for you. It is your responsibility. If you want to be miserable, then it is good. If you don't want to be miserable, start dropping lies in your life. There is no

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need to go to the Himalayas, and there is no need to go to any temple and church, and there is no need to go into the scriptures: Bible, Koran and Vedas. If you can only do the one simple thing of dropping lies, falsehoods and inauthentic gestures, you will arrive.

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Why do sannyasins have to change their names and wear a mala? The spiritual jet-set talks about all these 'enlightened masters': 'Bhagwan is more enlightened than Oscar', 'Oscar is more enlightened....' How can we tell what it means?

First: there is no reason why sannyasins are in orange and wear a mala except that I am eccentric about it. I am a little in love with the orange and I am in love with myself, hence the mala. This is the truth, if you understand. If you need some rationalisation you can ask my disciples.

And the second question: "‘Bhagwan is more enlightened than Oscar’, ‘Oscar is more enlightened....’ How can we tell what it means?"

Enlightenment is never more or less: either one is enlightened or one is not. It is not a question of more or less. How can you be more enlightened and less enlightened? This is absurd. Enlightenment is not a relative concept: either one has arrived or one has not arrived. How can you partially arrive? You have come back home. Can you say 'I have partially come back home—only one leg...the head has not come'?

It happened in a jail. A man was imprisoned and then immediately, the second day, he started saying that his teeth were aching, so the teeth were removed. After a few days, he started saying that his appendix...so the appendix was removed. Then he said the tonsils...and the tonsils were removed. And the jailer came and he said 'I know what you're doing. By and by you're getting out of the prison!'

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You cannot. Either one is enlightened, or one is not. There is no part enlightenment.

One thing remember always: that enlightened people cannot be compared. But this foolishness has persisted down the ages. Jains will say 'Mahavir is more enlightened than Budha.' Buddhists will say 'Buddha is more enlightened than Mahavir.' Hindus will say 'Krishna is more enlightened than either of them.' And so on and so forth. But the whole idea of more and less is absurd. Those who are enlightened—they are simply enlightened. Nobody is superior and nobody is inferior.

The second thing: 'How can we tell what it means?'

You cannot, and there is no need. And whatsoever you tell will be wrong—you are not yet enlightened. It will be like a blind man talking about light: all that he says is meaningless. He may have heard much about light, he may have even read much about light through braille, he may have consulted great physicists who know about light, he may have talked to painters and poets who are deeply in love with light, but still, a blind man is a blind man; whatsoever he says is going to be wrong because he is not in a position to say.

So please, you have enough worries as it is. Don't take on these worries: who is enlightened and who is not. Rather, you become enlightened and you will know.

A few short questions, Bhagwan: Why could you not speak for a year and a half after your birth?

I was so surprised at my birth, that's why. I had to get over that surprise and it took one and a half years.

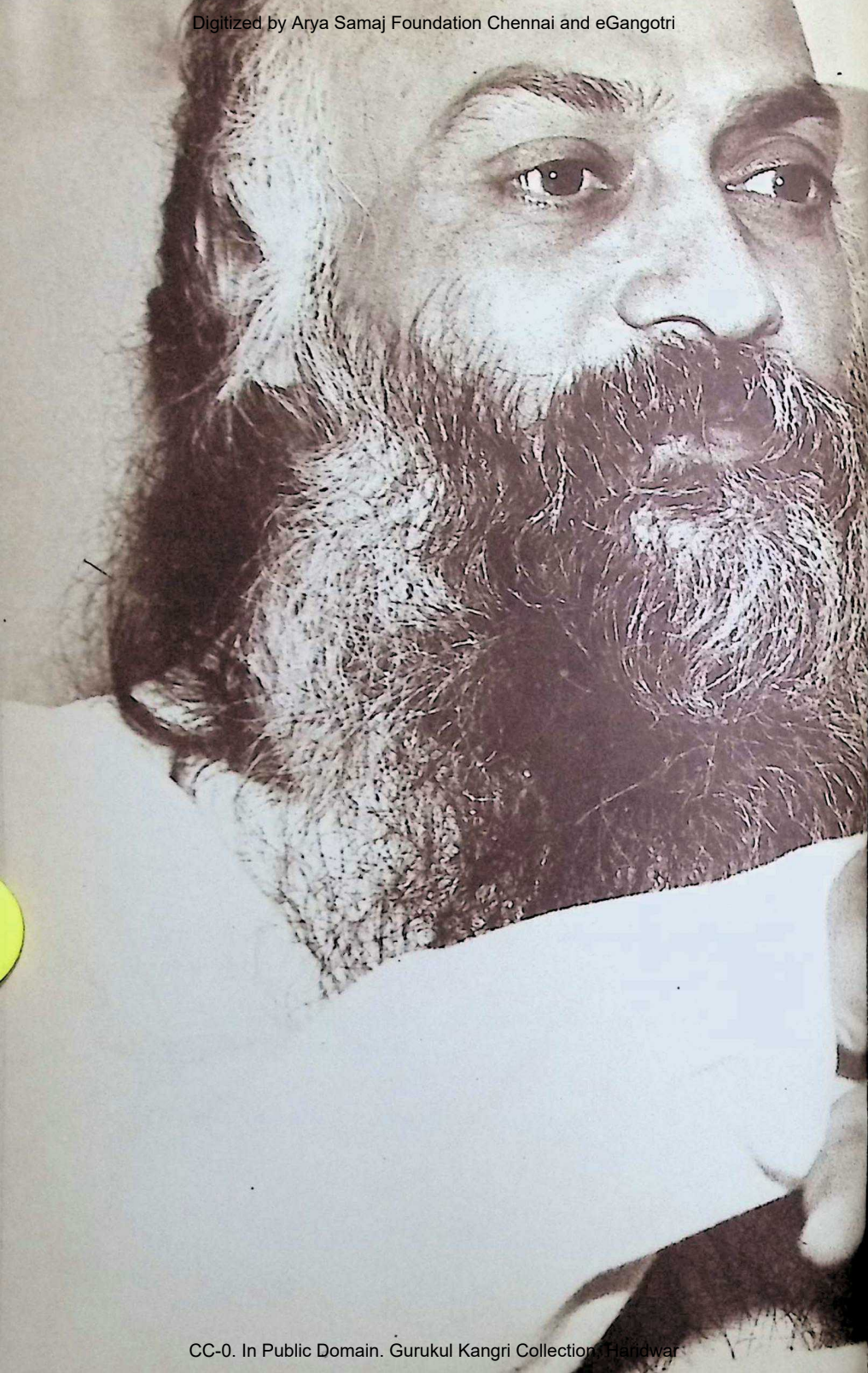
Second: What were you doing when you were a kid?

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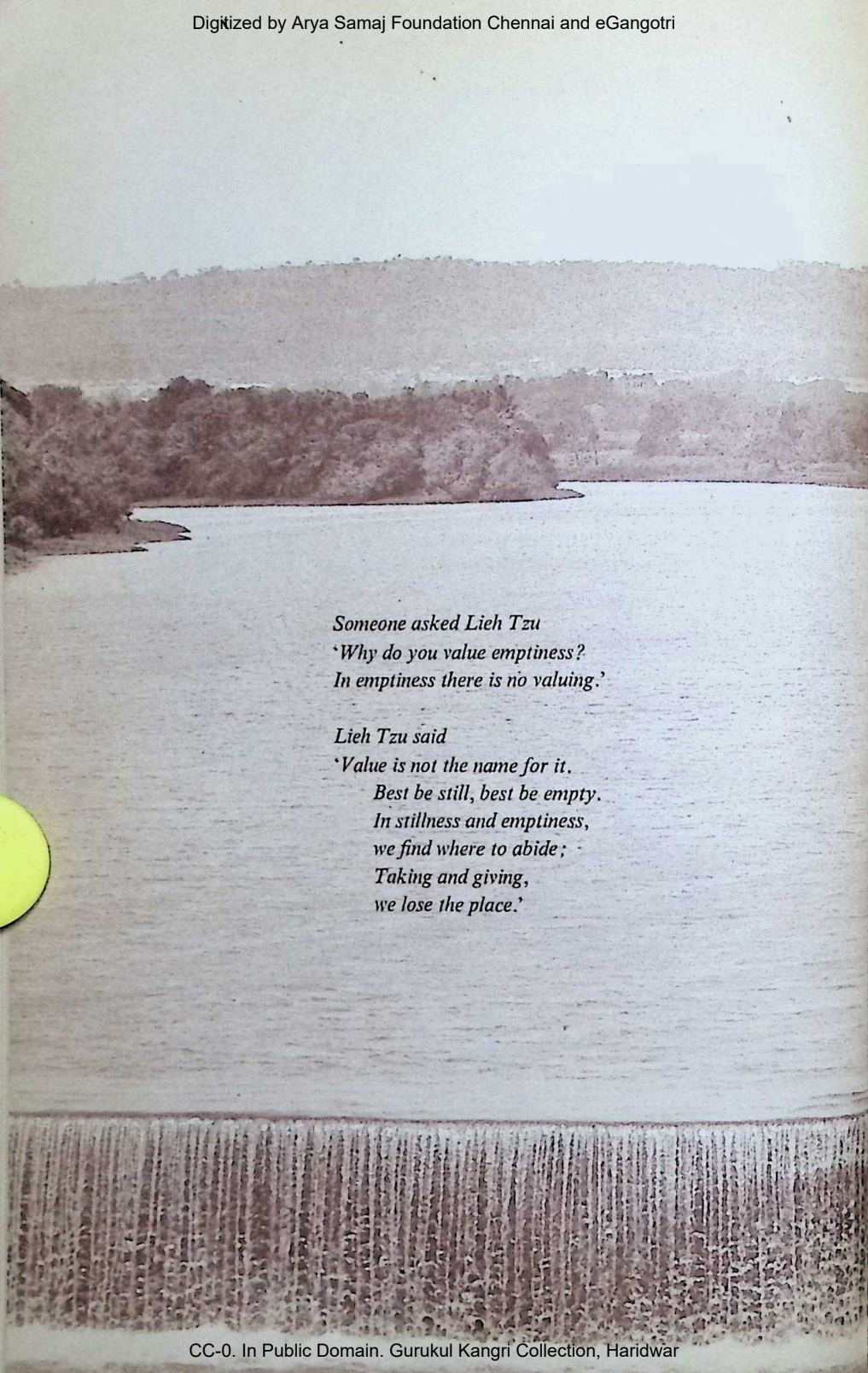
I did nothing when I was a kid. I knew what I wanted to be when I grew up and I practised for it.

And the third: What do you say about drinking?

A difficult question—don't take it seriously. A drink in time is fine.







*Someone asked Lieh Tzu
'Why do you value emptiness?
In emptiness there is no valuing.'*

*Lieh Tzu said
'Value is not the name for it.
Best be still, best be empty.
In stillness and emptiness,
we find where to abide;
Taking and giving,
we lose the place.'*

Only Forgotten...

TRUTH IS ONE—cannot be otherwise because existence is a universe, it is not a 'multiverse'. It is one. It is glued together. It is a togetherness. It is a cosmos. That which keeps the universe glued together is what we call truth, or Tao, or God. Tao is not a person, neither is God a person, but the unity that runs through everything like a thread running through a garland. The universe is not a heap of things, separate, individual, like islands. No, the universe is one, together, and something keeps it together... it is not falling apart. That which keeps it together is God, is Tao.

But men can approach through two ways towards this truth. Those two ways have to be understood. Truth is one but the paths are two. The first path is *via affirmativa*, the positive path, the yes-sayers' path, the path of the devotee. Jesus, Mohammed, Krishna—they have followed the path of affirmation. The path of affirmation means the path of effort, great effort: one is trying to reach God, one has to make all the effort that is possible, one has to do the utmost, one has to put oneself at stake. In modern times, Gurdjieff, Ramakrishna—they followed the path of affirmation, *via affirmativa*.

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The other path is *via negativa*, through negation, through the 'no'. Lao Tzu, Buddha, Nagarjuna—they followed the path of negation. In modern times, Ramana Maharshi, J. Krishnamurti—they follow the path of the 'no'.

These two paths have to be understood as clearly as possible because much will depend on it; you will have to choose some day or other. They move in different dimensions; they reach to the same goal, but they move in different directions.

The positive path is a positive approach towards God, a reaching towards God, a seeking, an enquiry. The negative path is a waiting for God, not seeking. The negative path is just to keep the door open, not to go, to seek; not to enquire, just to be receptive, womb-like. The first is yang, the second is yin. The first is the male-oriented path, the second is the female-oriented path. One has just to be in a let-go in the second: no will, but surrender. One has just to allow God to be; no reaching for him, let *him* reach you. Simply be silent, empty. Give space so that if he comes you are available; you remain available.

On the path of will you have much to do; on the path of surrender you have nothing to do, exactly nothing to do, only nothing to do. These paths can be named in a different way too. The first path can be said to be the path of the ascetic. The word 'ascetic' comes from a Greek root *ascesis* which means exercise. Many methods, many exercises, Yoga, methodology, techniques, are possible. The second path can be called the path of the mystic: no exercise, no methods, no technology.

On the first path time is a must. You cannot be immediately enlightened—methods take time, exercises take time, preparation takes time, and you will have to wait for many lives. The enlightenment will be gradual, it cannot be sudden. On the negative path it can be absolutely sudden, it can happen this very moment. Time is not needed because exercise is not needed. You are not to go anywhere; you are just to sit silently, you have just to be in a let-go. One need not wait.

The path of the mystic is mysterious—cannot be explained. The path of the ascetic is explainable: it is very scientific, very logical. Step by step it can be explained; it can be analysed, divided in easy steps. The steps can be made so small that everybody can take them, even a small child; there,

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degrees are possible. But the path of the mystic is very mysterious, hence it is called the mystic path. No degrees are possible, no small steps—but a quantum leap, a jump into the unknown, sudden, like lightning. Naturally it cannot be explained logically. The logical mind will be at a loss. It needs great understanding, not based on logic but based on intuition, not based on intellect but based on intuition. It needs an illogical, adventurous mind: one which can forego all steps, one which is ready to go into the unknown, one which is courageous enough to take the jump.

On the first path you go step by step, moving upwards. On the second path you simply take a jump into the abyss. It is a bottomless abyss, it is emptiness, it is absolute nothingness. You disappear.

These two are the paths, and everybody has to decide in his own innermost core of being what appeals to him or to her. It is difficult to decide but it *has* to be decided, otherwise you can go on doing things which will not prove of any meaning. If you can take the jump then there is no need to train yourself for Yoga. If you cannot take the jump, then there is no point in just sitting and waiting.

On the first path, the greatest danger is of the ego because you have to do much, and if you are too egoistic, you will become a doer and then ego will become your barrier. One has to do, yet not to strengthen the ego. On the second path, lethargy is the problem. You are not to do anything; one can become lethargic, one can become dull and dead. That is the danger—very natural: sitting silently, doing nothing, by and by you relapse into a dullness, into a sort of unintelligence; you lose sharpness, you lose aliveness, you become idiotic. That's possible; one has to be very alert about this.

On the first path, one has to watch that the ego does not arise. On the second path, one has to watch that lethargy is not settling. If these two pitfalls are avoided, then you can reach from either the affirmative or the negative. People have reached from both. So there is no question about reaching, the question is which is going to be easier, more in tune with your inner nature—choose that.

A few things have to be understood about the path of nothingness, because Lieh Tzu is a follower of that path—the path of *via negativa*, the mystic path. On the mystic path you have to be alone—no possibility

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of 'being together'. It is a deep inactivity, so deep that the very idea of action has to be dropped and renounced. No desire, no action; one has just to be. Aloneness has to be experienced. Solitude has to be experienced.

On the path of affirmation, God is always with you, you are never alone. You can always talk to God, always pray to God, you can always hope that he is with you. He surrounds you, he holds your hand. And he is very much on the path of affirmation. His hand is almost in your hands. It is not just imagination—remember it, it is not hallucination; it is so. When you have done all that you can do suddenly he becomes available. More you cannot do: you have not been withholding, you have done all that you can do, you have put yourself totally in the work, you have come to your optimum—from that moment he takes over. But one has to do the optimum, less than that will not help. One has to boil to a hundred degrees, then suddenly—the evaporation.

On the path of the ascetic God is with you; you are never alone, you can always pray. But on the negative path prayer is not possible, prayer is not allowed—prayer is a hindrance. Remember this too: one thing may be a help on one path and may become a hindrance on another path. Prayer is a hindrance. If you ask the follower of the negative path he will say: Prayer means that you are still not capable of being alone; you are still attached to the other. You may have dropped your attachment to the wife, to the husband, to the children, to the friend, to the society, but now you have projected a God and now you keep company with him; but you cannot be alone. Prayer means that you are still afraid of being alone, so you create a bridge with the other, you seek the other. Prayer simply means that whenever you are alone, you are not alone but lonely: you miss the other. On the path of the negative, aloneness is simply the greatest splendour there is.

If you ask the mystic he will say: Being lonely is just a pause. Being alone is an ultimate condition. Being lonely or together is accidental. Being alone is essential. Being lonely implies an evolution or continuity of experience, while being alone means a radical, total, one hundred and eighty degree change, a mutation, a *metanoia*. Being lonely is a way back.

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to others: whenever you feel lonely you are seeking the other in some form or other. Being lonely is a way back to others. Being alone is a way back to oneself.

This has to be remembered. That's why on the negative path meditation is more significant than prayer. Meditation is a help, prayer is a hindrance. On the path of affirmation, prayer is a help, meditation is not talked about at all. That's why in Christianity, in Islam, in Judaism, in Hinduism, meditation has not been developed. Meditation has been developed utterly by the Buddhists and the Taoists—that is their secret key.

You can divide all the religions into two: Hinduism, Islam, Judaism, Christianity—all are on the path of *via affirmativa*. Buddhism and Tao—they are basically negative, on the path of *via negativa*. Hinduism and Islam have flowered to their utmost in Sufism. That is the meeting of the Hindu and the Mohammedan and a really beautiful flower has come out of the meeting—it is a cross-breeding—Sufism. It is higher than anything that is in Hinduism and higher than anything that is in Mohammedanism; it is higher than both, it has transcended both the parents. The child is more beautiful than the mother and the father—has to be, because both mother and father have dissolved into it. So Sufism is the peak of the affirmative. And Buddhism and Taoism met and gave birth to Zen: that is the optimum on the path of meditation. Again more beautiful than Buddhism and Taoism, better than both the parents; again a cross-breeding.

The meeting of Islam and Hinduism happened in India. Islam came to India, met with Hinduism and a beautiful child was born. The meeting of Taoism and Buddhism happened in China. Buddhism went to China, met with Taoism and a beautiful child, Zen, was born. If everything disappears from the world and only two things can be retained, Sufism and Zen, nothing will be lost. They are the highest crescendos, but of two different paths, Sufism is nothing but pure prayer, *zikr*, remembrance of God, and Zen is nothing but meditation.

The word 'zen' comes from the sanskrit root *dhyana*. First the word *dhyana* became *jhana*, because Buddha used to talk in Pali—*dhyana* is

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jhana in Pali. Then from *jhana* it became *ch'an* in China. Then it became *zen* when it reached to Japan. But it is *dhyana*, it is the essential *dhyana*: just to be alone, absolutely alone, not even a thought to keep company with. In that aloneness all disappears. One is just spacious, one is just a space, pure, transparent. In that purity one achieves, God comes in. When you are ready to be so empty, God enters in. The Sufi seeks God. The Zen disciple waits, God comes.

Now this beautiful parable:

Someone asked Lieh Tzu

'Why do you value emptiness?

In emptiness there is no valuing.'

Naturally, what value can emptiness have? It is condemned all over the world. Except for the Taoists and the Buddhists, nobody understands what emptiness is—it is condemned. In the West you say 'The empty mind is the devil's workshop.' Now what more of a condemnation can there be? Devil's workshop?—the empty mind? And the Taoists and the Buddhists say that the empty mind is the goal.

When you are totally empty, God comes in. The devil can exist only with an active mind, never with an inactive mind. The devil can exist only with an occupied mind, not an unoccupied mind. The devil can ride only on thoughts, he can use thoughts and desires. How can he use emptiness? And they seem to be true. Hitler is not empty, neither is Genghis Khan, neither is Tamburlaine; they are very active people. The devil has entered through them in the world. Bodhidharma is empty, Lieh Tzu is empty, Nagarjuna is empty—the devil has not come even close to them. Nothing wrong has ever come out of these empty people, only good; and only good has flowered. Great has been their fragrance. Centuries have gone by, but their fragrance is as fresh as ever.

Ordinarily, emptiness has never been thought of as a value, so the questioner seems to be right. He says

'Why do you value emptiness?

In emptiness there is no valuing.'

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What type of value? What can you do with emptiness? Value comes with use. Try to understand it: value comes when something is useful. How can you value something which is not? Not only that it is not useful, it is *not*—how can you value it? But that is the approach of the negative.

Lao Tzu says: The room is valuable not because of the walls, but the emptiness within. You use the room not the walls. Of course, when you make the house you make the walls, not the emptiness; nobody can make the emptiness. Emptiness is eternal, it is of God; it is not man-made. Houses are made by man, not emptiness. But what do you use? Do you use the walls or do you use the space inside? The word 'room' is good: 'room' means space. You use the room, the space, the 'roominess'. In the wall, through what do you pass, come, and go in? The door. The door is empty. 'Door' means the empty, that which is not—hence you can come in and out. You use the door, you don't use the wall. And you use the room, you don't use the wall. What do you use when you use an earthen pot? The earthen wall or the emptiness within? When you go to the well to draw water and you bring water home, what do you use? The emptiness of the earthen pot. That emptiness is valuable and that emptiness is not created by you.

Taoists say: That which is not created by man is valuable. That which is created may have a relative value, a market value, but really it is not valuable; it has no value. A man-made thing is a commodity. Of course if you go into the market-place and you start selling emptiness, nobody will purchase it. There is no value in it and people will laugh.

Lao Tzu is passing through a forest, and the forest is being cut. Thousands of carpenters are cutting the trees. Then he comes near a big tree—a very big tree, one thousand bullock carts can rest underneath it—and it is so green and beautiful. He sends his disciples to enquire of the carpenters why this tree has not been cut yet.

And they say 'It is useless. You cannot make anything out of it: furniture cannot be made, it cannot be used as fuel—it gives too much smoke. It is of no use, that's why we have not cut it.'

And Lao Tzu says to his disciples 'Learn from this tree. Become as useless as this tree then nobody will cut you.'

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Uselessness has great value.

He says: Look, and watch this tree. Learn something from this tree. This tree is great. Look, all the trees are gone. They were useful, hence they are gone. Some tree was very straight, that's why it is gone. It must have been very egoistic, straight, proud of being somebody—it is gone. This tree is not straight, not a single branch is straight. It is not proud at all, hence it exists.

Lao Tzu says his disciples: If you want to live long, become useless. But remember, his meaning of the word useless' is; don't become a commodity, don't become a thing. If you become a thing you will be sold and purchased in the market, and you will become a slave. If you are not a thing, who can purchase you and who can sell you?

Remain God's creation. Don't become a human commodity and nobody will be able to use you. And if nobody is able to use you, you will have a beautiful life of your own, independent, free, joyful. If nobody can use you, nobody can reduce you to a means. You will never be insulted, because in this life there is no greater insult than to become a means: somebody or other is going to use you—your body, your mind, your being.

Lao Tzu says: Become a nonentity so that nobody looks at you and you can live *your life as you* want to live it. Nobody comes to interfere with you.

It happened that Lao Tzu's disciple, Chuang Tzu, became very famous and the Emperor sent his ministers to invite Chuang Tzu to become his prime minister. Lao Tzu was very angry. He said 'You must have done something wrong, otherwise why should the Emperor become interested in you? You must have proved yourself of some use. You must have missed my teaching, otherwise how come that the Emperor has become interested in you? Now you will never be at rest.'

Be a nonentity so nobody comes even to think that you can be of any use. There is a uselessness which is of tremendous use. Lao Tzu calls it 'the use of uselessness'. But certainly there is no value in it, no market value at least. Ordinarily, you want to become of some value—a doctor,

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an engineer, a painter, a poet, a *mahatma*—you want to become somebody who is valuable, who becomes indispensable to the world. You feel very happy if people come and say 'When you are gone we will never be able to replace you.' You feel tremendously happy, but what are they saying? They are saying 'You are a thing we are using.'

The more indispensable you become, the more you are reduced to being a thing, the more your freedom is lost. If you can die as if nothing had happened, if you disappear from the world and not even a trace is left, then . . .

It happened that a great Taoist died and Lieh Tzu went to show his respect, but there had gathered thousands of people. He was puzzled, and without paying his respects to the dead man and his dead body, he came back. A few people followed him and they said 'Why? You had come to pay your respects—why are you going back?'

He said 'This man cannot have been a man of Tao. So many people are crying and weeping, somehow he must have become indispensable to their lives. He must have proved of some use, otherwise why are these people crying and weeping as if their father had died or their mother had died or their son had died? Why are these people crying and weeping? He must not have been utterly useless. Some use must have been there—that's why I am going back. He has not followed the Master rightly.'

Their approach is that there is a value, an ultimate value, in being nobody, in being empty, in being of no use. When you are of no use to humanity, you become of tremendous use to God. Then he starts flowing through you: then you become a vehicle—because you are so empty he can flow through you. You become a hollow bamboo, he can sing his song through you. When you allow human lips to sing a song through you, God is denied.

'In emptiness there is no valuing' said the man.

'Why do you value emptiness?'

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*Lieh Tzu said**'Value is not the name for it.'*

It is so valuable that you can only call it invaluable. Value is not the name for it: value means commodity, value means that which can be defined in terms of human use, that which can become a means and is not an end. The end cannot be valuable in the ordinary sense of the term. For example, if somebody asks you 'You love, but what is the value of love?' what will you say? You will say 'Value is not the name for it.' Love is not a value in the same sense that a car has value, a house has value. Money has value, health has value, but love? Love is the ultimate, the end. You love for love's own sake. It is not a means to anything else, it is its own end. Its value is intrinsic, its value is in itself; it is not outgoing.

If somebody asks 'What is the value of life?' Certainly you will say 'Value is not the name for it.'

'Why are you living?' You will say 'Because I enjoy being alive.'

'But what is the value?' 'Value...there is none.'

All that is ultimate is valueless in the ordinary sense of the word, but because of the ultimate, everything else is valuable. So value is not the name for it, although all values exist because of it.

You go to the office, you work—it is valuable: you will get one thousand rupees per month. And then you come and give one thousand rupees to your wife because you love the woman. You work for her, you work for your children—you love them. Love has no value. Your work has value, but finally all that has value comes at the feet of that which is valueless, or invaluable.

Remember, the goal cannot have any value. That's why Taoists say that life has no purpose. It shocks people.

One day a man came to me and he said 'What is the purpose of life?'

And I said 'There is no purpose. Life simply is.'

He was not satisfied. He said 'I have come from very far.' He had come from Nepal, and he said 'I am an old man, a retired professor. Don't send me away empty-handed. I have come to ask only one thing:

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What is the purpose of life?

And I said 'If I can send you away empty-handed then your journey has been purposeful, because to be empty-handed is the goal.'

He said 'Don't talk in puzzles. Just tell me, in clear-cut language, what is the purpose of life?'

Now he could not understand that he was asking an absurd question. Life cannot have any purpose, because if life has any purpose then something will become more valuable than life, and again the question will arise: What is the purpose of that? If we say: Life is to attain truth, then truth becomes the real purpose. But then what is the purpose of truth? If we say: Life is to seek God, then the question arises: What is the purpose of God? or of achieving God? or of realising God? In the end you have to drop the word 'purpose', finally you have to drop it.

Yes, value is not the name for it, purpose is not the name for it; and if you understand this insight, great light will arise in you. Life has no purpose and no value. Love has no purpose and no value. God has no purpose and no value. Truth has no purpose and no value. That means God, life, truth, love, are just four names for the same thing. They are not different, because there can be only one thing which has not any purpose—everything else has purpose because of it. It is the topmost, the very peak.

Just the other night, a woman said 'It is very difficult for me to understand what you mean when you say "God" because I don't believe in God. I have never believed in God. I would like to understand, but the moment you use the word "God" something goes wrong in my head—I become closed.'

I said to her 'You do a simple thing: whenever I say "God", read it as "life"—that will do. Whenever I say "God", hear it as "life"—immediately translate it into "life".' She was happy.

How we are fixed in words! If I say 'God' it creates negativity in somebody, if I say 'life' it will create negativity in somebody else. And

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I am only changing the name... and, 'a rose is a rose is a rose' by whatsoever name it is called. You can call it 'jasmine'—the rose remains the rose.

There is only one which is the ultimate. Different people have given different names to it. That one is valueless because it is the ultimate value. Beyond it nothing exists, so it cannot be valuable for something else. You cannot use it as a stepping-stone because there is nothing beyond it; it is the beyond.

*Lieh Tzu said
'Value is not the name for it.
Best be still, best be empty.
In stillness and emptiness,
we find where to abide;
Taking and giving,
we lose the place.'*

'Best be still...'. Now, rather than answering what a value is or why emptiness is a value, the insistence of Lieh Tzu is on experience. The Taoist approach is basically existential. They don't believe in abstract speculations and concepts. They say: You can experience it, so why borrow second-hand knowledge? In fact, God can never be second-hand; he has to be first-hand. You cannot borrow my God—my God is my God. You will have to come to your own God. Of course when you have come, you will find that my God and your God are the same, but you will have to come to it on your own; it has to bloom in your own being.

There is a Taoist story:

Duke Huan, seated above in his hall was once reading a book, and the wheelwright P'ien was making a wheel below it. Laying aside his hammer and chisel, P'ien went up the steps and said 'I venture to ask your Grace what words you are reading?'

The duke said 'The words of the sages.'

'Are those sages alive?' P'ien continued.

'They are dead' was the reply.

'Then' said P'ien 'what you, my ruler, are reading are only the dregs and sediments of those old men.'

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The duke said 'How should you, a wheelwright, have anything to say about the book I am reading? If you can explain yourself, very well; if you cannot, you will have to die. I will kill you.' He was very angry. This was too much! A wheelwright coming to the prince and saying 'Whatsoever you are reading is nothing but the dregs and sediments of those old dead men!'

The wheelwright said 'Your servant will look at the thing from the point of view of his own art. In making a wheel, if I proceed gently, that is pleasant enough but the workmanship is not strong; if I proceed violently, that is toilsome and the joinings do not fit. If the movements of my hand are neither too gentle nor too violent, the idea in my mind is realised. But I cannot tell how to do this by word of mouth.'

Neither too violent, nor too gentle—just in the middle, balanced . . .

And the wheelwright said 'But I cannot tell how to do this by word of mouth, how to attain this absolute midpoint between effort and effortlessness, between doing and non-doing. I cannot say how to do this by word of mouth; there is a knack to it, but still I cannot say it. I know it, still I cannot say it. I cannot teach the knack to my son—even to my son—nor can my son learn it from me. There is no way to teach it and there is no way to learn it. Learning and teaching, teaching and learning, can be only of the outer things—it is an inner feel. Thus it is that I am in my seventieth year, and am still making wheels in my old age. But these ancients, and what it was not possible for them to convey, are dead and gone. So then what you, my ruler, are reading is but their dregs and sediments!'

He is saying 'I am alive, I know the knack of it, still I cannot convey it, I cannot transfer my knowledge. And I am alive and I know, and I love my son and I would like . . . And I am so old, in my seventieth year, and still I have to work. If I could teach my son I would retire. But if while alive I cannot convey it, how can these old sages who are dead convey something that can only be experienced? It cannot be conveyed when the sage is alive, so how can it be conveyed when the sage has been gone for centuries? You are just wasting your time, sir' he said. 'This is all rubbish.'

This old man is a man of Tao. Taoists have beautiful parables like these: an ordinary man, a poor man, a wheelwright—nobody knows

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about him, but he has an insight. The whole approach of Taoism is that only experience can give you the clue. Questions can be asked, questions can be answered, but they are of no ultimate value. You have to eat to know the taste, you have to love to know what love is. There is no way to convey it, that's why, rather than answer, Lieh Tzu said '*Best be still...*'.

Yes, value is not the name for it. Be still. And what does he mean by 'Be still'? You are continuously wavering, you are never still. Even when you sit like a statue you are wavering. Your mind is continuously running in all directions, your inner flame is never unwavering. It is continuously going this side, that side; through one desire or another, you are being pulled and pushed. When there is no desire—not even the desire to achieve God, then one is still. When all desires are negated, that is the meaning of *via negativa*. When all desires are negated, suddenly you are still. Nowhere to go, nowhere to move. No wind is blowing. Desire is the wind that goes on blowing inside you and keeps your inner flame wavering, that's why you are not still. Even in your sleep you are not still. Even while you are sitting in meditation, silently, you are not still.

Just the other day somebody was asking: 'In meditation thoughts don't stop, they continue—in fact, they come more.' When you are engaged in your ordinary, day-to-day life they don't come so much—you are engaged, involved. But when you are sitting, doing nothing, then your whole energy moves into thoughts. Then a great storm arises in your being: thoughts and thoughts, and sometimes you cannot even believe what type of thoughts! Memories of the past: thirty years ago something had happened, suddenly it bubbles up. Or thoughts of the future: your wife may not even be pregnant and you start thinking 'When the child is born, what college do we have to send him to?' Impossible things go on pulling you, pushing you, and you know that this is nonsense. Many times you recognise and want to drop it, but you simply feel impotent.

Thoughts cannot be stopped directly—let it be very deeply understood. Let it sink in your being: Thoughts cannot be stopped directly because thoughts are nothing but the servants of desires. When desire is there, you cannot stop thoughts. The master is there—the servants are bound to follow.

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You want to stop this thought. This is foolish, silly: your wife is not even pregnant, and you are thinking about the child who has become a grown-up and is going to the university—which university to send him to—Cambridge or Oxford? And you are so puzzled—where to send him? Which will be the best thing? And suddenly you recognise ‘What nonsense! Silly it is.’ Then why is it arising?

It is not a question of the thought itself. You have a desire, you have ambition; many things have remained unfulfilled in you—you would like to fulfil them through your son. The son is nothing but a personification of your ambition. You wanted to go to Oxford and you could not go; you would like to go in the form of your son—that’s why the idea has arisen, the thought has arisen. Thirty years have passed and something suddenly surfaces. Nothing is sudden, nothing is uncaused in the mind. If it arises, that means something is there in it; you cannot simply call it stupid and drop it. Thirty years ago somebody insulted you and it is still green; the wound still hurts. Sitting silently, the hurt comes to the surface. Occupied in the thousand and one things of the world you forget about it. But when you are unoccupied, the wound opens; the wound starts giving you messages: ‘Do something about me. I am still green. I have not yet healed. Do something about me!’ How many times has the wound revealed itself to you, and how many times have you decided to take revenge or do something? And again and again it comes, and still you have a desire to take revenge on the enemy who has insulted you.

It is not a question of the thought, it is a question of the desire. Just analyse your thoughts and you will always find that thoughts are the servants, and hidden somewhere is the master, protected by the servants. Kill the master and the servants disappear. Go on killing the servants and nothing will happen—the master will go on bringing new servants. When the master is alive he will go on bringing new servants; you can go on killing the old, he will supply new ones.

Thoughts never stop on their own. They stop only when the desiring mind disappears. That is the meaning of ‘*Best be still . . .*’. That is the Taoist way of saying: Be desireless. Hence they say: Even the desire to know God, to reach God, is a barrier. Just be still, with no desire, as if nothing

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has to be done, as if nothing is going to happen. Be absolutely hopeless, because hope is nothing but a new name for desire. Hope is a beautiful name for desire. Desire as a name is a little ugly, desire is a little naked, nude. Hope is dressed desire. Be hopeless. Nothing is going to happen. Nothing ever happens. There is no future, so drop all ambition. Only this moment exists, so don't rush hither and thither; it is pointless, it is neurotic, it is mad. Just relax in this moment, just be. That is the meaning of '*Best be still...*'.

And the difference has to be understood. If you go to a Yoga master he will tell you how to be still. He will tell you what posture will help you to be still, how to breathe, in what rhythm stillness will be easier, whether to close the eyes completely or just to look at the tip of your nose. He will give you indications, hints; he will supply you with a map.

Taoists don't have any maps. They say: If you try a particular posture and you look at your nose and you breathe in a certain way, you will impose a certain stillness which is not true. It is cultivated, it is a practised thing, it is false. The true stillness has nothing to do with any practice. The true stillness does not come out of exercise. The true stillness comes out of understanding—the understanding that desire is futile.

Try to understand this. In Tao there are no exercises. They don't have anything like Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*. They don't have the 'eight limbs of Yoga'. They don't tell you what posture, what discipline, what type of morality... what to eat, what not to eat, when to go to bed and when to get up in the morning. They don't tell you anything, because they say that all these things can give you a false experience of stillness; they can force it. And this has to be understood. When you sit in a certain posture you can help the mind to become a little more still. If the body is completely still, the mind becomes a little still because mind and body are not two things; the division is not clear-cut. Mind and body are joined together. Rather than say you are mind and body, you are mind-body: one word. The 'and' is not right—drop it: 'mind-body', 'psychosomatic'. The mind is your innermost body and the body your outermost mind. So when the body is still, naturally some vibrations of stillness reach to the innermost mind: it creates a physical base and you feel a little still.

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Try it in some other way. When you are angry what do you do? You clench your teeth, you clench your fist. Why? Can't you just be angry without clenching your teeth and your fist? Try one day: just be angry without clenching your fist, without clenching your teeth. Just remain relaxed in the body and try to be angry, and you will find it is impossible. How can you be angry if you don't take the help of the body? And then one day you just try: without any anger, clench your fist and your teeth—just show the gesture of anger, and suddenly you will see some sort of anger is arising in you. You can become angry just by creating—that's what the actors do. The actor has to act in moments when he may not be feeling angry and he has to be angry. What is he supposed to do? He will do the bodily part, and the mind part lingers with it. He is not feeling happy, but he has to do the bodily part; he shows happiness, and a sort of happiness follows at the back of it.

Body and mind go together. Taoists say this has to be understood, otherwise you will create a false stillness. The stillness that is created by body posture is not the real stillness; it is a trick. It is almost as chemical as when you take a tranquillizer; it is a drug.

If you go on a fast you will feel very quiet because the chemistry of the body changes: the body has less work to do, is more relaxed; the stomach has nothing to do, is more relaxed. And when the stomach has nothing to do, more energy is released from the stomach towards the head. That you know. When you eat too much, suddenly you start feeling sleepy because the stomach catches all the energy possible to digest the food. The head is not very important—it is a luxury—so when the stomach needs the energy, the energy goes to the stomach and immediately has to leave the head. That's why you start feeling sleepy and the eyes start closing and you start yawning: that simply says that the energy has been taken from the head to the stomach. You fall asleep. Have you watched? When you have not eaten well, sleep becomes difficult, because when the stomach has nothing to work on, the energy is released. Immediately the energy goes to the head and there it starts working and fantasizing and thinking.

So when a person is on a fast, after the third, fourth day he feels very

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quiet. But this is chemical change, it is not real quietness. Give him food and it will disappear. So what type of change is this? If a person goes on fasting for many days he will feel a certain nonsexuality arising in him, *brahmacharya*. That is false because food has to supply sex energy. If food is not given to the body, sex energy is not created, sex energy disappears. After three weeks of fasting, a man will not be interested in women and a woman will not be interested in men. That's what has deceived many religious people. Then they think they have attained *brahmacharya*. This is not *brahmacharya*—it is a sort of impotence. They have lost vigour, they have lost vitality. And when they become afraid of food, then they cannot eat well, because the moment they eat well, immediately the energy is supplied to the sex organs and again sexuality arises.

Tao is a totally different approach. It does not say to cultivate, it says to understand.

'Best be still...'

Through understanding. Through awareness.

*'...best be empty.
In stillness and emptiness,
we find where to abide...'*

In emptiness and stillness....

What is emptiness? Emptiness means you are not. Ordinarily the idea that you are is nothing but an accumulation of all your actions. You have done this, you have done that, you have won a prize, you have become successful in business, you have a big bank balance, you are famous, you have authored so many books; you have done many things. Those things together make you somebody. Emptiness means: Drop all that you have done, forget all that you have done. Forget the past, it is *because* of the past you feel that you are somebody. Just think. If your past can simply be washed away this very moment, who will you be?

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If this very moment, by some miracle, your past can be dropped, who will you be? You will not know who you are. So whatsoever you are, is your past. And by emptiness Taoists mean: drop the past. That's what I mean when I give you sannyas.

You ask me 'What is sannyas?' It has a thousand and one meanings. One of the most important meanings is dropping out of the past, getting out of your own past as the snake slips out of the old skin. Forgetting the past, starting anew, being reborn—hence the new name, because with the old name the past is associated; hence the new colour, because with the old dresses the past is associated. Have you not watched? When you dress in a certain way, you behave in a certain way; when you wear certain clothes you walk in a certain way.

No country has yet allowed its soldiers to use loose clothes because to have loose clothes and fight is contradictory. Only sannyasins, *fakirs*, have used loose clothes because they are not going to fight. The soldier has to be in tight dress, so tight that he wants to jump out of it, so tight that he becomes so angry that he would like to crush somebody's head; so tight that he cannot be at ease—restless. It creates a violence.

You can see, you can go—Poona is a military camp—you can go. They don't allow their soldiers to come here; they have an order: Never go to see the Rajneesh Ashram. A few people come—they come like thieves. And I understand. They are right, because if you come here you will not be a soldier, you will become a sannyasin and these are contradictions. They are right, the people who have given the order from Delhi are right, because this is a totally different world. I am teaching you to be loose and they are teaching you to be tight. The more uptight you are, the better soldier you will be—more dangerous, of course, because you are ready to explode any moment. You can go to the military camp, you can see how they are dressed in uncomfortable clothes. That is needed. If they were comfortable they would relax and go to sleep. They have to be kept in tension, and their inner tension brings such a state of turmoil that they would like to throw it on anybody.

Changing your clothes, changing your name, is just a gesture: that you are being disconnected from your past. Once you are disconnected from

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your past, you are empty. Then you don't know who you are, because all ideas that you have about yourself come from the past, are past-created. Just meditate on this fact. If the past is not there, who are you?

Shree Ramana used to tell his disciples to meditate only on one thing: Who am I? If you go on meditating on this simple mantra: Who am I? sooner or later you will understand that you are nobody. Neither are you the body, nor are you the mind; nor the son of somebody, nor the father of somebody; nor the rich, nor the poor. You are nobody.

The day you become a nothingness you have come to know who you are. You are that nothingness.

*'...best be empty.
In stillness and emptiness,
we find where to abide...'*

In emptiness is your home. You become a temple, a shrine. In that emptiness burns the flame of your consciousness, and that flame is that of God, of Tao. This is *via negativa*.

*'Taking and giving
we lose the place.'*

The moment you start taking and giving—do this, don't do that, relate, connect, with people—you lose your place, you lose your inner flame, you lose your inner contact. This is only so in the beginning. Lieh Tzu is talking to a new enquirer hence he says this. In the beginning it will happen. Whenever you are alone, still, quiet, silent, suddenly you will be centred, grounded; you will feel the tremendous joy of non-being, of being nobody. Your nothingness will be luminous, it will be full of light, fragrance, benediction and beatitude.

But in the beginning it will happen again and again that the moment you relate to somebody it will be lost; you will lose your inner space. The danger is that you may become afraid of relating. In the beginning it is right to be afraid, but if it becomes a habit and the fear becomes ingrained,

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then it is dangerous. That danger has happened in the past in the East. Many people became afraid of relating: Buddhists escaped from life, Taoists escaped to the Himalayas or to the mountains so as not to be in contact because,

*'Taking and giving,
we lose the place.'*

But that is not the meaning of Lieh Tzu. He says: Yes, taking and giving, when we come to the market-place, the meditation is lost. Then, first attain to meditation, then go again and again and become more and more alert, so that you can become capable one day of relating and remaining alone together; of being in the market-place and yet not being there; of being in the crowd and yet being alone. That is the highest. It cannot be said to a disciple. That happens only when one has become a Master.

For the disciple, Lieh Tzu says: Then you will know who you are, and then suddenly you will see that taking and giving you lose again and again. You gain, then the moment you connect, relate—in relationship with the wife, with the husband, with the children, the market, the customer, the boss—you lose it. Again and again gain it; whenever you find time, again reconnect yourself with yourself. By and by, by and by . . . slowly, one day you will see you can stand in the market-place and you remain as alone and silent as anywhere else. Then you have become a lotus: you are in the water and the water touches you not.

First develop, evolve, the *sunya*—the zero, the emptiness—and then bring it to the world. Again and again you will lose it, that's true, but because of that don't try to escape from the world, don't become an escapist. It is a challenge. And the highest peak is attained only when nobody can disturb your inner space—nobody, no situation, can disturb it. Then for the first time you have become a possessor of it. Then you are a possessor and you are possessed by it. Then it is yours, really yours. But if something can take it away, then it is still not totally yours. You have touched it, but you have not yet been a possessor.

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I would like to tell you one anecdote:

In a far country, there lived an ingenious inventor who had gone slightly cuckoo tinkering with television. In the course of his experiments he worked out a sort of mind-mirror, which he called a psychoscope, by means of which a person could see his mental self as clearly as he could see his physical body in a looking-glass.

After the instrument was perfected, a company was organised to manufacture it, and the country was flooded with advertisements about it. The factory was soon swamped with orders. Wives bought them for their husbands—mind you, wives bought them for their husbands, and husbands bought them for their wives and in-laws. Parents bought them for their children, and even children bought them for their parents. Employers ordered them in quantities for their employees. It is known, or maybe it is just a rumour, that only one very conscientious individual in the whole country, so it is said, confessed to buying one for his own use. The elated inventor saw himself rolling in wealth; millions of these devices were sold.

Then, with almost equal suddenness, sales slumped, and presently dropped to zero. Investigators sent out to scour the country reported that pawnshops were glutted with psychoscopes, while thousands had been accidentally broken, or had mysteriously found their way into trash cans.

In desperation the inventor set himself to a new task. He reversed the principle of the instrument in such a manner that it would idealise the reflected self. In it the individual saw himself not as he was, but as he wished to appear—his faults gilded and rose-tinted, and their ugliness glossed over with innocence. At the end of the year, so it is said, the company declared a fifty per cent dividend.

Most of us do not want to see ourselves as we are, nor would want to take a second look into a mind-mirror. But he who will confirm us in the pet delusions we cherish about ourselves, can have just about anything we've got.

Remember, to be empty is to move into a space where you will see yourself as you are. That's why people are afraid: they don't want to go into that inner space. They have their ideal images, their self-images,

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beautiful, decorated. They are afraid that if they go in, those images will fall down—they are bound to fall and disappear because they are false and they cannot be a reality. Hence nobody goes in. All the Masters of the world, whether on the path of *via affirmativa* or on the path of *via negativa*, all the Masters have insisted on one thing: that you have to come to your reality as you are. But nobody listens to them. Even when people want to know who they are, they are really hoping that they will be the same self that they project. Once they start work it becomes difficult—ugliness arises; nastiness, horrible anger, hatred, jealousy, is felt. The whole hell breaks open and one becomes afraid and one rushes out and again clings to an ideal self. That is cheap.

Remember, one has to know oneself as one is. Drop all your ideals. They are beautiful, but they are poisonous; they are delusions. Unless you drop your ideals about yourself, the images that you have created out of your impotence to hide, to mask, your reality. . . . Drop those masks, be still, be empty, and look into your being—whatsoever it is. In the beginning it will be almost an experience of hell, but that is the price we have to pay. If you are courageous enough and if you can persevere, soon the hell disappears, the clouds are gone, and the sun shines in a cloudless sky. Then you have come to your inner paradise.

Hell and heaven are both within. Hell is just your circumference, heaven is your very centre. You are the centre of the cyclone. Tao says that nothing really has to be done. One has just to penetrate into one's own being.

I have come across a very beautiful parable. The parable is by Ken Reed. Listen to it very attentively and meditate over it.

Once there lived a very wise and venerable sage. From one end of the land to the other, learned men began to hear of the old sage and soon many sought the visage of his wisdom. But silent remained the sage to all who came with questions. Instead, with his bamboo staff he drew upon the ground these words:

‘One who has contentment in his heart
finds good everywhere

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and at all times.'

Or sometimes he would write:

'Where discontentment exists,
all effort is in vain.'

Or sometimes:

'Be silent, be still and you will know.'

But those who visited seemed not satisfied with these answers. They were too cryptic and there was no guidance given—no map delivered. And they could not understand why the sage refused to answer them directly. And why? Surely he knew the answers, but why did he choose to scratch in the sand such babblings? The other sages gave advice and prescribed paths, and talked of austerities to be observed, why not this one? The sermon he gave could not be heard by the ear, or for that matter seen by the eye.

He was a real mystic. He was not an ascetic, he had no exercise to give to you, but only understanding—a silent understanding, a transmission beyond scriptures.

Yet it is written that during the feast of the Christ a young man appeared. No staff bore he, nor scrolls of wisdom, nor were there questions at his tongue. Only, in his eyes there was purpose and great passion. Straight on to the sage strode he. Neither sitting, stopping, nor prostrating himself as others had done, he gazed upon that ancient and tranquil face without word. And soon, to the amazement of the others he took the staff from the hand of the sage and drew upon the dusty earth these words:

'How does thy brightness
dispel the darkness?'

Patiently the sage took back his staff and scratched beneath the young man's ply:

'What darkness?
Are you lost in the darkness?'

To which the young pilgrim countered:

'Is getting lost, losing the way?
Is getting lost really getting lost?'

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The silent sage contemplated the face of the young pilgrim for some time and then he drew upon the ground these words:

‘Only forgotten.’

A roar of laughter went up from those who had gathered, and the sage erased what he had written and wrote again:

‘What desire brings you here?’

Eager eyes watched the staff change hands:

‘Desires . . . ? I have none.’

Observing the pilgrim closely, the sage took the staff, rose to his feet, extended his right foot, tapped it three times, then became as still as the breaths of those who watched. Whereupon the young visitor broke his silence and asked ‘Why did you do that?’

The sage quickly scratched:

‘Curiosity is a form of desire.’

Back and forth the staff continued until the frustrated pilgrim cried back with the point of the staff:

‘It has been said
that there is a sacred mantra one may recite
that will join him to the universe in oneness.’

The sage quickly scratched again:

‘Have you ever been
apart from the universe?’

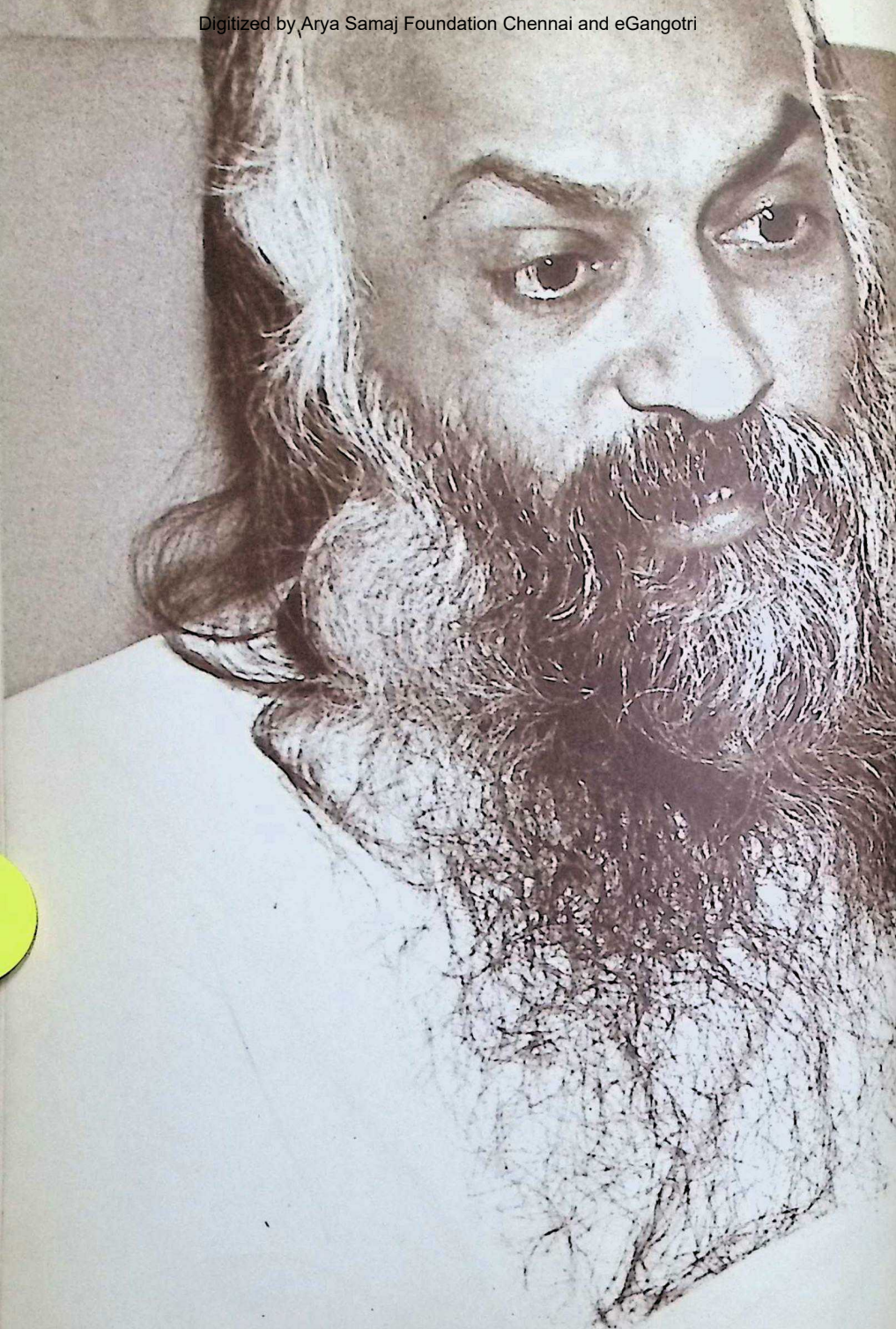
And, with that, the old sage swiftly raised his staff and thrust it down upon the head of the seeker, sending him into a deeply blissful trance. Days passed. And in those days the young pilgrim truly began to savour the sweetness of the great sage, as he sat surrendered before him. Not once did he question in the presence, and a fathomless love grew between them. But on the third day, the sage broke his long years of silence. ‘So you have come at last!’ the hoarse voice came.

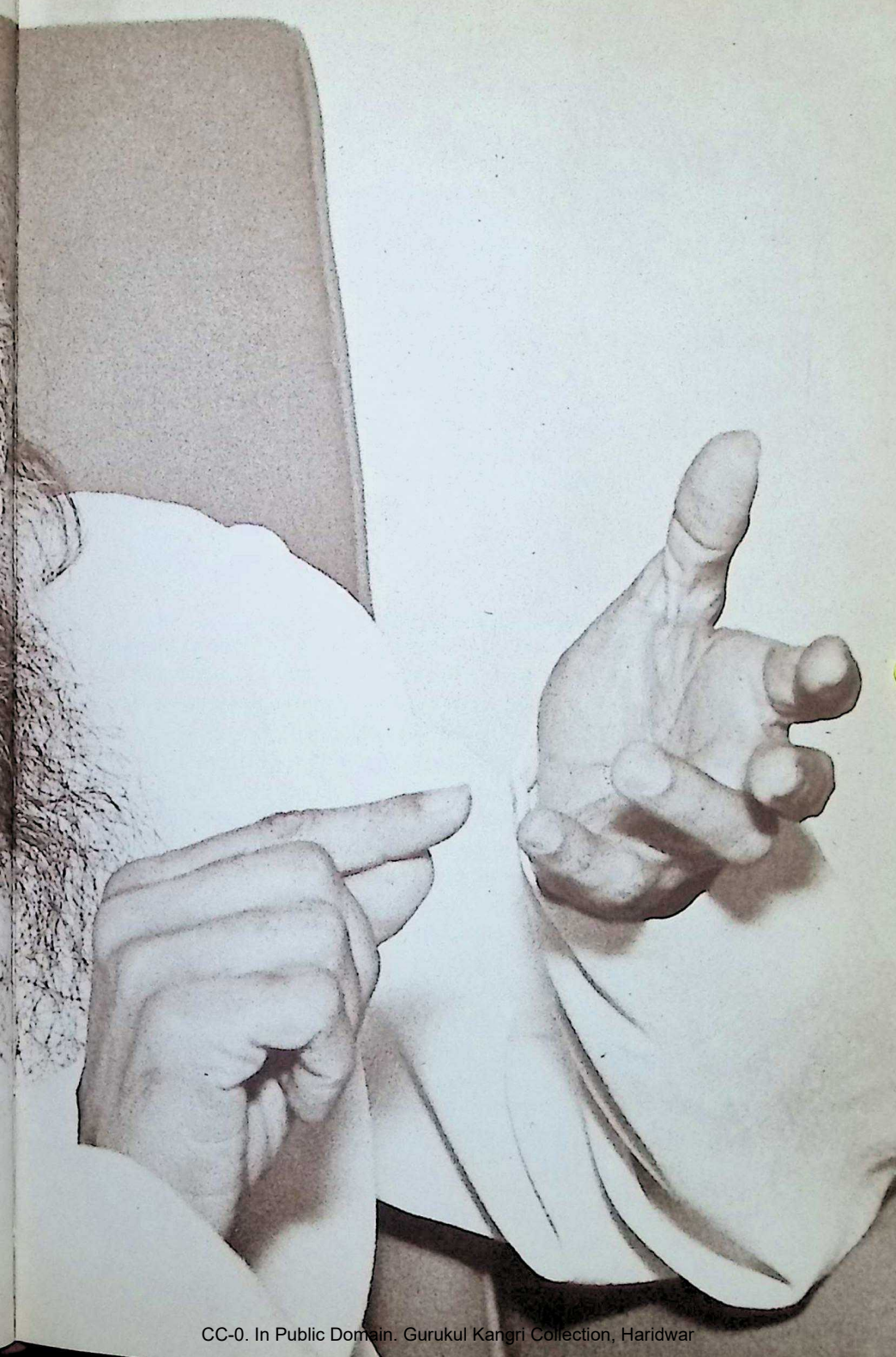
The young man replied not, but looked deeply into the sage’s eyes for some time, then taking once again the staff from the old bony hands, wrote:

‘Only remembered.’

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Nothing else is there to be done. You have forgotten who you are. The only thing that has to be done is that you have to remember who you are. Forgetfulness is the world, remembrance is God. To forget is to be lost, to remember is to be back home.





You Are Blessed

Do you have favourites? Am I one of them?

*

I am reminded of an Arabian proverb.

It is said that whenever God creates a person he whispers into his ear 'You are my favourite. I have never made such a beautiful person before, and I am not going to make such a beautiful person again. You are simply unique.' But this he has been doing to everybody and everybody deep down in his heart thinks 'Whatsoever God has said, one believes.'

You are my favourite. And this is not addressed to anybody in particular, but to everybody. In fact, to choose as favourite or not is not possible for me. It depends on you, you can become my favourite, you may not become; it is a one-way traffic. If you allow, you will become; if you don't allow, you will not become. As far as I am concerned I am not.

Please explain the difference between rationalisation and 'bullshit'.

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'Bullshit' is a far better word than 'rationalisation', but they mean the same. 'Rationalisation' is a clinical word—a word to be used by the professor, 'bullshit' is more alive. 'Rationalisation' is bloodless, 'bullshit' is very young, alive and kicking. But the meaning is the same, they are not different things.

The henpecked husband and his wordy wife were walking down the country road having one of their arguments in the usual way. She was winning. Suddenly she turned and saw a bull charging down the road. There was no time to warn her husband so she jumped into a hedge. The bull caught the man on its horns and sent him spinning fifty feet into the air. He came down in a ditch. When he finally managed to crawl out, he saw his wife standing on the road.

'Maria' he said 'if you hit me like that again you'll really make me lose my temper.'

Now this is bullshit. If you ask a psychoanalyst, he will call it a rationalisation.

The culture society was organising a group to be comprised strictly of virgins, when a young lady carrying a baby appeared.

'But, madam' protested the president 'that is evidence that you are not eligible for this society. Why do you think you will be able to join?'

'I was only foolin' around when this happened' she explained. 'So I thought I could get in as one of those foolish virgins.'

This is bullshit. 'Rationalisation' is a philosophical term. 'Bullshit' comes from the ordinary man, from the masses, people who live on the earth, with the earth, whose hands are muddy. The word 'bullshit' is also muddy as it is being used by people who are working, living the ordinary life. It does not come from the ivory towers of a university. But remember, it is more authentic, it says much more than 'rationalisation'. And always remember this, that words that are coined by professors are always anaemic. They are dead words—clinical, but do not say much; rather than saying, they hide. Let me say it in this way, the very word

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'rationalisation' is a rationalisation: it is being used to avoid the word 'bullshit'.

*

Why do you make so many mistakes when you quote other people or refer to Biblical events or to scientific discoveries? I have answered this question many times myself in various ways. Now I would like to hear your answer.

So allow me to commit a few more mistakes.

First: my memory is marvellous.

Mulla Nasruddin was talking to a man and he said 'My wife has a very bad memory.'

And the man asked 'Do you mean she forgets everything?'

Mulla Nasruddin said 'No, she remembers everything!'

If Mulla Nasruddin's wife has a bad memory, I have a marvellous memory. I forget everything. And I enjoy this forgetfulness; I am not worried about it.

Secondly: I am an ignorant person, I am not a scholar. I enjoy reading books, but I read the Bible, the Gita, the Koran just as one reads novels; they are ancient, beautiful stories. Krishnamurti says he never reads any scripture; he reads only detective stories. I read the scripture, but I read in the scripture just the detective story and nothing else. And I would suggest to Krishnamurti that it would be good if he should look into the Bible; you cannot find a more beautiful story—full of suspense. Everything is there: love, life, murder; everything is there. It is very sensational.

Scriptures, to me, have nothing special. Scriptures are as sacred as the trees and the rocks and the stars—or as secular. I don't make a distinction so I am not very serious about scriptures. The only thing I am serious about is jokes. So when I quote the scripture I quote from memory, when I quote a joke I have it written here in front of me. I never want to

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make any mistake about the joke—I am really serious. About everything else I am absolutely non-serious.

So it is very obvious. Listening to me you must have understood it, that my emphasis is not on what the scriptures say—that is not the point; my emphasis is on what I am saying. If you go to a Christian priest, he quotes the scripture, his emphasis is on the scripture. He is very literal, he has to be—he himself is secondary, the scripture is primary. He is a witness to the scripture. With me it is just the opposite: the scripture is just a witness to me. Whatsoever I have to say, only that have I to say. If I feel the scripture can be a witness to it, I use it.

And I go on playing with the scripture, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. Remember always, I am not trying to prove the scripture—that the scripture is right—I am simply using it as illustration. It is secondary, you can forget about it; nothing will be lost. Whatsoever I am saying is direct. Just to help you, because you are not capable of listening to the direct truth, you need a few witnesses. So Jesus, Krishna and Buddha and Lao Tzu and Lieh Tzu—they are just witnesses to me. I am not to adjust with them, they have to adjust with me.

And this should always be so: the dead should exist and adjust with the living and for the living. Why should the living adjust with the dead? Lieh Tzu has to adjust with me, because only in adjusting with me can Lieh Tzu again have a little life. Jesus has to adjust with me, I am not to adjust with Jesus. The past has to adjust with the present, not otherwise. So I go on playing. . . .

These are all just stories to me and, deep down, this is the approach: the whole of life is a fiction, it is *maya*, it is a dream. Jesus and Buddha and Krishna and I and you are parts of a big dream—God is dreaming. Don't be too serious about it. Scholars become too serious. I am not a scholar and I have no respect for scholars. In fact my attitude is exactly the same as Mulla Nasruddin's.

Once it happened:

A man came to Mulla Nasruddin and said 'Nasruddin, have you heard? The great scholar of the town has died and twenty rupees are needed to bury him.'

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Mulla gave him a hundred rupee note and said 'Take it, and while you are doing it, why not bury five? Remember, these scholars are very calculating and cunning people—bury them as deep as possible, otherwise they will come back. And if you need more money, come to me, don't be shy about it!'

I am neither a scholar nor am I in any way respectful towards scholars or scholarship. That is all bullshit.

I was reading a beautiful poem by E.Y. Harburg. A few lines are of tremendous import. Meditate over them.

Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree;

 And only God who makes the tree
 Also makes the fools like me.

 But only fools like me, you see,
 Can make a God, who makes a tree.

I am tremendously ignorant, and I am happy as I am, and I have no idea to improve upon myself. So if sometimes you are in an awkward situation: somebody says that Bhagwan has said this and this is not correct, it is your problem. Then your Master is found faulty... you feel a little disturbed, your ego is hurt. As far as I am concerned I am perfectly okay. And I will continue to create problems for you! Now you find the answers. Invent something, be a little imaginative or inventive. When I can invent so much, why can't you? You can find some esoteric, occult meaning in it. It is always easy: when you cannot find anything else, always try to find some esoteric, occult meaning in it—there must be.

The handsome, well-dressed man handed the poor beggar a five dollar bill. 'Here, my good man' he said 'eat your fill and there's enough for a drink or two.'

The beggar entered Tony's restaurant, where he ate the biggest dinner

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of his life and then topped it off with a bottle of wine and a big tip to Luigi, the waiter. 'Ah' said the handsome, well-dressed stranger 'it's a good world. Everyone is happy. The poor beggar because he is no longer hungry, Tony because he has made a big sale, the waiter because he has received a nice tip. And me?...I'm happy too, because the bill was counterfeit.'

So make everybody happy. Create a few fictions, a few counterfeit bills; make everybody happy. The world is really beautiful.

Don't be bothered too much about facts—there are none, all are fictions. Remember, *all* are fictions, even my being here and your being here is a tremendous fiction. Nothing ever happens. Truth is. All that happens is fictitious; history is a fiction because whatsoever is, is... nothing ever happens there. God has no history and God has no biography. God only is, there is no 'was' and there is no 'will be'. There is no past and no future.

All history is fictitious. That's why in the East we have never been bothered by history, we have not written history at all—instead of history we have written myths. If you ask when Rama was born, Hindus cannot answer. Ask Hindus, and you will find as many answers as the persons you ask. Nobody knows, in fact nobody knows exactly whether he was born or not. The fiction is that the story writer who wrote the story of Rama, wrote it before Rama was born: Balmiki wrote it before Rama was born. Look at the Eastern approach. You cannot conceive of it, that the Christian apostles should write the story of Jesus before he was ever born. But Balmiki wrote the story of Rama before he was born and then Rama had to be born to prove that Balmiki was right, otherwise people would laugh at this old man. And he had written so, 'So do it!' So he had to do the things that Balmiki had written already. He had prophesied it, it was a prediction, and then Rama followed. Look at the approach: history is thought of as fiction. Only novels are written first, then you can play, you can make a movie out of them.

In the secret traditions of the Essenes it is said that Christ never was, that in fact it was a drama, a Christ drama, that had been played for

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centuries before Christ was ever born. In fact he was never born, it was just a drama. By and by, people became so much attached to the drama, they started loving the drama so much, that it turned out becoming a reality; it started looking like a fact. That's why there are so many versions. If you look into the four gospels, all are different, sometimes contradictory. Four persons writing the same story are bound to be different.

The Eastern way of looking at things is that whatsoever is cannot be seen by the eyes. And whatsoever can be seen by the eyes is just a fiction—enjoy while you are seeing it, love it—it is *leela*, God's play. So when I am saying things to you, these are not sermons—a sermon is a serious thing—these are just like the songs of the birds. So whatsoever surfaces in me, I tell you; and I am not worried whether it is proved by history or not because history itself is meaningless to me.

*

Why has there never been a single woman enlightened Master?

A woman cannot be a Master—it is not possible. When a woman arrives she becomes a Mistress, not a Master. The fulfilment of a woman is love. The flowering of a woman is love. Mastery is not the goal of the feminine mind; they don't become Masters, they become Mistresses. To be a Master is basically a male effort.

Awareness is the way of man, love is the way of woman.

On the path of awareness it is possible to teach; one can become a Master. On the path of love, how can you teach love? You can flower, you can bloom in love, but how can you teach it? Yes, if somebody wants to learn from you, he will learn it, but you will not be a Master. And such women have existed: Rabiya, Meera, Mallibai, Magdalen, Teresa. Such women have existed: Sahajo, Daya, Lalla. Many women have existed, but they were not Masters. They were so surrendered to God that they became Mistresses.

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Meera says 'I am a mistress to you. My Lord'—a mistress to Krishna, to God himself. She sings the song of the glory of her Lord, she dances. If somebody can catch something from her, it is overflowing; but she cannot be a teacher. She is surrendered, her surrender is absolute. Yes, if you are in her company, you will learn what surrender is... but you will have to learn, she will not teach. A woman cannot be a teacher.

To teach, a certain different quality of energy is needed. Let me say it in this way, this is my experience: it is very difficult for a man to become a disciple, very difficult for a man to become a disciple. Even if he becomes, he becomes reluctantly. Surrender is difficult. How to surrender the will? Even if he surrenders, he only surrenders conditionally, in order to become a Master one day. He becomes a disciple in order to become a Master. It is difficult for a man to surrender; it is very simple for a woman to surrender. It is very simple for a woman to become a disciple, it is very difficult for a woman to become a Master. Even after she has arrived, she remains surrendered. And for the man, even when he has not arrived, he remains deep down unsurrendered. On the surface he will show surrender, but deep down somewhere the ego persists.

A man can become a good Master. A woman can become a good disciple because to become a disciple means to become a receiver, to be receptive, to become a womb. To become a Master means to become a giver.

The same phenomenon continues... as it is there on the biological level, it remains on the spiritual level. Biologically, a woman is ready to receive the sperm from the man she loves. The man cannot become a mother, he can only become a father. He can trigger the process: the woman will become the mother, she will carry the child in her womb for nine months, she will nourish the child with her blood and her being, she will be carrying the pregnancy. The same happens on the spiritual level too.

When a woman comes to a Master she is immediately ready to surrender. If sometimes it happens otherwise—sometimes there are women who are very reluctant to surrender—that simply shows they have lost contact with their womanhood. They don't know who they are, they have become distracted from their centre. They don't know

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how to surrender because they don't know how to be a woman. If you know how to be a woman, if you are a woman, surrender is so simple, it comes so easily.

All the great disciples in the world were women. Buddha had thousands of disciples, but the proportion has always been the same: three women, one man. So was the proportion with Mahavir. He had forty thousand sannyasins: ten thousand men, thirty thousand women. And so was the case with Jesus.

The really devoted people around him were not the men but the women. When he was crucified, all the men escaped, there was not a single man. All those so-called 'apostles' had all disappeared, but the women were there. Three women were there: they had no fear, they were ready to sacrifice themselves. When Jesus was taken down from the cross, it was not by men—those disciples had gone far away, and one or two were there but they were hiding in the crowd—women took down the body. And it is very significant that when Jesus appeared after three days, resurrected, he appeared first to Mary Magdalen, not to a man. This is very significant. Why? What about those twelve apostles? Why to Mary Magdalen? And she immediately recognised him, and she rushed to him and she said 'So, My Lord, you are still alive!' And when Jesus appeared to the disciples, male disciples, they would not recognise him, they thought 'It seems tricky. How can this man come back?'

It is said that when he appeared before two disciples, male disciples, he walked with them for hours and they would not recognise him. And they continued talking about Jesus and Jesus was walking by their side. They were a little puzzled about the appearance of this man—he looked like Jesus but how could he be? 'Just appearance?—one should not be deceived by appearance alone.' For two hours they walked together. When they went to an inn, all three sat there to eat their dinner and when Jesus broke his bread, *then* they recognised. Very materialistic mind. Suddenly they saw... because Jesus' every act, his every gesture, was his, authentically his. Now they recognised because he was breaking the bread in the same way that they had seen Jesus break bread for years—then they recognised. But for two hours, the presence was not recognised.

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Magdalen recognised immediately. When she went to tell the male disciples that Jesus was resurrected, they laughed. They said 'Woman, you are hallucinating.' And they laughed and they said 'This is how women always are—imaginative, dreaming, romantic. Now look at this foolish woman. Jesus is dead. We have seen him die on the cross with our own eyes.' But she cried and she said 'Listen to me. I have seen him.' But they would not listen.

A woman can be a perfect disciple, and this is how it should be. Woman is receptive, an opening, a womb. They have never been Masters in the sense that men have been Masters—like Mahavir, Buddha, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu. No, they have never been Masters like that. But there have never been disciples like women; no man has ever been able to equal them as far as discipleship is concerned. And let me tell you this, that as far as this division of male and female is concerned, the female mind is more blessed. Because the real thing is to receive the truth, the real thing is not to give it—that is secondary. And a woman is always more total than a man. Whenever she receives the truth, she becomes luminous: her whole body, her whole being shows it; she carries an aura. Have you not seen a woman who is pregnant, how beautiful she becomes? Her face glows, she is carrying a new life within her. And this is nothing compared to a woman who really becomes a disciple. She is carrying God himself within her. Her glory is infinite.

So don't be worried why women don't become Masters. There is no need. If you can become disciples, that is natural and you will always remain true to nature.

Yesterday you said that Zen is the beautiful result of melting Tao and Buddhism, and Sufism the flower that blooms out of Islam and Hinduism. Is your teaching the super-flower, the cross-breeding between Zen and Sufism?

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It is not a flower, it is just a meeting of two fragrances. Zen is a super-flower, so is Sufism. Nothing can be added to them; they are perfect. As far as flowers are concerned, they have attained to perfection; nothing more can be added to them, they have bloomed. What I am doing here is trying to fuse their fragrances.

A rose has flowered and so has flowered a lotus. Both are spreading their fragrances to the wind. What I am doing here is trying to fuse their fragrance, which is a very subtle phenomenon. A flower is gross, fragrance is subtle. A flower is visible, fragrance is invisible. A flower is material, fragrance is simply spiritual. That's what I am doing here—trying to bring together all the flowers of Tantra, of Yoga, of Tao, of Sufism, of Zen, of Hasidism, Jews, Moslems, Hindus, Buddhists, Jains—I am trying to bring together all the fragrances that have been released down the centuries. This is a great experiment which has never been done before. Buddha is concerned only with the path through which he has attained, so is Mahavir, so is Jesus. Never before on the earth has this been done.

You are blessed, you are fortunate. You may not realise this right now; nobody realises it when the moment is alive. Have you ever thought about it? Were Jesus' disciples aware of what was happening when it was happening? Were they aware that something of tremendous import was happening in their lives which was going to decide the destiny of humanity for centuries to come? No, they were not aware. Were Buddha's disciples aware that something of great import was happening? You are also not aware. Something of tremendous import is happening which has not happened ever, which is going to be decisive, because now the old religions cannot survive in the future; their days are gone.

In the future, a few things will disappear. Nations will have to disappear because the earth has become a small village; now they are meaningless. India and Pakistan and China and America and Canada and England and Germany are meaningless; the earth has become one. The day man became capable of going beyond gravitation, the earth became one. The first man in a spaceship started crying when he saw the whole earth as one. Nobody had ever seen the whole earth as one. He looked at the earth—he could not believe how there could be any

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divisions of America and Russia and China and this and that. He could not think about himself as American or Russian. He could think about himself only as an earth-dweller. And he could not see any divisions of the earth because divisions are only on the political maps; the earth remains undivided. The day man crossed the barrier of gravitation, became free from gravitation, the earth became one. It is now only a question of time. . . . Nations will have to disappear, and with nations will disappear the world of the politicians and the world of politics. A great nightmare will disappear from the earth.

And the second thing to disappear with the nations is Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, Judaism. Just as politics have divided the map of the earth, religions have divided the consciousness of man. Certainly the division of religion is more dangerous than the division of politics, because politics can only divide the earth. . . . religions have divided the consciousness of man. Man has not been allowed total access to his being. One has to be just a Mohammedan—a very narrow thing. One has to be just a Hindu—just a very narrow thing. Why, when you can have the whole heritage? When the whole past is yours and the whole future is yours, why should you divide? Why should I call myself a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian? One should claim the total. By claiming the total you become total: you lose all narrow divisions, distinctions; you become whole, you become holy. That is going to happen, that is bound to happen. That *has* to happen, otherwise man will not be able to grow any more.

This is very crucial that man has to drop all barriers of nation and religion and church. That's what I am doing here: trying to bring together all the fragrances released in different centuries by differing flowerings of human consciousness. Lao Tzu is a flower, so is Buddha, so is Jesus, so is Mohammed, but now we have to melt all their fragrances into one—a universal fragrance. Then, for the first time, man will be able to be religious and yet undivided. Then the church is yours and the mosque too and the temple too. Then the Gita is yours, and the Koran and the Vedas and the Bible—everything is yours. You become vast.

No, I am not trying to create a new flower—flowers have happened.

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I am trying to create a new perfume out of all those flowers. It is more subtle, more invisible; only those who have eyes will be able to see it.

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The danger of your talks on Taoism is that there are a lot of lazy, irresponsible people around who rationalise their bad habits by claiming to be inactive Taoists. Please clarify the difference between a Taoist and a lazy escapist.

The question is from Anand Prem.

The first thing, there are two dangers I have talked about: one is of egoism, another is of lethargy, laziness. And remember, if you have to fall into any trap, the trap of laziness is better than the trap of egoism. That is more dangerous, because the lazy person has never done anything wrong, a lazy person cannot do. He will never do any good—okay, but he will never do any wrong either. He will not bother to kill anybody, to torture anybody, to create concentration camps, to go to war—he will not bother. He says ‘Why? When one can rest, why?’ A lazy person is not naturally a danger. The only thing that he may miss may be his own spiritual growth, but he will not interfere with anybody else’s growth; he will not be an interference. He will not be a do-gooder and these are the greatest, most mischievous people in the world—the do-gooders. A lazy person is almost absent. What can he do? Have you ever heard of any lazy person doing anything wrong?

No, Anand Prem, the real problem comes from the egoist, and that is Anand Prem’s possibility. Don’t be worried about a few people here getting lazy—let them, nothing is wrong. The real problem is from the egoist; one who wants to be spiritual, one who wants to be special, one who wants to become a *siddha*, one who wants to attain spiritual powers. One wants to prove something spiritually in the world: that is the real danger. If you have to fall, choose laziness. If you cannot fall, if you have to avoid, good to avoid *both*.

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Laziness is just like the common cold—nothing much to worry about. Ego is like cancer. It is better not to have either. But if you have to choose and you would like to have something to cling to, the common cold is good—you can depend on it, it never kills anybody, it has never killed anybody. But never choose cancer, and that is the greater possibility.

Now she asks 'The danger of your talks on Taoism is that there are a lot of lazy, irresponsible people... '.

The first thing: the moment you start thinking about others you are getting into an ego-trip. Who are you to think about others and their life? It is their life. If they feel like being lazy, who are you to interfere? Anand Prem has a do-gooder in her being; she is very worried about others—that is a dangerous thing. And of course she is condemnatory. This question has a condemnation: 'The danger of your talks on Taoism is that there are a lot of lazy, irresponsible people around who rationalise their bad habits by claiming to be inactive Taoists.' Who are you to tell them that their habits are bad?

Laziness is a better habit than to be obsessed by activity. To be obsessed by activity is madness. A lazy person can be sane. Sometimes the laziest people have been found to be the sanest. I have the feeling that if Anand Prem comes across Lao Tzu, she will think he is lazy. He will look lazy to all purposes. If she comes across Diogenes, she will think he is lazy. If she comes around Buddha she will think he is lazy. 'Sitting under the Bodhi Tree... what are you doing? At least you can run a primary school and teach children, or you can open a hospital and serve ill people. So many people are dying, starving... what are you doing here sitting under the Bodhi Tree?'

Anand Prem would have jumped upon Buddha and taken him to task. 'What are you doing? Just sitting, meditating? Is this the time to meditate? Is this the time to be just sitting silently and enjoying your bliss? This is selfish!' This condemnatory attitude is really dangerous: it gives you an idea of holier than thou, 'I am better than you. You... you lazy people!' She goes on writing questions every day that I have not been answering; every day—that 'these people are hippies, these people are useless.'

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She is in search of a lover, but she cannot find one here because she thinks that nobody here. . . . She wants a 'straight person' and she cannot find a straight person here. These are all 'hippies and yippies' and she wants somebody who is well-established. She wrote a letter. '...well-established, has a bank account, is a gentleman, a squire, has prestige, respectability. Here these people are just hobos, wanderers, vagabonds.' She would have refused Buddha, she would have refused Lao Tzu: they were not straight. She writes to me: '...these long-haired people!' With such disgust she writes, and because of this disgust she has become a very disgusting person and she will not find. For one year she has been in the West in search. She is a Jew. First she searched in America, then she went to Israel to search for a man. She could not find in America, she could not find in Israel—she will never find anywhere. Even if she goes to heaven, God will look like a hobo. She has such condemnatory attitudes that she cannot love a simple human being. Yes, there are flaws, there are limitations, but everybody has those limitations. If you want to love, you have to love a man with all his limitations.

You cannot find a perfect person. Perfection does not exist. God never allows perfection because perfection is so monotonous. Just think: living with a perfect person. . . . twenty-four hours, and you will commit suicide. Living with a perfect person? Then how will you live? He will be more like a marble statue, dead. The moment a person becomes perfect, he is dead. An alive person is never perfect, and my teaching is basically not for perfection but for totality.

Be total, and remember the difference. The ideal of perfection says: Be like this—no anger, no jealousy, no possessiveness, no flaws, no limitations. The ideal of totality is totally different: If you are angry, be totally angry. If you are loving, be totally loving. If you are sad, be totally sad. Nothing is denied—only partiality has to be dropped, and then a person becomes beautiful.

A total person is beautiful. A perfect person is dead.

I am not trying to create *mahatmas* here. Enough! Those *mahatmas* have done enough nonsense in the world. We need beautiful people, flowering, flowing, alive. Yes, they will be sometimes sad, but what is

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wrong in being sad? Sometimes they will be angry, but what is wrong in sometimes being angry? It simply shows that you are alive, that you are not a dead thing, that you are not driftwood. Sometimes you fight, sometimes you let go. Just like climates change: it is rainy sometimes and it is cloudy, and sometimes it is sunny and the clouds have disappeared. And all seasons are needed—the cold, the heat, the winter, the summer—all seasons are needed. And a real man, an authentic man, has all the climates in his being—only with one awareness: that whatsoever he is doing he should do totally and should do with full awareness—enough, that's enough, and you have a beautiful person.

But Anand Prem is in search of a perfect man.

I have heard. . . .

Once a man travelled all over the world. . . . Whenever I look at Anand Prem, I again and again remember that man, He travelled all over the world in search of a perfect woman. He wanted to get married, but how to accept an imperfect model?—he wanted a perfect woman. He came back, his whole life wasted; he could not find. Then one day a friend said 'But now you are seventy and you searched your whole life, couldn't you find a single perfect woman?'

He said 'Yes, once I came across one woman who was perfect.'

So the friend asked 'Then what happened?'

But the man became sad, he said 'What happened? That woman was in search of a perfect man, so nothing happened!'

Remember, the ideal of perfection is an egoistic ideal.

Ronald Coleman told Herb Stein about a Hollywood phony who spoke with a fake Oxford accent, wore a fake Purple Star and Phi Beta Kappa key—and worst of all, passed a lot of fake cheques. At the end of his rope, he decided to commit suicide, and went down to the Santa Fe railroad tracks. He calmly smoked several imported cigarettes while three or four heavy freights puffed by. A tramp who was watching jeered 'If you're gonna do it, why don't you do it?'

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'Don't be vulgar' squelched the phony. 'A man like me waits for the Super Chief.'

Even if an egoist goes to commit suicide, he waits for the Super Chief, the best train. He says 'Don't be vulgar. A man like me waits for the Super Chief.' Even if he is committing suicide, he will not commit under a goods train.

Marriage is like suicide—you can commit anywhere. You should not wait for the Super Chief. Anand Prem is in search and it is impossible for her, the way she looks at things with such condemnation, to find anybody whom she can love.

'Please clarify the difference between a Taoist and a lazy escapist.'

There is not much, and if there is, it is so inner that only the person will know—you will never be able to judge from the outside. Look at me. I am also a lazy person. Have you seen me doing anything, ever? It is very difficult from the outside to know. And I love lazy persons... Taoists or not; I love lazy persons because out of lazy persons never any Adolf Hitler is born, never any Genghis Khan, never any Tamburlaine. Lazy people have silently lived their lives and disappeared, without leaving any trace on history, without contaminating humanity. They have not polluted consciousness. They were here as if they were not. To be lazy and aware...and you have become a Taoist. It does not mean that you become inactive. It simply means that the obsessive activity disappears. It simply means that you have become capable of not-doing too.

It is said about a Zen Master that a person asked one of his disciples 'What miracles can your Master do?'

And the disciple said 'Are you a follower of somebody?'

And the man said 'Yes, I am a follower of a certain Master and he is a great miracle-man; he can do great miracles. Once it happened that I was standing on this shore of the bank and he was standing on the other shore, and he shouted to me "I want to write something in your book." And it was almost a half-mile-wide river. So I took my book out, raised

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it, and from the other shore he started writing with his fountain pen and the writing came on my book. This miracle I have seen and the book is with me—you can see.'

And the disciple of the other Master laughed and he said 'My Master can do greater miracles.'

So the man said 'What miracles?'

And the disciple said 'My Master can do miracles, and he is so capable ...*so capable* that he is capable of not doing them too.'

'Not doing them too.' See the beauty of it. He is '*so capable...so capable...* of not doing them too.'

A Taoist is a man who does only that which is absolutely necessary. His life is almost like a telegram. When you go to the Post Office you don't write a long letter when you are giving a telegraphic message. You go on cutting words, this and this can be dropped and then you come to ten or nine or whatsoever. If you write a letter you will never write only ten words. And have you watched the thing? A telegram is more expressive than all letters. It says much more in very few words. The unnecessary is dropped, only the most necessary is there. A Taoist is telegraphic, his life is like a telegram. The obsessive, the unnecessary, the feverish, has been dropped. He does only that which is absolutely necessary. And let me tell you that the absolutely necessary is so little that you will see a Taoist almost as if he were lazy.

But remember, I am not praising laziness. I am simply condemning the egoistic attitude. Against ego—I am for laziness. But I am not for laziness itself; it should be full of awareness. Then you pass from activity and from laziness both. Then you become transcendental. You are neither active, nor inactive; you are centred. Whatsoever is needed you do it, whatsoever is not needed you don't do it. You are neither a doer nor a non-doer. Doing is no more your focus. You are a consciousness.

So please don't take whatsoever I have said in the sense that I am helping you to be lazy. To be *really* lazy means not to be inactive, but to be so full of energy that you are a reservoir of energy. Lazy as far as the world is concerned, but tremendously dynamic inside, not dull.

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A Taoist is lazy from the outside; from the inside he has become a river-like phenomenon, he is continuously flowing towards the ocean. He has dropped many activities because they were unnecessarily leaking his energy. The danger is always there—in whatsoever I say there is danger—the danger of interpretation. If I say 'Be active', there is the possibility that you will become egoists. If I say 'Be inactive', there is the possibility that you may become dull. Man is very cunning.

I have heard. . . .

He was the kind of a guy who would bet on anything—provided he was sure of winning. 'I'll bet my wife's first words will be "my dear" when I get home' he said to Lucky.

Lucky took him up on it. He knew his wife very well and she would be the last woman in the world to say 'my dear'.

Must have been like Anand Prem.

Lucky took him up on it and they bet a hundred dollars. When they got to the sport's house he stuck his head in the door and called 'My dear, I'm home.'

"'My dear' be hanged!" roared his wife. 'Wait till I get you inside!'

And he looked at Lucky and said 'Give me a hundred dollars. Didn't I tell you that the first words she would ever utter would be "my dear"?'

Mind is very cunning. The wife is saying "'My dear" be hanged! Wait till I get you inside!' But you can interpret. . . so he is demanding a hundred dollars. Mind is cunning. It goes on interpreting in its own ways; it goes on finding reasons, rationalisations, tricks to defend. It wants to remain as it is. That is the whole effort of the mind: it wants to remain as it is. If it is lazy, it wants to remain lazy. If it is active—too active, obsessively active—it wants to remain active. So whatsoever I say, you have to be careful not to defend your mind. You have to come out of your mind.

The man burst angrily through the door, threw his wife off the stranger's knee and angrily demanded 'How do I find you kissing my wife?'

'I don't know' said the stranger. 'Maybe you're home early?'

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People can find reasons. Be alert. And be alert about your own self, not about others. This is none of your business what others are doing. This should be one of the basic attitudes of a religious person—not to think about what the other is doing; that is his life. If he decides to live it that way, that is his business. Who are you even to have an opinion about it? Even to have an opinion means that you are ready to interfere, you have already interfered. A religious person is one who is trying to live his life the best, the most total way he can; the most alert way that he can he is trying. And he is not interfering with anybody's life, not even by having an opinion. Have you watched, observed? If you pass somebody and you have a certain opinion about him, your face changes, your eyes change, your attitude, your walk. If you are condemnatory, your whole being starts broadcasting condemnation, disgust. No, you are interfering.

To be really religious means to be non-interfering. Give freedom to people; freedom is their birthright.

Once it happened, I stayed with one of my professors, my teachers. Though I was a student and he was my teacher, he was very respectful of me. He was a rare, religious man but he was a drunkard, and when I stayed in his home, he was very afraid to drink in front of me. What would I think? I watched him, I felt his restlessness, so the next day I told him 'There is something on your mind. If you don't relax, I will immediately leave and go to a hotel; I will not stay. There is something on your mind. I feel that you are not at ease, my presence is creating some trouble.'

He said 'Since you have raised the problem, I would like to tell you. I have never told you that I drink too much, but I always drink in my home and go to sleep. Now that you are staying here I don't want to drink before you and that is creating the trouble. I cannot remain without drinking but I cannot even conceive of drinking in front of you.'

I laughed. I said 'This is foolish. What have I to do with it? You will not force me to drink.' He said 'No, never.'

'Then it is finished; the problem is solved. You drink and I will keep you company. I will not drink but I can drink something else—

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Coca-Cola or Fanta, I will keep you company, you drink. I can fill your glass, I can help you.

He could not believe it, he thought I was joking. But when in the night I filled his glass, he started crying. He said 'I had never thought that you would not have any opinion about it. And I have been watching you' he said 'and you don't have any opinion about my drinking, about my behaviour, about what I am doing.'

I said 'To have an opinion about you is simply foolish. It is not something very great that I haven't any opinion about you. Why should I have in the first place? Who am I? It is your life—you want to drink, you drink.'

To have an opinion about you means that deep down somewhere I want to manipulate you. To have some opinion about you, this way or that, means that I have a deep desire to be powerful over people. That's what a politician is. A religious person should be non-interfering.

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You speak a lot about the ugliness of jealousy. Yes, it is quite ugly, but any suggestions to us sufferers of the disease who aren't enlightened on how to diminish it?

First, diminishing it is not going to help. You can diminish it to such proportions that it will almost become invisible, but that is not going to help. Diminishing simply means that you are throwing it into the unconscious and it goes into your basement of being more and more deeply. It becomes invisible. You may not be able to see it, but it will go on working from the back, it will go on pulling your strings from the back. It will become more subtle. Please don't try to diminish it.

The first thing to remember: rather than diminish it, magnify it so

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you can see the whole of it. That is the whole process of all the groups going on around here—Gestalt, Encounter, Psychodrama. The whole process is that whatsoever the problem is, please don't diminish it but magnify it. Bring it totally as it is—even exaggerate it so that you can see every detail of it. Down the centuries in the past, jealousy, anger, sadness, this and that, all have been repressed. The effort was to diminish it. No, a seed is a diminished tree, but a seed is tremendously powerful. A seed can at any time again produce a tree. The right situation, the right season ...and the tree will again sprout. You can diminish your jealousy, it can become just a seed, and you will not be able to see it—the tree has disappeared, but it is there.

Diminishing is not the right process. That's what you have been doing, that's what you have done to your life: you have diminished everything. And one thing more. When you diminish jealousy, your love will be diminished alongside, because your love and jealousy are so much entangled with each other. If you diminish your sadness, your happiness will be diminished, because your happiness and sadness are so much together. If you diminish your hate, your love will disappear—that's what has happened. You have been taught not to hate and the total result is that you have become incapable of love.

No, please don't diminish anything. That is not the way. Rather, magnify, exaggerate, bring it to its total blossoming and then see it—every detail of it, every minute detail of it. In that very awareness, in that very seeing, you will become capable of transcending it and then there will be no need to do anything about it.

The second thing: you say 'You speak a lot about the ugliness of jealousy. Yes, it is ugly...'. No, you don't know. You are simply repeating what I have been saying. If *you* know it is quite ugly, in that very knowing it will disappear. You don't know. You have listened to me, you have listened to Jesus, you have listened to Buddha and you have gathered opinions. You don't know. It is not your own feel that jealousy is ugly. If it is your own feel, why should you carry it? It is not an easy thing, it takes a lot of investment. To be jealous is a very difficult thing: it needs a lot of effort on your part, a lot of involvement. It is so destructive of your

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own self that if it is ugly and you have known the ugliness of it, you cannot carry it for a single moment. But listening to me you become knowledgeable.

I have heard....

'You can't come in here' the worried mother warned 'my son is sick.'

'I want to catch your son's measles' the man said 'because if I kissed the nurse she'd get it. She would kiss the doctor and he'd get it. The doctor would kiss my wife and she'd get it. My wife would kiss the landlord and that's the guy I'm after.'

It is a great investment, a great effort and a very complex phenomenon.

And finally, it may destroy. It may not destroy others—it certainly destroys you; it is suicidal. Not only that it is ugly, it is poisonous; it is suicidal, it is killing yourself every day, slowly, slowly.

See the fact of it. Don't just become knowledgeable. What I say will not become an experience for you unless *you* experience it. And what is the way to experience it? The way is to bring it in front of you. It is hiding behind you.

Don't just become knowledgeable. What I say will not become an experience for you unless *you* experience it. And what is the way to experience it? The way is to bring it in front of you. It is hiding behind you.

Don't repress it, express it. Sit in your room, close the doors, bring your jealousy into focus. Watch it, see it, let it take as strong a flame as possible. Let it become a strong flame, burn into it and see what it is. And don't from the very beginning say that this is ugly, because that very idea that this is ugly will repress it, will not allow it total expression. No opinions! Just try to see the existential effect of what jealousy is, the existential fact. No interpretations, no ideologies! Forget Buddhas and work, forget me. Just let the jealousy be there. Look into it, look deeply into it and so do with anger, so do with sadness, hatred, possessiveness. And by and by you will see that just by seeing through things you start getting a transcendental feeling that you are just a witness; the identity

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is broken. The identity is broken only when you encounter something within you.

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What do you say to someone who, no matter what paths you talk about, always feels that he has one foot on each of them? And don't say that this must be my path! You only mentioned two yesterday, remember? Did I just put my foot in it?

You cannot put, by the very nature of it. Those paths are so diametrically opposite that you cannot put one foot on one path, the other foot on another path—that is impossible. You must be imagining, you must be dreaming, hallucinating. It is so diametrically opposite—just as you cannot be alive and dead together. If you think you are both, you are simply alive and nothing else, because even to think one has to be alive.

It is said Mulla Nasruddin once asked....

Somebody had died and he rushed home and asked his wife 'You are very wise, just tell me one thing: if some day I die, how am I to decide whether I have really died or not? I have seen somebody die, one day or other I am going to die, but how will I know?'

The wife said 'Don't be foolish, you will know it. You will become cold.'

So, one day it happened. He was cutting wood in the forest, and it was a very cold day and he started feeling cold. He said 'Okay, so the last day has come. So I am becoming cold.' So he said good-bye to his donkey—because only the donkey was there—and thinking that he was going to die, he made himself comfortable under the tree, closed his eyes.... What else to do? Of course, when he closed his eyes, lying down

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under the tree, he became even more cold. So he said 'Certain... death is certain; now it is coming. I am becoming more and more cold.'

Then, just out of curiosity, he opened one of his eyes and looked at the donkey... what was happening to the donkey? And a wolf had attacked the donkey! So he said 'What can I do?' But still he said loudly 'You can take freedom with my donkey because I am dead. If I had been alive I would have shown you! But what can I do now?'

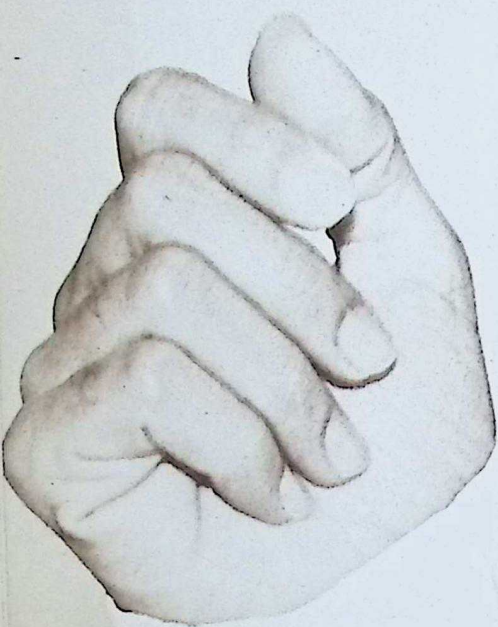
Talking, thinking, how can you be dead? Even to think this much is enough proof that you are alive.

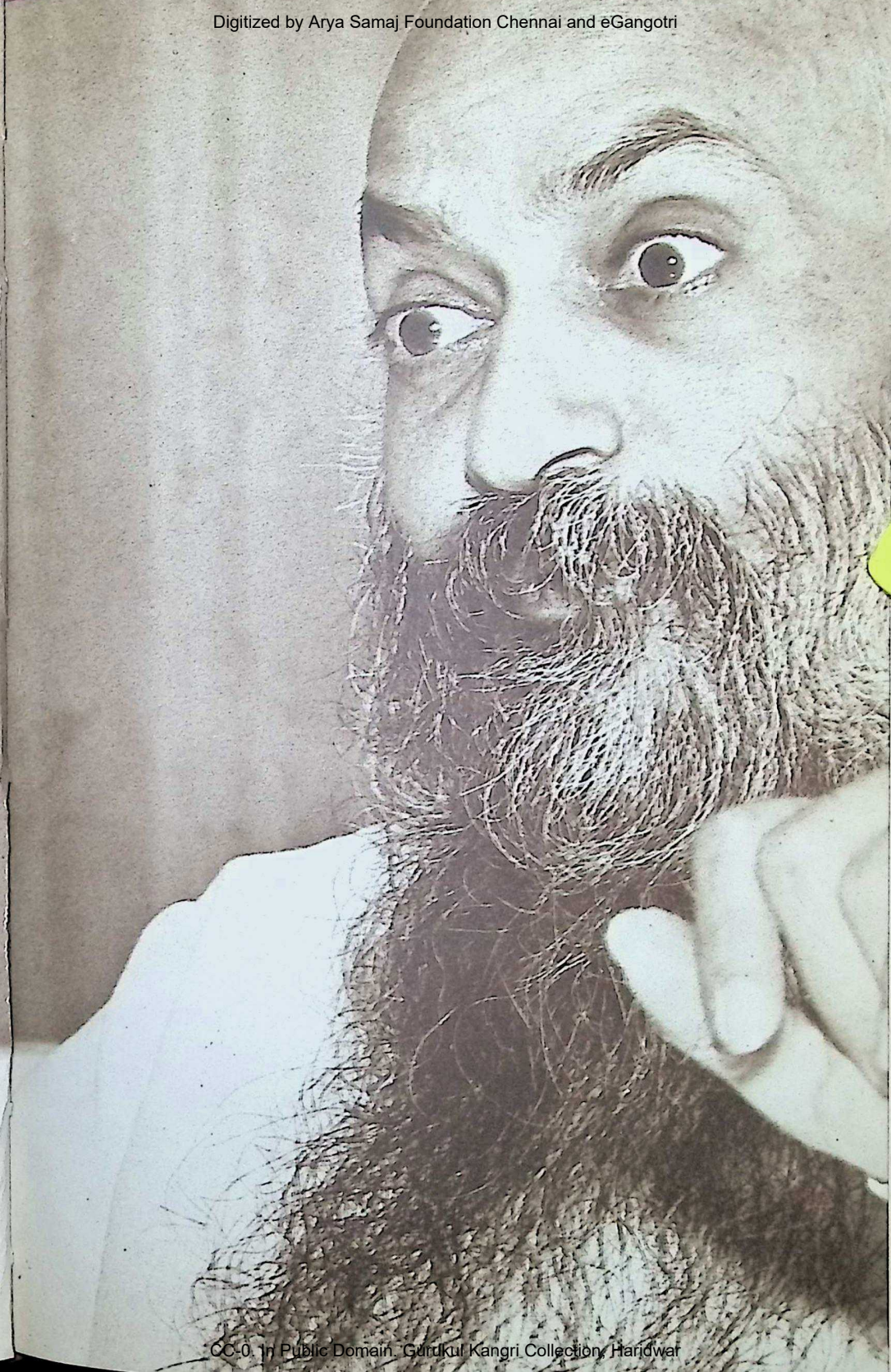
No, you must have misunderstood. You cannot be on both paths. Look again. It is possible you may not be on either, but you cannot be on both.

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You said today 'Ask a Buddha why he is happy and he will shrug his shoulders.' Please, Bhagwan, why are you happy?

I will not even shrug my shoulders.





Chao Hsiang Tzu went hunting in the Central Mountains with a party of a hundred thousand. He set fire to the forests by lighting the tall grass, and fanned the flames for a hundred miles.

A man came out from within a stone cliff, rising and falling with the smoke and ashes. The crowd thought he was a demon. When the fire passed he came out walking casually as though the fire he had passed through did not exist.

Chao Hsiang Tzu marvelled, and detained the man. He scrutinised him at leisure. In his shape, his colour, and the seven holes in his head, he was human; in his breathing, in his voice, he was human. He asked the man by what Way he lived in stone and went through fire.

'What are these things you call stone and fire?' said the man.

'The thing you have just come out from was stone; the thing you have just been walking through was fire.'

'I didn't know' said the man.

Marquis Wen of Wei heard of it and questioned Tzu Hsia 'What sort of man was that?'

'According to what I have heard my Master say, the man who is in harmony is absolutely the same as other things and no thing succeeds in wounding or obstructing him. To pass through metal and stone, and tread through water and fire are all possible.'

'Why don't you do it yourself?' said Marquis Wen.

'I am not capable of cutting open my heart and throwing away the knowledge in it. However, I can tell you all you want to know about it.'

'Why doesn't your Master do it?' asked Marquis Wen.

'My Master is one who, though able to do it, is able not to do it.'

Marquis Wen was delighted with the answer.

Reality . . . That Which Works

THERE IS a very significant distinction to be made in the very beginning: the distinction between knowledge and knowing. Knowledge only appears to know, it knows not. Knowing may not appear to know, but it knows. Knowledge is borrowed, knowing is one's own. Knowledge is verbal, knowing is through living. Knowledge is information gathered from here and there. Knowing is existential: you have lived it, it has come through your very experience; it is an experience. When knowing happens, a man is freed, he is liberated. Through knowledge, man becomes more of a prisoner. Knowledge binds; knowing liberates.

And the paradox is that the man of knowledge *claims* that he knows and the man of knowing does not even know that he knows. The man of knowing is innocent. There is a very famous mystic treatise in the West—the only one in the West. Nobody knows who wrote it, nobody knows from whom it came, but it must have come from a tremendous experience. The name of the treatise is *The Cloud of Unknowing*. It is from a man of knowing, but he calls it *The Cloud of Unknowing*. He says 'When I came to know, I forgot all knowledge; all knowledge disappeared.' There is no need for knowledge when you know. When you don't know, you cling to knowledge because only through that knowledge can you pretend to know. When you know, you can forget knowledge. When you don't know, how can you afford to forget it?

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So only the greatest knowers have been able to forget knowledge. That is the peak, and it has to be remembered. Living here with me, being here with me, don't become men of knowledge otherwise you will have missed me. Become men of knowing, become clouds of unknowing—which is the same thing in other words. Knowing is almost like unknowing because in knowing there is no knower, the ego does not exist. In knowledge there is a division: the division of the known and the knower, the division of the subject and the object. In knowing there is no division. Knowing is not divisive, it is unitive; it unites.

Science is a sort of knowledge, religion a sort of knowing or unknowing, hence their paths never cross anywhere and they never will cross. Where science ends, religion begins. Where cunningness ends, innocence begins. Where the knower disappears, knowing comes in.

In the biblical story of Adam's expulsion there is something to be understood in this context. The story is so beautiful that I come to it again and again, with different meanings, with different interpretations. God said to Adam 'You can enjoy all the fruits of this garden but there are two trees—one is called the Tree of Life, the other is called the Tree of Knowledge—please never eat from the Tree of Knowledge.' He mentions two trees: the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge. He says nothing about the Tree of Life, he simply says 'Don't eat from the Tree of Knowledge.' But Adam was too curious, hence the serpent could persuade him—otherwise the serpent would not have been persuasive, would not have succeeded. Deep down, Adam must have been curious about it, as every child is—and Adam was the first child and God was the first father. He was persuaded to eat from the Tree of Knowledge. He ate, and he became a knower. Immediately he felt ashamed, immediately he felt naked. Up to then he was innocent; the innocence was primordial, absolute, unconditional. He was not aware that he was naked. In fact he was aware that he *was*. The ego entered: from the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge ego is created. He became alert, he started judging whether he was beautiful or not, whether it was good to be naked or not; he became aware of his body. For the first time he became self-conscious; up to then he had not been self-conscious. Not that he was not conscious, he was

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conscious, but there was no self in it; the consciousness was pure, unobstructed. The consciousness was just a pure light, but suddenly the ego stood like a pillar in the middle of consciousness—a dark pillar, a pillar of darkness. And the story says that he was expelled.

In fact God need not have expelled him. He had expelled himself through eating the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. Knowledge is expulsion. The moment you become aware of your ego you are expelled from the beauty, from the benediction, from the delight, from the joy, that life has to offer to you.

Now what happened to the other tree, the Tree of Life? Nothing is said about it. My own interpretation is that had Adam eaten first from the Tree of Life and then from the Tree of Knowledge there would have been no expulsion. If knowledge had come through living, if knowledge had come through experience, there would have been no expulsion. This knowledge was bogus; it had not come through his own experience, it was unearned, it was immature—hence the expulsion. It was borrowed, it was not his own. When it comes through experience it liberates, it makes you more joyous, it makes you more delighted with existence. If Adam had eaten first the fruit of the Tree of Life and then the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge there would have been no expulsion. He reversed the process: he ate from the Tree of Knowledge. And once you eat from the Tree of Knowledge you start losing life. You cannot eat from the Tree of Life then, so the expulsion is self-imposed.

Remember it: knowledge can come in two ways. You can have it from others, from books, from people, from the society, and you can claim it as yours, but then you are expelled. And remember, the expulsion is self-imposed; nobody is expelling you. Your very wrong approach towards knowing becomes a barrier. But knowledge can be attained through another way that is through experience, through life. Eat the fruit of the Tree of Life first and then knowledge comes silently. Without even any whisper it arises in your soul . . . because if you go into experience, the ego is not created. The more you experience life, the less you have the self. Once life is known in its totality, you don't think of yourself as separate from existence: you have fallen into the unity, you

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have become one, you have become one with the whole, you are part of the organic unity of existence. And then there is knowing, a totally different kind of knowing, which liberates. Eat the fruit of the Tree of Life.

There is another parable in the Bible that when God created the world he asked Adam to name things. He would bring the lion and ask Adam 'What name do you give to this animal?' He would bring the elephant and ask 'What name do you give to this animal?' And Adam named all things and since then man has been doing the same. All your knowledge is nothing but labelling, naming. If you ask somebody 'Do you know this flower?' and he says 'Yes, I know it is a rose', what does he know? Just the name. What else do you know? By knowing the name 'rose' do you know the rose? By knowing the word 'god' do you know God? By knowing the name 'love' do you know love? That parable is also beautiful. Adam was foolish enough. He should have said 'No, how can I name? I don't know these things.' But he named—the elephant, the rose, the lion, the tiger—and since then that's what man has been doing continuously down the ages: just naming things. If you know the name of the person, you think you know the person, so when you introduce people to each other you just tell them their name or their country, their race. But what are you doing? Is the person known that way? The person is vast, so huge, how can you label and know by the label? But naming gives a false impression—as *if* you know.

A couple whose new home was completed very recently had hardly moved in before the neighbours came over to inspect it. Naturally the conversation was on the subject of the new house.

'It is very nice' commented one visitor 'but I don't see why you call this type of house a bungalow.'

'Well' explained the owner 'we just don't know what else to call it. The job was a bungle and we still owe for it so we call it bungalow.'

One has to call it something—so, 'The job was a bungle and we still owe for it so we call it a bungalow.'

One has to call...so we go on labelling things and then we think we

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know. What exactly do you know? If you drop those names that have accumulated in your mind, what is left? Nothing, *exactly*, and that nothing has to be realised, because unless you recognise that nothingness you will never move in the right direction. The right direction is knowing, not knowledge.

What do your experts go on doing?

I have heard about a doctor:

He had just started his practice and the first patient came. He examined the patient, but could not get hold of what kind of illness he was suffering from, and he didn't want to show that he did not know. So he looked into the books, but still he could not find it. He became very nervous, and the patient was sitting on the bed and watching, and he started perspiring. Then suddenly an idea came to him. He asked the patient 'Have you ever suffered from this illness before?'

The man said 'Yes, five years ago I suffered from it.'

And the doctor laughed and he said 'So, one thing is certain. You have it again!'

At least he could say something now. He was at ease. 'You have it again!' But even if you can find a name for it that doesn't mean much.

'I really was worried about my son Timothy' confessed Mrs. Malone to her bridge cronies. 'He had gotten into the habit of tucking all sorts of things into his pockets: twenty-dollar bills off my dressing table, other people's silver spoons, things like that. . . . Then my husband suggested that I take the boy to see Dr. Thingamabob, who studied with Freud in Vienna, and do you know, girls, my husband was absolutely right. That doctor solved my Timothy's problem after talking to him for just one hour. He told me "Mrs. Malone, your son is a thief."'

Now what are you doing? But it seems as if the problem is solved. It appears—by naming, by labelling—as if you have solved the problem. Avoid this habit—this is one of the dangerous habits of man. And because of this habit it has become impossible to penetrate into reality. This habit

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has become so unconscious, so deep-rooted, so mechanical, that the moment you see something, you immediately verbalise. You see the tree and immediately you repeat inside 'This is a tree—gulmohar tree or a pine tree. This is a rose, this is a marigold.' You continuously go on saying something inside whenever you are facing, encountering, anything. And if sometimes you come across something the name of which you don't know, you feel a little uneasy: you start enquiring 'What is this thing called?' Once somebody has given you a name—any name will do—you are at ease. How do you become at ease so easily? Just by naming you think you have known.

A child is born and you give a name to the child, and the moment you give the name you have put a barrier. Now the child will be equivalent to the name, and the name is an invention. The child was a mystery, and the name is very poor. No name can cover any person because each person is such a mystery. What name can cover a person? It is impossible. I know it is needed, the name is needed for utilitarian purposes, but remember well that the name 'rose' is not the rose. Use the name but don't forget that the rose is a tremendous existence.

Tennyson has said 'If I could understand a flower, root and all, then I would have understood the whole existence.' Yes, a small rose flower is so vast that if you can understand one small rose flower you will have understood the whole existence, because everything is so interconnected. If you want to understand the rose flower you will have to understand the earth: it comes out of it, the earth is the source. And you will have to understand the sky, because it flowers into the sky. You will have to understand the sun, because without the sun it cannot exist; the colour comes from the sun. And if you go deeply into it, you will find that you will have to understand everything that exists in existence. Only then will your knowing about this rose be complete and total.

But just by calling it 'rose' you start thinking you have known. These names give you knowledge and these names simply confuse you.

Asked Joyce, the enquiring child 'Dad, is today Wednesday?'

Answered the patient father 'No, daughter, today is Thursday.'

Joyce: 'But you said yesterday that "today is Wednesday".'

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Father: 'Well, today was Wednesday yesterday. Yesterday Thursday was tomorrow today. When today is tomorrow, today will be yesterday. Today is today now. Now do you understand?'

Games of words, games . . . and nothing else. All your philosophy and all your theology are nothing but games with words, playing with words. And one can play endlessly. One word can lead to another and so on and so forth. Existence *is*, and existence is not a word. Existence *is*, and existence is not a philosophy. Existence *is*, and existence is not a dogma, theory, scripture. If you want to move into existence, then you have to drop all words, all verbalising habits; you have to drop language. Language is the barrier.

Once language disappears, who are you? Are you then a knower? Then you are not a knower. Then do you know anything? You don't know. You are not a knower and you don't know anything, and exactly in that moment of emptiness knowing arises. That's what Zen people call *satori*. If language is dropped, *satori* happens, and the whole effort on the path of Zen is how to drop language. They give paradoxes to solve which cannot be solved. Solving these paradoxes, by and by one gets fed up with language itself. Out of sheer exhaustion one moment comes, language drops, and consciousness is freed—*satori* has happened.

Zen Masters say to their disciples 'Go and meditate on the sound of one hand clapping.' Now one hand cannot clap; to clap at least two hands are needed. One hand cannot create any sound; for sound to be created something needs to clash. Sound is out of conflict, *clash*! One hand cannot create sound. Now this is absurd, but the disciple has to meditate over it. He meditates. Sometimes it takes one year, sometimes two years and sometimes twenty years—it depends. And the disciple goes on meditating morning, afternoon, evening, night. He hardly sleeps for five hours and again, by three o'clock in the morning, he is sitting again at that absurd game—thinking, meditating . . . 'What is the sound of one hand clapping?' And he knows well, and in his mind says 'What nonsense are you doing? This is not possible. You will never find it.' But the Master says 'You have to find it.'

And he has to go every day to the Master and report whether he has

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found it or not. And the Master insults and sometimes hits him, and sometimes he throws him out of the room and he says 'You have not found it. You are just a fool. Try hard. Try harder.' And he tries—hard and hard—one year, two years, three years, or twenty years. What will happen? One goes on becoming tense and tense and tense, and there is no possibility to solve it so the tension cannot be relaxed: that is the secret of the *koan*. If there is some answer, then the tension can be relaxed, but there is no answer. An answer as such is not possible—it has been prohibited from the very beginning.

A *koan* is a puzzle which cannot be solved. If it can be solved, it is not a *koan*. If the mind can solve it, then the mind can continue. But the mind cannot solve it, cannot solve it; again and again the mind is proved impotent, again and again impotent. Again and again frustration. Again and again the mind feels 'I cannot do anything. I cannot do anything.' And this tension goes on, goes on, and becomes a climax: thunderous, roaring, like a storm; a madness arises out of it. And the disciple goes on thinking 'What is the sound of one hand clapping?' And he goes on asking the mind.

First the mind tries to supply answers: linguistic, verbal, borrowed, and the Master goes on denying. Even if the disciple enters the room and does not say anything to the Master, the Master says 'No, this is not the answer.' Because, in fact, there is no answer, so the Master knows no answer can be brought. Then, one day—out of sheer exhaustion, out of sheer tiredness, total tiredness—the mind flops, language disappears.

With language disappearing, with mind disappearing, the question disappears. Who is there to ask? And if there is no language, how can you formulate the question 'What is the sound of one hand clapping?' With the mind dropping, the question disappears. There is tremendous peace, silence: a state of no-language.

Sometimes the disciple may not go. Who bothers to go to the Master now? But then the Master comes or sometimes the disciple may go, and even before he has said anything, the Master will say 'So you have come home, so you have arrived, so you have crossed the barrier of language, so you have become silent.' From that silence knowing grows.

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All that you know, all that you think of as knowledge is rubbish. Know it as rubbish and drop it. All that is borrowed, all that is learned from others—and all that you know is learned from others—has to be dropped. It is humiliating: to carry it and to declare that it is knowledge is humiliating.

Two comics met in Lindy's. One of them was furious.

'I saw you at the Palace' he roared. 'You told every joke I told on my broadcast. They were my jokes.'

'Look, wise guy' answered the accused. 'Anything that comes out of my radio is mine. I have paid for it, haven't I? Anything that comes out of my radio is mine. I have paid for it.'

Is anything that comes out of your Bible yours because you have purchased the Bible? Is anything that comes out of the Koran yours because you are a Mohammedan? Is anything that comes out of the Vedas yours because, accidentally, you were born into a Hindu family? All that you know—pile it and burn it forever. It will be difficult because your whole ego is involved in it.

To recognise the fact that you don't know is the most difficult thing a man can do, but, in fact, a very manly thing. When you do it you have become for the first time a real man. Before it you were just pseudo, phony. And this knowledge gives you a false sense of knowing, but it never transforms your life. It never really gives anything to you. You know what is good, but you do what is not good. You know anger is bad, but you go on being angry. You know, but what is the use of this knowledge? It never becomes in any way part of your being, and it cannot become.

Many people come to me and they say 'We know, we know exactly what is right and what is wrong, but we are weak and we cannot do the right and we go on becoming victims of the wrong.' That is not the right thing. They are not weak. Nobody is weak. God never creates weaklings—it is impossible. Then from where arises the problem? The problem arises because knowledge is not a transforming force. So you know, but it never transforms you; and it gives you a feeling that you are weak, it

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makes you feel impotent. Look at it. Your knowledge, rather than helping you, destroys your self-confidence. It is better to be angry and not to know that anger is bad. But to know that anger is bad and then be angry is very dangerous: you are getting split. A part of your mind goes on saying 'It is wrong' and a part of your mind goes on doing it all the same. You are becoming schizophrenic. Your knowledge makes you schizophrenic.

Knowledge is impotent, hence it makes you feel impotent. Drop out of the company of knowledge and then, if you really know that anger is bad out of your own experience, that very knowing transforms. Then you will never be angry again. How can you be? Once you know that fire burns, how can you put your hand into it? It is impossible—unless you want to burn your hand, then it is totally different. When you know you cannot get out through the wall and you will get hurt in the head, you don't try—unless you want to break your head.

Knowing is always in tune with your being. Knowledge is always out of tune.

The Police Chief was angry. 'Now you have been on the force for two years and never made an arrest' he shouted at Patrolman Pat. 'I'm gonna give you one more chance. Someone is stealing Squire Davis's apples. Go up there and catch the thief.'

So Pat goes up there and around midnight he pounces on a masked man in the orchard trying to sneak away with a pack on his back. He opens the bag and finds it contains valuable silver, so he returns it to the masked man. 'Sorry, my mistake' Pat says. 'But you thank your stars it was not apples.'

That's how it is happening. Knowledge never gives you insight, rather, it makes you blind. Knowledge is blinding; knowing is an insight, a clarity, a transparency. Knowledge is old; knowing is always fresh, young, it arises out of the now. Knowledge is very ancient. Religions go on establishing their oldness. Hindus say that they are the oldest religion in the world, so say the Jews, so say the Jains. Ancientmost—why? Why this constant effort to prove that we are the oldest? Because knowledge

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is valuable if it is old. Knowledge is like wine: the older it is the more valuable. And knowledge is intoxicating. Yes, it is like wine, it is a drug: it dulls you, it makes you insensitive, it makes you unconscious. Knowing is fresh. A man of knowing arrives at his knowing each moment again and again. He never carries the old. He lives in the moment, he is responsive, sensitive, alert, aware.

A French portrait painter sat in his favourite café sipping his wine. His first small bottle finished, he was about to order a second, when his eyes fell on a headline of a paper, 'Hard Times Coming', so instead of ordering his usual second bottle, he called for his check.

'Is there anything wrong with the wine?' asked the landlord.

'The wine is good, but I didn't order a second bottle because hard times are coming and we must economise' explained the artist.

'Hard times' said the landlord. 'Then my wife must not order that silk dress we planned but must take one of cotton.'

'Hard times' repeated the dressmaker when the order was cancelled. 'This is no time to expand. I must make the improvement I had planned in this place.'

'Hard times, eh?' said the builder, when the dressmaker cancelled the plans. 'Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted.'

So he wrote to the artist and cancelled the order.

After receiving the letter, the artist went again to his favourite café and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe him. On a nearby chair was the paper in which he had read of hard times a few days before. He picked it up to read more closely and found that it was ten years old.

But knowledge circulates. It goes on from one hand to another and it affects people tremendously. They start living—at least they try to live—out of it. It cripples them. You have all become cripples. You are not centred, because your knowledge has forced you out of your centring. A child is centred. The moment he starts growing and starts knowing things, he becomes more and more uncentred, goes astray. An old man completely forgets where his centre is.

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This parable, and I call it a parable, is metaphorical. Try to understand it. It is of great beauty.

Chao Hsiang Tzu went hunting in the Central Mountains with a party of a hundred thousand. He set fire to the forests by lighting the tall grass, and fanned the flames for a hundred miles.

A man came out from within a stone cliff, rising and falling with the smoke and ashes. The crowd thought he was a demon. When the fire passed, he came out walking casually as though the fire he had passed through did not exist.

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'I didn't know,' said the man.

Marquis Wen of Wei heard of it and questioned Tzu Hsia, a very well-known learned man, 'What sort of man was that?'

'According to what I have heard my Master say, the man who is in harmony is absolutely the same as other things and no thing succeeds in wounding or obstructing him, To pass through metal and stone, and tread through water and fire are all possible.'

'Why don't you do it yourself?' said Marquis Wen.

'I am not yet capable of cutting open my heart and throwing away the

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knowledge in it. However, I can tell you all you want to know about it.'

'Why doesn't your Master do it?' asked Marquis Wen.

'My Master is one who, though able to do it, is able not to do it.'

Marquis Wen was delighted with the answer.

Now, go slowly into this parable step by step. First:

A man came out from within a stone cliff, rising and falling, with the smoke and ashes.

This is a Taoist attitude that if you move, flow with life without any resistance, without any effort, without any direction of your own; if you follow life wherever it leads like a dry leaf in the wind. . . . The wind goes to the south, and the leaf also goes to the south; the wind takes the leaf up, and the leaf goes into the clouds; and the wind drops it back, and the leaf sleeps silently under the tree on the earth. The leaf has no desire and the leaf has no direction of its own. The leaf has no ego. Desire and direction are by-products of the ego. You want to be somebody, you want to reach somewhere, you want to prove something, you want to do something, you want to swim against the current, then you are not a man of Tao. Don't swim at all. There is no question of going against the current, but just going with the river wherever it leads. Not pushing, not pulling, not trying to manipulate life, but just rising and falling with it, then you are dissolved. Then how can anything harm you?

Have you watched it? Taoists go on telling these stories again and again. You may have watched it happening many times—a drunkard falls on the road, but is not hurt; you fall and you break a few bones. What happens? Why has the drunkard not been wounded by the road? And he falls every night, and every night he has to be brought home. . . . somebody carries him. And again in the morning he is going to the office smiling and happy.

I used to live with a drunkard. He was just my neighbour for a few

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years, a very beautiful man. And sometimes his wife would come to me and she would say 'My husband has not returned. He may be lying somewhere in the gutter and it is dark and I cannot go. Will you not help me a little? Can't you go and find him?' And I would go and find him. Many times I would go and find him lying down in some gutter or on some road or just leaning against a post and I would bring him. But he was never hurt! And in the morning he was as fresh as ever again rushing to the office, and in the evening again the same story.

Watching him, one thing became absolutely certain: Taoists are right, because when he fell he was unselfconscious. When he fell, he simply fell, he was not resisting. When you fall, you don't simply fall, you try to protect, you become hard, you resist. In that very resistance is danger. When you are hard your bones are bound to break. Not because the earth is going to hurt you, your own resistance hurts you.

Out of this Taoist attitude have arisen many arts in the Far East: aikido, ju-jitsu, and others. The approach is to be relaxed. Even if the enemy hurts you, absorb it rather than fight with it, and you will not be hurt—difficult, a great art. To persuade yourself not to become hard when somebody is striking you is difficult because we have been trained for centuries to protect, to fight, to struggle, to make effort to survive.

The Taoist attitude is to go with life, to go all the way, to go without any conditions. Wherever it leads, go with it. Trust life so tremendously that you don't fear, that you don't have any fear of life. You come from life, you are part of life, so how is there any possibility that life will harm you? There is no need to be afraid, to have fear.

...rising and falling with the smoke and ashes... the man came out of the stone cliff... walked through fire.

The crowd thought he was a demon. When the fire had passed, he came out walking casually as though the fire he had passed through did not exist.

It looks like a miracle, but this miracle can happen to you. I am not saying 'Go and walk through fire.' That is just parable—a beautiful story

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to say something of great significance. Try it in your life: become unself-conscious. Don't carry this self and a constant struggle with life. Sometimes relax, sometimes let things be and see what happens, and you will be surprised. Once you let things be, once you start living in a let-go or *living as let-go*, then you will see that life is not an enemy to you, it is tremendously friendly. It has to be—it is your mother, it is your father, it is your source and it is your goal. You come out of it, and one day you will disappear in it. Why fear?

Out of fear comes fight. Out of fight you become a separate individual. Naturally, when you become a separate individual you are in trouble. Then this vast existence you take as the enemy. That is the Western approach: the whole of nature is your enemy, it has to be conquered. 'Conquest of nature'—that's what science has been doing for two, three centuries and it has destroyed all the beauty of life. It has polluted the whole atmosphere. The whole ecology of the earth is disturbed because of these people who have been trying to conquer. It is foolish. It is as if my one hand tries to conquer my whole body—it is as foolish as that. Man trying to conquer earth, man trying to conquer the sky, man trying to conquer nature is just absurd. And once you try to conquer nature, naturally one day or other you will try to conquer your innermost nature also. That is a corollary to it, a natural corollary to it. First you try to conquer the outer nature, then you start trying to conquer the inner nature, but then you are always in conflict, friction. You become a very sharp ego, and of course tremendously miserable, terribly miserable, infinitely miserable.

Misery is to fall out of step with existence. Happiness is to fall in step with existence. And to fall in step with existence is so simple because it is so natural.

...rising and falling with the smoke...the man walked out casually as though the fire he had passed through did not exist.

In his shape, his colour, and the seven holes in his head he was human; in his breathing, in his voice, he was human. He asked the man by what Way he lived in stone and went through fire.

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Of course Chao Hsiang Tzu was very surprised, intrigued, by the phenomenon. He could not believe his own eyes—how could this man be human? We have lost all meaning of real humanity. This man looked like a demon, something not human—either something evil or something godly, but not human.

Then Chao Hsiang Tzu looked at the man:

In his shape, his colour, and the seven holes in his head, he was human; in his breathing, in his voice, he was human.

Remember, in the human is the abode of the superhuman. Man is not an end, man has infinite possibilities; man is very potential. Man is not only the past, but the future also. Man has an infinite destiny in front of him. He has to grow—and he can grow to superhuman heights—but the growth does not come out of effort. The growth comes in cooperation with nature. The growth comes through harmony, through harmonious cooperation. The growth comes not as a conquest, but as a surrender.

That's the difference between other religions and the Taoists. The other religions emphasise the will too much, and Taoists say: Will is really the calamity. Surrender. One should become as will-less as possible. The moment you are will-less, then there is no problem: all blocks removed... and deep inside you the superhuman rises to its optimum height.

Yes, he looked like a man. Buddha also looked like a man, so looked Lao Tzu, so looked Krishna, so looked Christ. They were all men, but still something of the beyond had penetrated them. Because of that *beyond* we have given different names: Jesus is called Christ, 'the only begotten son of God'. These are just metaphorical ways of saying one thing, and one thing only, that something of the beyond has happened in Jesus. He is no more just the son of Joseph and Mary. Something of the beyond, something of the infinite has entered into his being—he is the son of God. Hindus call Krishna *avatar*. *Avatar* means that God has descended, God has come to the earth.

Names differ, metaphors differ, but one thing is certain: that whenever some human being has really fallen in tune with nature, something so

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superb happens in his life that we cannot just call him a man. We have to call him by a new name to indicate that he has gone beyond humanity. But remember, he has gone beyond humanity because it is human to go beyond humanity. It is part of being human to go beyond humanity and unless you have gone beyond you have not fulfilled your destiny, then you are not really human. Then you are just a man.

That's the difference I make between man and human: Man is a stasis, human is a process. Man is a static concept; human is a growth concept, a growing concept, a movement. A human being is one who is constantly changing into superhuman; and a man is one who has become dormant, is not moving anywhere, is simply drying and dying.

Start moving! Man is like frozen ice. Human is like a river flowing . . . the ice has melted. And when the river flows it is bound to reach the ocean. The river is meant to reach the ocean—it will reach—and there is no need for any map. The rivers don't carry any map. There is no need for mile-stones. There is no need even for a guide. The river simply flows, not knowing where it is going, and one day it arrives. So it happens to the consciousness, the stream of consciousness. Just float naturally, in a relaxed way, not in a hurry, not in impatience. Cool, collected, in deep cooperation with nature . . . flow, and one day you will arrive. Just by allowing the flow to happen, you reach.

Chao Hsiang Tzu *asked the man by what Why he lived in stone and went through fire.*

That's natural. We also ask 'By what way? How did you achieve?'—the method, the technology. Buddha is asked again and again 'By what way have you achieved?' And Buddha says 'The moment you ask this question you create trouble for me, because I achieved it only when I dropped all the ways: the pathless path. When I was on the way, I could not achieve it. For six years I was struggling hard. I was doing the utmost that I could do and I failed. And I failed utterly. Then one day there was nothing left to be done. I had done all that could be humanly done. Nothing to do, I relaxed . . . and that very moment I attained. So when you

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ask me by what way, you create trouble for me, because I attained it onxy when I had dropped all the ways.'

And that is one of the greatest insights ever, and that is one of the very fundamental things of the Taoist approach towards life. Never ask 'By what way?' If you ask, you ask a wrong question. And there is a possibility that some foolish person may answer. Fools are all around. If you ask a foolish question, you are bound to get a foolish answer. Once a question is asked, you will get an answer. People are very ready to supply advice and answers, but if the question is wrong, the answer is bound to be wrong, because only a wrong answer can fit in with the wrong question. If you ask a wrong question and I supply you with a right answer you will think I am irrelevant. You had asked something and I am talking about something else. This happens again and again.

In *darshan* I watch people. If they ask a wrong question and I give them a right answer they look a little puzzled, they look uneasy. They feel as if they had asked one thing and I have answered something else: it does not fit—it is not an answer to their question. And they are right too. It is not an answer to their question because their question was so wrong that only a wrong answer could fit in with it.

Remember not to ask a wrong question, otherwise there are priests and there are *pundits* and they will supply you with answers. They have been cheating humanity because humanity, out of foolishness, asks wrong questions. Then they supply wrong answers, and those wrong answers fit perfectly well with your wrong questions—and then they cheat you.

I have heard . . .

In a country village there was a labourer who killed his hog; and it was the custom in such cases to send pieces of meat, sausages, black puddings and liver to all the neighbours. This farmer, who had already received innumerable presents of this kind, found that if he adhered to this custom he should have nothing left for himself. Confiding in one of his neighbours, he said 'I have killed my hog, and if I should send a piece to all from whom I have received, there will be none left for myself; now, I pray you, advise me what is to be done?'

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To which his neighbour replied 'If I were in your case, I would hang up my hog at my open window for the greater part of the night, and the next day I would tell everybody it was stolen. By this means, I should be excused from making presents.'

The labourer, much pleased with his friend's advice, returned home and put it in practice. The giver of this friendly advice, not failing to profit by the darkness of the night, seized the hog and carried it home. How astonished was the farmer when early in the morning he found nothing of his hog! He raved at his neighbour's invention, which he had the evening before so much approved of. He sallied out to give the alarm, and the first he met was his friendly adviser to whom he related the whole affair, saying 'Oh neighbour, what do you think? They have stolen my hog!'

'There, there' said his neighbour 'that's right, stand to it. Tell the same story to everybody you meet, and I've no doubt they will all believe you.'

The farmer began to swear, and to protest most solemnly that it was no joke—that his hog was absolutely gone. But the stronger he was in his expressions of grief and vexation, the more his neighbour exclaimed 'That's right, that's right, my friend. Stand to it well, and they'll all excuse your present.'

The priests have been exploiting humanity, because man out of his stupidity has been asking wrong questions. Of course you get wrong answers, and you have to pay for those wrong answers. They don't come cheap, they don't come free; you have to pay dearly for them.

This man, Chao Hsiang Tzu asked 'By what way?' The question seems logical, relevant, meaningful. It is not, because a way means a will. You know the proverb 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' Let me say to you: Where there's a way, there's a will. The way comes out of the will. The way is nothing but will translated practically into life. Tao has no way, because Tao has no will. Will means struggle, will means fight. All ways are ways of struggle. Tao is a pathless path—no way—things are good as they are. There is nowhere to go, so what is the point of any way? One has simply to relax and be here-now. And remember, relaxation is

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not a way that you have to follow. If you make it a way there will not be relaxation, there will come will.

I have read one book—American, of course. The title of the book: *You Must Relax!* Now, 'must' is very American and naturally very tense. You must relax! Even relaxation has to be a must? Then how will you relax? It is something to do and you *have* to do—it is almost like a commandment. You have to follow the commandment. If you don't relax it will almost look as if you are committing a sin—you must relax! And what will you do when you will be relaxing? You will do something, and whatsoever you do will be wrong, because relaxation comes only when you are not doing anything at all. If you are doing something... counting sheep, or just going from one to a hundred and then coming back from a hundred, ninety-nine, ninety-eight, back to one... whatsoever you are doing... or just trying to relax the whole body: relax the legs and then relax the stomach and relax the hands... but you are *doing* it. All doing is a tension. Relaxation is not something that you have to do. When you don't do anything, it is there. When you are not doing, it is there. It is in your non-doing. If you do something, that will be your undoing.

This is absolutely wrong, to say to somebody 'You must relax!' It is almost as if you go to an insane person and you say 'You must be sane!' Now what will he do? He is insane. He can make great efforts to become sane—he will become more insane. He is insane because he is tense. Now you are giving him another goal to become more tense about, even more. There is no way.

Tao says: Drop all ways. All ways are mind-inventions. All ways are man-fabricated. Tao is when there is no way, no will. When you are not going anywhere—no goal to achieve, nothing to become, nowhere to arrive—then what will you do? You will simply plop, you will relax into existence. In that very moment you have crossed humanity: you have become superhuman.

He asked the man by what Way he lived in stone and went through fire.

'What are these things you call stone and fire?'

That is innocence. He does not know what stone is and what fire is; he must be a very childlike man. This is the idea, the Taoist idea, that a man should be so innocent—‘the cloud of unknowing’.

‘What are these things you call stone and fire?’ said the man.

‘The thing you have just come out from was stone; the thing you have just been walking through was fire.’

‘I didn’t know’ said the man.

In his not-knowing is his knowing: because he was in a state of not-knowing there was no barrier. How can fire burn you if you don’t know that it is fire and that it burns? Now this has to be understood.

If you want to understand it exactly you will have to ask the hypnotists. You can ask our Santosh what it means exactly. He can, some day, do an experiment in deep hypnosis before you. In deep hypnosis you can put an ordinary pebble on the hand of the hypnotised person and you can tell the person who is deeply in unconsciousness ‘This is a burning coal, burning hot, and you will be burned.’ And it is just an ordinary pebble, cold. And when you put the pebble on the hand, the man will be burned, and his hand will show that there has been a burning coal on it. What happened? And you can do the opposite also. You can put a burning coal into his hand and you can say that it is just a cold stone and he will not be burned. Now, these are proved scientific facts. What happens exactly? When you put a burning coal on the hand of the man why is he not being burned? If fire burns, then he should be burned. What does it matter whether he is conscious or unconscious, hypnotised or not hypnotised? What does it matter if you say it is a cold stone? By your saying how do things change?

Hypnosis is a very revealing force. It has been condemned too much in the West, particularly because of the wrong attitudes of Christianity, otherwise hypnosis is a door to inner reality. And it has to become a door in the coming days. By and by, more and more people are getting interested in it and more and more scientific research is being done. And it reveals

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a tremendous phenomenon. One of the phenomena which is relevant to this parable is that you create your reality by believing in it. This is a tremendous discovery.

You create your reality by believing in it. The reality is as you believe it. Your belief becomes your reality. If your belief changes, your reality changes. Man lives in a very unreal reality. That is the meaning of the Hindu word *maya*. *Maya* means magic, *maya* means that which appears but is not. We live in *maya*, we live in a very illusory world. We create our own world.

You can go to deep forests in India where primitive societies still live. They have their belief systems; you will be surprised—they work. Somebody can kill a person far away, miles far away, by doing a certain ritual. If he wants to kill somebody who does not belong to the primitive society, he will not be able to, but he can kill anybody who belongs to his society because their belief system is the same. Once a person comes to know that a certain ritual has been done which has always killed people, he will immediately die. He will simply lapse into death.

In America, in 1952, they made a small law, the Anti-hypnosis Act, because in a certain university a few students, just curious, were doing some experiments. Four students were doing an experiment in their room: one was lying on the bed and three were hypnotising him. And the boy who was being hypnotised must have been of a tremendous capacity, he must have been a mediumistic person: he fell into a really deep hypnosis, which rarely happens. Ordinarily, thirty-three per cent of people are hypnotisable, and out of that thirty-three per cent not more than three per cent are deeply hypnotisable. So out of one hundred persons, only three are really deep hypnotic subjects who can go into a deep trance. Otherwise, others go into a trance, but they remain just on the periphery: they will do something which they agree to do. If you tell them to do something to which they don't agree, they will immediately come out of their hypnosis. But that boy must have been one of those rare, three per cent people. And the three were hypnotising him and they were playing—just like a joke—they had read a book and they were trying. It was just coincidental that the boy was very hypnotisable, suggestible. And

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they said many things and he did many things, and then suddenly the idea came to one and they said to him 'Now you are dead.' And the boy died. Then they tried to bring him back, but once a person is gone, he is gone; then hypnosis cannot work.

Hypnosis reveals one thing: that if you believe in something very deeply, it starts functioning on your mind, on your being—it becomes reality. Reality is not always real. Ordinarily, whatsoever you think is real is ninety per cent imaginary, but it *works* as reality. Buddha has defined reality as 'that which works' and that definition is really meaningful. Whatsoever works is real. If somebody, in a deep hypnotic trance, is burned because you put a cold stone in his hand, then it is fire for him. It works, and he will carry the wound for many days. The body believed it, the consciousness believed it, then it functioned.

'I didn't know' said the man.

You must have heard about firewalkers. They walk because of a great trust: they believe that the fire is not going to burn; they move in a deep, hypnotic trance. In India there are many firewalkers. In Ceylon the best group of firewalkers are the Buddhist monks. Every year, once a year, they gather around the temple of Kandy and they walk on fire. The belief is that Buddha protects, and certainly the belief works. Not that Buddha protects, but if you think that Buddha protects then the belief works—*your* belief protects.

It happened once that a Christian missionary went to see it, and of course it was a challenge to him . . . Buddhist monks walking on fire and Buddha protecting? Somebody challenged him and said 'You believe in Christ . . . what about you? Why don't you walk?'

Now the challenge was such that he could not say no. He was a missionary and he was teaching people that Buddha is nothing, Christ is all. So they said 'Now then, let us see what happens.'

He may not have been burned if he had really believed, but no missionary ever believes. He became suspicious, he was afraid. He walked out of ego not out of trust; he walked saying 'If these thirty people are

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not burned why should I be?' Not only that he remembered Christ, he even remembered Buddha too inside—'It is okay, protect me too if you are protecting these thirty people.' But it was a doubtful mind. He was burned, terribly burned.

The same group was invited to Oxford in 1960 and they walked there. Thousands of people watched, and a professor of philosophy, a simple man, just looking at this whole phenomenon became so enchanted that without saying anything to anybody he jumped into the fire, and he walked and he was not burned. What happened? Neither Buddha nor Christ—simply seeing that if thirty human beings can walk, 'Then why not? I am also a human being. It is humanly possible.' The very idea that it was humanly possible became a trust. There was no doubt in it. He jumped without hesitation and he could walk.

I am not saying that you should go and walk on fire, but watch your life and you will see: many things happen only because you believe, many things cannot happen to you because you disbelieve. Many things are not possible because there is doubt; many things become possible because there is trust. You create your reality. Look at the splendour of human consciousness—you create your reality, you are the centre of your world. You create your world, you hold your world. If you are miserable, remember, it is you who are creating it. If you are happy, know well it is you who are creating it. It is your world: you can create a happy world, you can create an unhappy world. Hell is your habit of creating unhappy worlds around you. Heaven is another habit of creating happy worlds around you. And *nirvana* is to know that all that mind creates is useless. Why not move into that which is uncreated by mind? That is the ultimate. Then there is no misery and no happiness: no good, no bad, no heaven, no hell.

'I didn't know' said the man.

He walked into fire but was not burned. Fire burns only because the idea is in you that it burns. The idea burns really, not the fire. You can watch it in small things.

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When Western people come to India they start suffering from many diseases: dysentery, diarrhoea, hepatitis. They are very afraid about the unhygienic conditions here. The water is not clean, not scientifically clean, but Indians have lived on that water for centuries and there has never been any problem. But when you come with the idea that the water is unhygienic and you drink it, you are drinking your idea; it is dangerous, more dangerous than the unhygienic water. The water may be unhygienic, but it is not as dangerous as the idea that you are drinking with it: 'It is unhygienic.' Now you are taking a dangerous step. It is a suggestion. Each time you drink water the suggestion goes in: you are creating an autohypnosis. How long will you be able to stand? You will fall, you will have hepatitis. And when you have hepatitis, of course, your old idea is strengthened even more; 'I was right. The water was not hygienic.' No Indian suffers. You should just go to Indian villages. In the same small pond the buffaloes, the bullocks, the cows are enjoying doing their thing, and man is also doing his thing, and everything goes on and nobody is worried. Nobody has any idea. Everything is good.

If you go to a Hindu sacred place you will not find any idea, any concept, of hygiene. And people think that it is a sacred place and the water is holy—you will not even be able to get into that water—and they are enjoying. They have waited their whole lives to come to this holy water and take a dip. And they are drinking it, and they will carry the water, in bottles and flasks, to their home: it is holy water. But if you take it to the scientist, he will say 'It is the unholyest! Throw it away! Don't bring it here. Never touch it and never go close to it.' What is happening? An idea becomes a reality.

I was once for few months in a primitive community in Bastar. The women go to the field—they work there—or in the forest, and suddenly they have a birth contraction and they give birth to a child. Nobody to look after them, no hospitalisation, no nurses, no doctors, no human being. The woman may be working alone in the field—she will keep the child under the tree and start working again. No pain, nothing whatsoever: they have not heard about the pain that every civilised woman suffers from, and because they have not heard, so they don't suffer. Civilised

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women suffer very much: the more civilised a country, the more. . . . In fact, a Western woman thinks continuously for nine months 'Now the day is coming. . . the day is coming. . . doomsday is coming.' And she goes on hypnotising and hypnotising and hypnotising. Then, of course, it comes. You create—nine months is a long hypnosis—and by and by the energy builds up and then the pain, then the tremendous pain.

You may not have heard but in the Amazon there exists a tribe in which not only the woman suffers from the birth pain, but even the husband suffers. 'Husband?' you will say. Yes, for centuries in that tribe the idea has remained prevalent. And it seems very logical too, and very socialistic. I think the lib. women will agree to it. Why should only women suffer? Why shouldn't there be equality? So when a child is born, the woman lies on one cot and on another cot lies the husband, and they both suffer! And of course when a man suffers, he suffers more. He is more vigorous and screams more and shouts more and swears more. He defeats the woman! And you will think that he is simply pretending—then you are wrong, he is not pretending; it really happens. Doctors have gone there and they have watched and they have examined the bodies—real cramps and pain in the body; it really happens. Because for centuries they have been living with the idea that the child belongs to both, so naturally both have to suffer.

Now when people started reaching that tribe and telling them 'Now, this is foolish because in our societies husbands have never suffered!' they could not believe it. They said 'How can it be possible? It cannot be!' It looked absurd to them as it looks absurd to us. If you go to Bastar and you tell that our women suffer very much, they laugh, they say 'This is foolish. There is no pain at all.'

Now, in a few Western countries, particularly in France, painless birth is being rediscovered. A few doctors are working, and thousands of children have been given birth to without any pain—but again the hypnosis, the idea, has to be put deep down into the woman that there is going to be no pain. Once the idea settles there, there is no pain. You live in your self-created world.

Marquis Wen of Wei heard of it and questioned Tzu Hsia. . . a well-known,

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very well-known, learned man. *'What sort of man was that?'*

'According to what I have heard my Master say, the man who is in harmony is absolutely the same as other things and no thing succeeds in wounding or obstructing him.'

This man, Tzu Hsia, is a scholar, a *pundit*. He has heard, he says 'I have heard my Master say that when a man is in deep harmony with nature, nothing obstructs, nothing harms, nothing wounds him. Harmony is protection.'

'To pass through metal and stone, and tread through water and fire are all possible.'

'Why don't you do it yourself?' asked Marquis Wen.

Naturally, when you know, why don't you do it yourself?

'I am not yet capable of cutting open my heart and throwing away the knowledge in it.'

That's the only barrier. The man was a *pundit* but must have been a sincere and honest man. He didn't defend his knowledge, he accepted his ignorance. He said 'I am not a man of knowing—just a man of knowledge. I have heard people say, I have been close to people who know, but I don't know myself. I only *know about* these things.'

'However, I can tell you all you want to know about it.'

'But I don't know exactly what it is. About it I know—I have all the information possible, I have gathered all the information—but as far as I am concerned, I have not yet been able to throw away the knowledge in my heart, hence I am not in harmony.'

Knowledge is disharmony with existence. To know is to miss knowing. To be burdened with knowledge is to be far away from reality.

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'I am not yet capable of cutting open my heart...'

The other day somebody had asked 'Why is my heart empty?' The heart is empty because your head is too full. Make the head empty... your heart will become full; it is the same energy. If it gets involved with the head, the heart remains empty. If it is not involved with the head, it falls into the heart. And only when your heart is full, are you full. Only when your heart is full do you flower, you bloom.

'Why doesn't your Master do it?' asked Marquis Wen.

'My Master is one, who though able to do it, is able not to do it.'

That is the pinnacle of a miraculous man. To do a miracle is great, but not great enough. To do a miracle is still to be in the world of the ego. The very idea of doing it means that you are still separate from reality. A real greatness is so ordinary that it claims nothing; it is so ordinary that it never tries to prove anything.

'My Master is one who, though able to do it, is able not to do it.'

This is the Taoist concept of the real Master: real Masters have never done miracles.

In the West, Christians go on trying to prove that Jesus did miracles. If you ask Taoists, Buddhists, they will laugh. They will say these people are insulting Jesus. If it is true that he did miracles then it simply proves that he was not a real Master—Buddha never did any miracles. But then are they simply fantasizing, creating lies around Jesus? No, sometimes miracles happen around a Master, that is possible but he never does them. Miracles may have happened around Jesus, that is possible, but he has not done them and he goes on repeating it again and again.

A woman came. She touched the garment of Jesus and she was healed. He looked back and the woman was very thankful and she said 'I am very grateful. You healed me.' And he said 'Don't say such a thing. Your

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faith has healed you.' He's tremendously true. It is not the garment of Jesus that has healed, 'It is your faith. It is not that Jesus has done anything, it is your own faith that has done something to you.'

No, in the East we have never claimed. And if somebody in the East claims that he is doing miracles, that simply shows that the East is losing its Eastern-ness, its great heights; it is coming to the market-place, to the very ordinary, to the businesslike world where claims are significant.

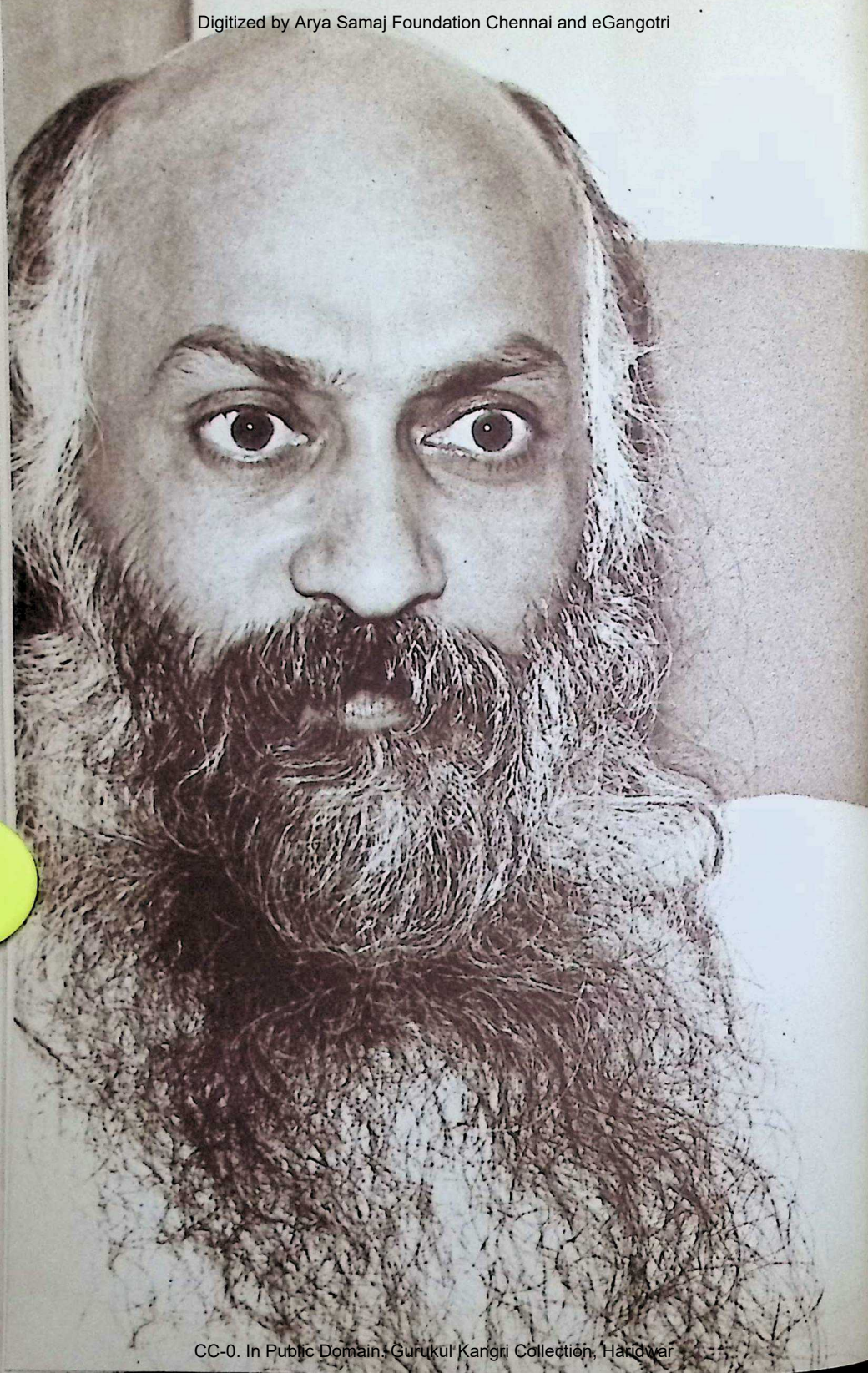
No . . . *'My Master is one who, though able to do it, is able not to do it.'*

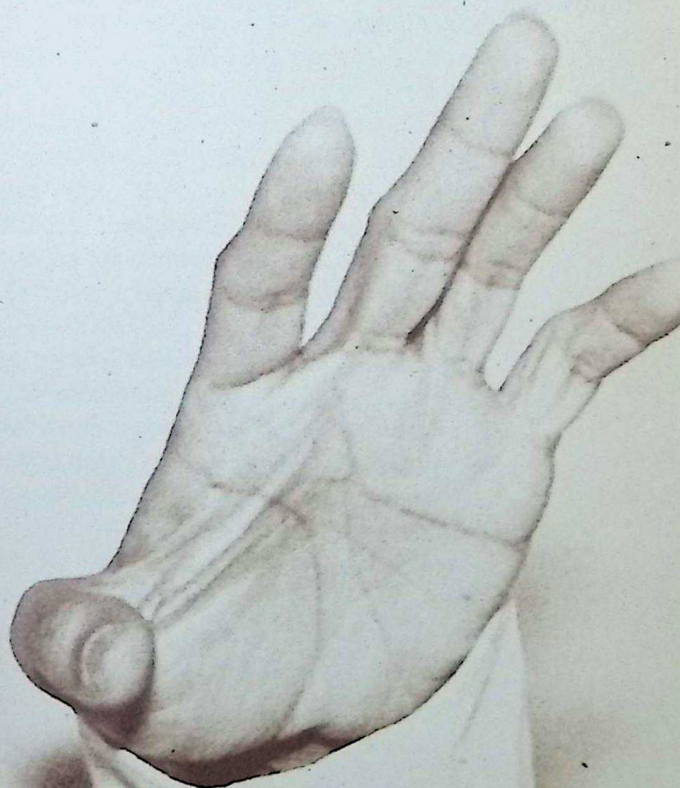
Marquis Wen was delighted with the answer.

The answer was beautiful—he was delighted. Of course to be delighted is not to be enlightened. It was just a scholarly answer from a man who himself did not know anything, who only 'knew about'. Yes, the answer delighted, but if it had come from a man of knowing it would have made him enlightened.

Delight is just entertainment. Good to listen to great truths, but nothing of value. Just listening to great truths is not of much value unless you listen so tremendously, so totally, that it becomes a transformation, that you become enlightened through it.

It depends on two things. First: there should be a man who has himself known through experience. Then there should be somebody who is ready to receive it with an open heart. Wherever this rare opportunity arises—that a man is there who knows, who really knows, not through knowledge, but through his experience, and there is a disciple, a receiving open heart—wherever this rare opportunity arises, there is great lightening . . . enlightenment.





This Is No Kaaba...

The pundit in today's story—was he not also a beautiful Taoist? Perhaps not reached the ocean, but on the way?

*

He can be called a Taoist, but not a man of Tao. Taoist in the sense that he believes that Tao is true, but not a man of Tao because his belief is unbased. It is not his own experience, it is not his own existential understanding; it is still knowledge, it is not knowing. To be a Taoist is easy, it is very cheap: you can always borrow knowledge. To be a man of Tao is arduous, it needs guts.

Sometimes you may be more impressed by a Taoist than a man of Tao, because the Taoist is understandable by your intellect. He has some affinity with you, he talks the same logic and the same language that you can understand. To understand the man of Tao may be difficult because there is no bridge yet between you and him. He exists in a very transcendental world, in a totally different reality. He is part of a separate reality. If he is right, you are totally wrong. The Taoist can be right and he does not make you feel that you are totally wrong. The Taoist is in tune with you, not in tune with Tao. That is the meaning of the end of the story: *The Marquis was delighted...* but not enlightened.

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The answer was really beautiful, delicious, but it has no nourishment in it. You can enjoy it, but you cannot live on it. It is a meaningless, substance-less thing. It is an empty gesture—howsoever beautiful, but still an empty gesture. It is impotent, it is not creative. Yes, it can entertain you—but that's all.

So I can concede that the *pundit*, the scholar was a Taoist. He believed in the philosophy of Tao, but it was a philosophy, a dogma to be believed in. He has not lived it, he has not tasted it; it is not yet his heart. It has not happened to him. It is like a blind man who has heard many things about light, colours, rainbows, flowers, the sun, the moon, the stars, and has become very clever in talking about those things. Maybe whatsoever he says is right, but still how can it be right? A blind man can understand all that is written about light and he can reply to your questions about light perfectly. Maybe he uses the exact words that a man of eyes will use—as far as words are concerned, they are similar; but as far as experience is concerned, one has experienced, the other has no experience. This has to be remembered. The thing that he said, 'My Master can do these miracles, and he has become capable of doing them, but he is also capable of not doing them' is a tremendous saying, a great statement, but it is coming from a blind man.

If it comes from Lieh Tzu, it will have tremendous significance. If it comes from Buddha, it will have tremendous significance. But it comes from a *pundit*—it is meaningless, remember it always. It is much more important *who* has made the statement, than the statement itself. You can repeat the words of Jesus exactly, but you are repeating them. Your parrot can be taught to repeat the exact words of Jesus, Mohammed... but what will it mean? The parrot repeating—it is an empty gesture, there is nothing inside the parrot; it is mechanical. But when Jesus said those words they were coming from his heart—he was not repeating, he was not imitating—they were authentic, they were true.

Truth means that which comes from your own experience, arises out of your own experience; is part of your life, part of your blood, bones, marrow, circulates in your being; you breathe it in and out. Then, remember always, the statement in itself does not mean much, but from whom it comes. Sometimes you will be surprised listening to me: if Lao

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Tzu says the thing I will support it, if Confucius says it I will criticise it. The same thing! The same words! If Socrates says it I will support it, if Aristotle says it I will condemn it. And you will be surprised, you will think that this is not fair, but try to understand me. I look into the person, not into the statement. I look into the being, into the experience, into knowing. What a person says is not very relevant... what he is, the *being* is relevant, not knowledge.

So, I can concede that he was a Taoist and beautiful too, but all imitation; no real diamonds—artificial. Artificial diamonds also can be beautiful—at least, they can appear beautiful. Flowers of plastic can look beautiful, they can be made in such a way that they can attract you, but they are not real. There is deception, fraud.

The second thing: you ask 'Perhaps not reached the ocean, but on the way?'

Then you have not understood me... whatsoever I have been saying here. Tao is a *pathless path*. What does it mean? It means that the Way and the goal are one; if you are on the Way, you have arrived. That is the beauty of Tao: If you are on the Way, you have arrived home... because the Way and the goal are not separate, the journey and the destiny are not separate—the journey itself is the goal. That is the meaning of the word 'tao'. Tao means *the Way*: the Way itself is the goal. *The means* is the end, there is no other end.

Whatsoever you say looks logical, 'The man may be just on the way—may not be yet enlightened, but on the way.' What do you mean? Does it mean 'a little bit enlightened'? 'partially enlightened'? 'on the way—moving towards it'? There is no possibility of any partial enlightenment: either it is or it is not, either you have arrived or you have not arrived, and between these two there is none. There are no mid-way stations. A man on the Way means a man in the ocean—drowned, arrived, disappeared. As far as Tao is concerned, the Way and the goal cannot be separated, they are not separate. That's the beauty of Tao and the great understanding of Tao. Once there is a goal, then you will become tense, because then there will arise the desire and the ambition to achieve it. Then you will have to prepare for it: time will be needed; methods, techniques will be

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needed; virtue, character, will be needed. And you will always be anxious and afraid whether you are going in the right direction or not. Will you be able to make it or not? Are you going to miss it again? The fear, the anxiety, the trembling will continue, because there is a future with the goal. When the Way is the goal there is no future—future is simply destroyed, time disappears.

There is no tomorrow.

Here-now everything is available, there is no need to postpone. These are the tricks of the mind which wants to postpone, the mind which wants to postpone divides the Way and the goal. And then the Way is also divided into many milestones, into many stages: the first, the second, the third. . . one goes on dividing. Then there is very much space for your mind to be projected into. Tao leaves no space for the mind. It utterly destroys the mind because there is no goal. Just think about it, contemplate it: if there is no goal, how can the mind exist? Then this moment is all there is; this is all. Desire is not possible because there is no tomorrow and there is no goal. Nothing to be achieved—then where will you go? Where will you escape? Where will you hide? The goal gives you an escape. You can hope. 'Today I am not right, tomorrow I will be right. Today I am just a beginner, tomorrow I will become an adept.' But if there is no goal, nowhere to reach, nowhere to arrive, then all tricks, devices, have been taken away, all props have been removed. Then you are left with this moment. This moment is all, and in this very moment there is liberation.

Mind liberated from desire is what liberation is. Mind no more in desire is what enlightenment is. Mind no more projecting, hoping, is what coming to the ocean is. Please don't divide. Look at life as an undivided whole, as one whole.

I understand what you say about the so-called knowledge, but it still persists.

Just by intellectually understanding what I say it is not going to leave you. Just intellectual understanding is not going to help. In fact, if you only understand what I am saying intellectually, this will also become

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another knowledge—this will add to the knowledge that you have already there; it will pile up more knowledge.

The foolish person, listening to me, will become more knowledgeable. The wise person will drop all his knowledgeability and will become ignorant; and the foolish person will accumulate knowledge and will become more knowledgeable—it depends on you. And remember, just by understanding a thing intellectually—of course, if you have understood totally then there is no problem, then in that very understanding the problem disappears—if the problem remains, it simply shows that it is only an intellectual understanding. Logically you feel 'I am right', but who lives through logic? Nobody lives through logic. Logically you know anger is wrong, but when somebody insults you then all logic is forgotten, then the anger comes up. Each time you have fallen in love, you have gone beyond logic. And whenever a love disappears, you again decide 'It was foolish, it was madness. Never again! The frustration of it, the hell of it!'—you are tired of it. But within only a few days you forget all about that frustration, the hell that the other had created. Again a face starts looking beautiful, again a person starts looking heavenly, again you are falling in the trap—logic is forgotten. Who lives according to logic?

When you understand me logically it is not going to help. Logic never transforms anybody because you are dominated by the unconscious, not by the conscious. When you understand that knowledge is futile, that is just on the surface. . . . But deep down knowledge is a great investment. It is through knowledge that you are important, it is through knowledge that you are somebody, it is through knowledge that your ego is fulfilled and strengthened, it is through knowledge that you can feel superior—superior to those who don't know—it is through knowledge that you have the upper hand. These are all the investments in it. Unless you drop these investments, knowledge is not going to be dropped.

And then, habits die hard. And the habit of knowledge is the ancient-most habit that man has carried; it is the most dangerous habit. Smoking or drinking or gambling are nothing. This is the most dangerous habit because it prevents you from seeing, it prevents you from coming into deep contact with reality. It is the greatest barrier: the China Wall. But

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habits die hard, remember it, and it is the longest, the ancientmost, habit.

An old gambler was talking to his son as he lay dying.

'Son, promise me you'll never touch a card. Above all, never play blackjack. It's a game that will cost you a fortune, waste your time, ruin your health and cause you untold moments of anguish and pain. Do you promise me, here on my dying bed, with the merciful angel of death hovering about and Almighty God as a witness, that you will never play black-jack, that you will never touch playing cards?'

'Yes, Father' muttered the pious son.

'And remember' shouted the old gambler 'if you must play, always be sure to take the bank!'

Old habit: a gambler is a gambler. What he is saying does not matter much, deep inside he is the old gambler. All this great sermon against gambling is just superficial. Deep down, from the unconscious, arises this statement: 'And remember' shouted the old gambler 'if you must play, always be sure to take the bank!'

You listen to me, you listen to these murmurs, whisperings, of Tao. For a moment a small light burns on the surface of your consciousness, it lights a little, but it is a very flickering light—it comes and it goes. In that flickering light, for a moment, you seem to understand. But from your deep unconscious will come the great storm and will blow out this small light very easily.

I have heard about a great gentleman. . . .

The area had been hit with an epidemic of robberies perpetrated by the notorious gentleman burglar. One night Sadie woke and shook Hymie. 'Hymie, there's a burglar in the house' she said.

'There is not' Hymie said sleepily. 'Go back to sleep, stupid.'

Just then a man sprang from inside a closet. 'There is too' he declared. 'Now apologise to the lady.'

A gentleman is a gentleman—even if he becomes a burglar. . . .

Just then a man sprang from inside a closet. 'There is too' he declared.

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'Now apologise to the lady.'

Habits die hard. They continue deep down.

Up in Dartmouth, an English professor suddenly surprised another colleague writing on a washroom wall. 'Elmer!' gasped the professor. 'Don't tell me you're the kind of fellow who writes on washroom walls!'

'Stuff and nonsense' huffed the professor. 'I'm merely correcting the grammar.'

Just old habits of correcting—must have found some grammatical mistakes there.

A miser, a very famous miser....

The big crowd gathered on the Coney Island beach and watched the man apply artificial respiration to the heiress he'd just rescued. Her parents broke through the crowds, joyful at seeing their daughter alive and well. 'Mama' said the old man 'give that fella a dollar. He saved her life.'

'But, Papa' protested the girl 'I was half dead.'

'All right' papa said. 'Give him fifty cents.'

Watch what comes from inside you. Be more watchful about it—it shows deep-rooted habits, and you will have to become aware of all those habits. I am not saying fight with them, no. I am not saying drop them with effort, no. Anything dropped by effort will come back and will come back with a vengeance. Never fight with any old habit, because fighting will create a split: you will be fighting with yourself. Simply understand. Become more watchful.

Now you have understood one thing—that knowledge is futile. It is just a glimpse. Now carry this glimpse deep into your unconscious. Watch. Whenever you start showing your knowledge, watch why. What are the deep motives? Look into the motives and you will find motives behind motives behind motives. When you have come to know all the motives and all the investments, when you have searched all around in your being, suddenly you will see that through that understanding habits

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disappear. No need to fight, no need to make any effort—otherwise this small glimpse that comes sometimes will never be translated into your life.

There are two types of people: one, once he understands something intellectually, starts thinking he has understood. He is befooling himself. Sooner or later situations will show that the understanding was just skin-deep. Scratch a little and the reality comes up. Then there is a second type of person who is not befooled by this small glimpse. It is a small window, significant, but not enough in itself. It has to be translated deeply into your being, but translation means that you have to watch all the things that are against this glimpse. And watch without judging, watch without conflicting with them. Simply watch and see what is what. Once you have known who is who and what is what inside you, things will start changing; and that change will be a surprise to you because you have not done anything for that change directly. It comes as a by-product, as a consequence of understanding.

Beloved Bhagwan,

This ashram seems to me to be like an oasis in a desert, and in the middle of the oasis is an unfathomable well of pure crystal water, and the well is Bhagwan. But round the edge of the oasis, under the palm trees, some very strange games are being played. I know it is good for children to play games, it can help them to grow up and widen their understanding of this world, but when these games get out of hand, they may easily do more harm than good, and I believe this is dangerous. And, too, thirsty pilgrims coming across the desert in search of water may see these strange games first and depart bewildered with their thirst still unquenched. I tell myself 'Judge that ye be not judged' but I am a little troubled! Please comment.

First: whatsoever is happening here is certainly a strange game, and whatsoever is happening on the periphery, 'under the palm trees', is part of me. Remember that always: whatsoever is going on here I am perfectly aware of. You need not be troubled about it. Nothing is out of my hand—

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whatsoever is going on. I give enough rope: it seems everything is completely free—it is not so—just that the rope is long enough. So it is not going to any dangerous end. Danger happens only when there is repression, with freedom there is no danger.

Yes, to children, total freedom cannot be given—not that total freedom is dangerous, no, freedom is never dangerous—but children are unaware: total freedom to them may become suicidal. Hence the long rope, but still the rope is in my hands. The moment I see a person becomes mature, then that rope is completely broken, thrown away, then he has total freedom. But to make a person capable of total freedom, freedom has to be given, otherwise how is he going to practise? To make a person really capable of being himself one has to allow many things, but whatsoever is allowed is very much *knowingly* allowed.

It can appear to a newcomer that these games can be dangerous, but you can trust me. These games cannot be dangerous; in fact, these games will help you to go beyond all dangers. The real danger comes from repression, never out of freedom. If you are repressing something, one day or other, it is going to explode. And that will be the day of your madness or your suicide or you will do a murder or something. Humanity has trusted the technique of repression too much, hence the whole earth has become almost a madhouse. This madness that has gathered has become accumulated into human mind and has to be released, hence all the so-called 'dangerous games' being played around here. The madness has to be released slowly, methodically.

Somebody coming from the outside for the first time may start feeling: What is happening here? In fact, never has such an ashram existed. Sometimes efforts have been made on a very small scale—some Sufi schools have existed, but on a very small scale. Twenty, twenty-five persons working in a closed world... nobody knowing what was happening there. Now this is an open university. Almost the whole world is participating in it: you can find every nationality, every race, every religion represented. It is an open phenomenon. Never has freedom been experimented with on such a big scale.

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On the gate of a Sufi house in Isfahan, Iran, are inscribed these words of Khuajah Esmat Bokharai. Listen to these words:

*This is no Kaaba for idiots to circle
Nor a mosque for the impolite to clamour in
This is a temple of total ruin.
Inside are the drunk, from pre-eternity to the Judgement Day,
Gone from themselves.*

But that school of Khuajah Esmat Bokharai was a small school. What was happening inside nobody knew about from the outside. Great things were going on there, great games were being played, but it was a very secret school. Such secret schools have always existed. Jesus was trained in such a small school called the Essenes. In Zen monasteries, in Taoist monasteries in China, small groups have always existed, working together in deep secrecy and privacy.

For the first time all secrecy is thrown and all privacy is thrown—for a certain reason: because now there is no time for secrecy left. Humanity is at such a dangerous crossroads that it is very possible that within a century humanity may not exist at all. In the past there was enough time; the game of secrecy could be played, but now it cannot be played. All the secrets have to be made available to each and every one, hence I am taking all secretcies away; and the more you become ready, the more will drop other secretcies. My effort will be to bring you the truth, howsoever dangerous it is, as nudely as possible, because the whole of humanity is at stake. If man cannot be taught how to be free and yet sane, then there is no future for humanity. To teach man how to be free and sane we will have to devise all sorts of mad games. Through those mad games the accumulated madness will have to be catharted out, acted out, thrown out. Hence you see so many games going around here. But nothing is beyond my vision.

I may not come out. . . I never come out of my room. I never go to the ashram to see what is happening because there is no need for me to go

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there physically, that's why. Sitting in my room, I am watching everything that is going on. I am perfectly aware; you need not be troubled. I know you have asked out of love.

It is from a new sannyasin, an old lady, Gramya. She is new, old, has much love in her heart. She must have become a little worried about what is going on. No need to be worried. Rest at ease.

And, people who may sometimes come and become frightened and go back are not the people for me. So that is not a loss. If you are really thirsty in the desert, you will not bother about what games are going on around the oasis, you will rush into the oasis. If you are not thirsty, only then will you go back. It is so simple, it is so arithmetical. If you are really thirsty, who bothers? Just think about yourself. For days together you have been thirsty in the desert and you have not seen even a single tree, no greenery, all over a burning fire. And then, one day, you come across an oasis with beautiful palm trees. You come close, but under the palm trees mad games are going on. Will you bother about them? You will say 'I will see later on. First let me go to the oasis. First let me drink to the full, to my heart's desire, then I will see what is going on.' In fact, you will not even be able to see what is going on if you are thirsty—you will see only water, you will hear the sound of running water. You will not be able to see, because we only see that which we are interested in. If you are interested in water, you will see water. You will let those mad people dance and sing and do whatsoever they are doing. You will say 'First let me quench my thirst, then I will also rest under a palm tree and see what is going on here'—but not before that. And if you find that somebody becomes frightened and goes away from the oasis, then only one thing is certain—he was not thirsty. He may be thinking about the oasis, it may have been a curiosity, but it was not thirst.

He is not the man for me, or the woman.

*This is no Kaaba for idiots to circle
Nor a mosque for the impolite to clamour in
This is a temple of total ruin.*

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Unless you are ready to die, it is better you should not be here, because only through your death is resurrection. Unless you are ready to be reborn, don't waste my time.

This is a temple of total ruin.

*Inside are the drunk, from pre-eternity to the Judgement Day,
Gone from themselves.*

Only those who are ready to drop their egos and selves, their judgements, their rationality, their intellects, only those who are ready to cut their heads will be able to understand what is going on here. And I am also interested only in such mad people.

My whole work here is not for the curious, but for the thirsty, so don't be worried about those people who come to the gate and go away. More and more mad games will happen around here—more and more. And more and more will it become impossible for those who come out of curiosity, out of the desire to know a little bit about God, religion; for those who come in search of theories and knowledge, or in search of morality and character. No, I am not for them.

It 'is a temple of total ruin', but only when you die totally are you born as a new being, as a new man, as a new energy. Unburdened from the past, discontinuous with the past, you become as fresh as dewdrops in the morning, and only then you know what God is. Only in that virgin freshness do you know what God is, only in that innocence, primal innocence, do you come in contact with reality.

And Gramya has asked 'I tell myself "Judge that ye be not judged" but I am a little troubled!' My feeling is that she has quoted wrongly. Jesus says 'Judge ye *not* that ye be not judged'... Judge ye *not* that ye be not judged. She says 'Judge that ye be not judged.' No, that is not exact—in fact, it is just the opposite of what Jesus says. And she has put it in inverted commas, that's why... otherwise there is no problem—she can say so of her own accord. Remember the words are 'Judge ye *not* that ye be not judged.' A person who goes on judging is in danger, because out of all judgements a subtle ego is created.

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And Gramya is very simple and innocent, that's why I have given her the name Gramya. It means 'so simple'...like a villager. 'Gramya' means one who comes from a very primitive village, not knowledgeable, simple, innocent, primitive. She is, and that's why she feels troubled because this judgement is creating a subtle ego. 'Judge ye not...' There is no need to judge. Whatsoever is happening, accept it. Whatsoever people are doing, they have to go through it. There is a method to all this madness around here, it is very methodological. You just keep quite silent, non-judging.

It happened once:

A great Sufi mystic, Jalaluddin Rumi, used to live with his one hundred disciples in a monastery. Few travellers came. The monastery was far away from any town, far away even from any roads, but people became interested—curious people can go anywhere: they go to the moon. Curious people are curious people, they can go anywhere. They became curious and they went there. It was far away from towns, off the road, but they took all the troubles of the journey and they reached the desert. The doors were not closed—because Rumi had never thought that anybody would come so far away—so they could watch what was happening inside. Exactly this scene, Gramya, that you see here....

Somebody was laughing loudly, madly, somebody was dancing, somebody was singing, somebody was standing on his head, people were doing a thousand and one things—and Jalaluddin Rumi was sitting just in the middle of it all, silent, with closed eyes. So they thought 'What is going on? Have these people gone mad? What are these lunatics doing here? And what is this man doing? He is simply sitting, with closed eyes. He should stop these people—it is dangerous; they may go beyond the limit.' And somebody was raving like a maniac, and somebody was hitting the wall, and everything was going on.

They became very afraid. They became so afraid that they went away. But after one year curiosity took possession of them again and they thought 'We should go and see what is happening now. Things must have gone worse. Either they must have killed that Jalaluddin Rumi by now, because

he was just sitting in the middle of it, or they must have committed suicide . . . murders must have happened!' So they went again. They could not believe it: they were all sitting silently. Only Jalaluddin Rumi was dancing. 'So what has happened then? Things have completely changed.' They thought 'It seems this man has taken the madness of all, so that they have become silent and he is dancing.' But this was a worse situation because they thought at least he had been sane, now he also was insane. But they took pity on the man. They thought 'It is natural—just to be amidst these mad people for so long, he must have gone out of his mind.'

They went away. But after one year curiosity again took possession of them and they thought 'We must go and see what is happening now.' So they went there. There was nobody, only Jalaluddin Rumi was sitting alone—the whole group had disappeared. Now it was too much. What happened? They became too curious. They went to Jalaluddin Rumi and they said 'We want to ask what happened? Where are those nuts? What happened to them? And what are you doing sitting here alone?'

And Jalaluddin Rumi said 'The work is done. Now they have gone into the wider world to find other nuts—to help them. The work is complete.'

Then they asked 'Why were you dancing last year when we came?'

He said 'I was dancing because I was so happy that my disciples had achieved. It was dangerous, it was very arduous, to release their madnesses accumulated down the centuries, but they were really capable people. I was happy, that's why I was dancing. Now they have gone to find other mad people. Now they will make a hundred monasteries all around the earth.'

Exactly. When you come new to this ashram, it does not appear like an ashram. People have very different notions about an ashram. If you go to other ashrams, the first thing: you will never find young people there. You will always find old, dead people, because people go to the ashrams only when they think that now one foot is already in the grave. So, to bribe God, they go to the ashrams. Of course dull, dead; they sit there with their *malas*, turning beads—that's all they can do. All energy is gone. In

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fact, nothing is left. They are no more rivers of energy but dry beds, drying up every moment. They are already too late. And their religion is not true, cannot be true, because it has not come out of understanding, it has come out of fear. Now death is approaching. . . .

When a man becomes religious because of life, then it is true religion. When a man becomes religious because of death, it is an untrue religion. Here you will find young people. Even if you find old people you will find them very young. In fact, to be old and here with my young sannyasins is almost impossible. If some old person can tolerate these people, that simply means he is young, spiritually young. He has the quality of youth, he is not yet dead. Maybe the body is getting old, but his spirit is young, adventurous, courageous.

These people are here because of *life* problems. They want to solve their living problems, they want to solve the mystery of life, not the fear of death. These people are here not in search of any God, they are here in search of their own being. They are here to know what truth is; not a truth of the scriptures, but something existential that they feel in love, that they feel in happiness, that they feel in sadness, that they can touch, that they can live, go into, feel, enjoy, dance about. They are in search of a celebration, they are in search of a dance. They are in search of the song that they feel is there in their heart, but are not capable of singing. They have not been able to find the way to allow this song to be expressed, to become manifest. They are in search of the fragrance that they are carrying and they want to release this fragrance to the winds but they have lost contact with their source.

This is a totally different phenomenon. For these people, religion means simply to be more alive. These people are not serious people, because seriousness is a disease. These people are in search of delight. Naturally, the whole approach is different and I am interested only in these people. And they will be coming in thousands soon. They will come from all over the world, they will have to come. Whosoever is in search of celebration will have to come.

Of course, the whole approach is so diametrically opposite. I am not against love: I am all for love. If you go into the ashrams, the first thing

they will start destroying is your love: they will teach you *brahmacharya*, celibacy. I know the beauty of *brahmacharya*, but that beautiful *brahmacharya* comes only out of deep experience of love—never otherwise. It is not an imposition, it is a flowering. Loving the other, by and by you are thrown back again and again to yourself. One day you realise that the search for the other outside is meaningless, is doomed from the very beginning. Loving the other, looking into the eyes of the other, you are reflected again and again. Through the other is self-knowledge: the other functions as a mirror. Once you have known it, you start settling in your aloneness. And a celibacy arises which is not a practised celibacy, which is not afraid of love, which is not afraid of relationship, which is not afraid of the woman or the man, which is not afraid at all, which is so confident, so strong, so well-rooted that. . . .

In fact, a well-rooted tree waits for the storm to come because that will be a challenge, and when the storm comes, the well-rooted tree knows how well-rooted it is and feels the strength, the vitality. The storm is not the enemy but a challenge which takes away all dust, which takes away all frustration, which takes away all sadness. And the tree starts celebrating again, feels alive to the very roots, becomes young again. Each storm makes the tree younger, again and again young.

A celibacy that comes out of fear is an escapism, you become weak; you become so weak that even a picture of a woman. . . and you become afraid. Even the idea of a woman. . . and you start trembling. This is stupidity, enough of it! Humanity has suffered enough of it. This chapter has to be closed completely.

You have been taught and told in other ashrams down the centuries to enforce a character upon yourself. No, I am not doing that here. I would like a character to arise in you, but not a structure. A structure is an armour, a structure is a dead scaffold around you—it kills, it imprisons you. You are already imprisoned. My whole effort is to help you to get out of the prison.

Just the other day I was reading a story:

The lawyer had come to the state prison to visit his client, who had

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recently been sentenced by the court to life imprisonment. He was seated in the visiting room across the table from his prisoner-client, explaining the various legal procedures he had followed.

'I have filed an appeal in the lower court, and that was denied' he explained. 'Then I filed an appeal in the State Supreme Court. That was denied. Next, I filed an appeal in the Federal District Court, which was denied. And as a last resort, last week I filed an appeal with the United States Supreme Court—and that has been denied.'

'But there must be something else we can file' exclaimed the frantic prisoner.

'There is only one more thing' confided the attorney. He cautiously took an iron rod out of his briefcase and slipped it to the prisoner. 'The only thing left to file' he said 'are the bars of your cell!'

My whole effort here is to help you to file the bars, and sometimes those bars are exactly the thing you call character, morality, sanity, responsibility, duty—duty to the society, to God, to the church, to the nation. These are your bars in which you are caged like an animal. So, naturally, the effort to make you free will create many sorts of absurd things around here. Absurd, because they are not expected of you; absurd, because the society has completely forgotten about them. They have to be brought to consciousness, hence Gramya's fear. She is innocent, compassionate, a very loving old lady, but she had to understand what is happening here.

The work that is being done here is very invaluable work. It is not cheap. It is not even valuable. *Value is not the name for it.*

I have heard . . .

'Listen. Sol, what a bargain! If you go to Radio City before noon it is only a quarter. Such a gorgeous place. Chandeliers, rugs, plush seats, full-length feature movie, short subjects, newsreels, animated cartoons, fifty beautiful girls, a one hundred and ten piece orchestra . . .'

'All for the same quarter?'

'All for the same quarter. And what is more, when you leave the movie you can go upstairs and see a real art show.'

'All for the same quarter?'

'All for the same quarter. And then they give you a delicious cup of coffee.'

'All for the same quarter?'

'All for the same quarter.'

'Hmmm... must be an awful cheap brand of coffee.'

The churches, the temples, the mosques are giving you a very cheap brand of religion at no cost at all. You don't really have to pay—it is cheap; naturally, at the most a consolation, not a revolution. Here, what we are doing is a revolution, it is not a consolation.

And man has come to a point where evolution has stopped, now only revolution can help. Evolution means unconscious growth—it has come to a point beyond which it cannot go.

Can't you observe the fact that for centuries man has remained the same? Everything else has changed: the bullock cart has become the jet, but man? The man who was driving the bullock cart and the man who is piloting the jet plane are not different at all—exactly the same. A sword has become a hydrogen bomb, but the man who was wielding the sword is not different from the man who is holding the key for the hydrogen bomb. Everything has changed except man. If a man from the times of the Vedas became alive again, he would not be able to understand anything except man. He would not be able to understand what these trains are, these cars, these aeroplanes, the radio, the TV, the electricity, the movie—no, he would not be able to understand anything except man. Man would be absolutely understandable. There is no difference at all: as jealous as ever, as mad as ever, as angry as ever, as violent as ever. Watch, what does this mean? It means that man has attained to the last stage that can be attained through unconscious evolution. Now everything is stuck.

People come to me and they say 'We are feeling very stuck.' It is not an individual problem; the whole of humanity is stuck, everybody is stuck. A cul-de-sac has come. Now evolution is not going to help. You will have to take the reins in your own hands—that's what revolution is.

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And when you start evolving on your own, naturally you are taking great risks, it is a great adventure. And it is costly.

So this is my suggestion for Gramya: Please, don't get troubled. If you start getting troubled, one trouble will create another trouble; it is a vicious circle. So, from the very beginning, be alert.

A little old lady entered a suburban home and found a lad of four in sole possession playing with his toy train. 'You don't know me' the old lady said 'but I'm your grandmother—that is, on your father's side.'

Without looking up from his train, the lad replied 'Well, I can tell you right now—you're on the wrong side.'

To Gramya I have to say this, that if you start judging, from the very beginning you are on the wrong side. Drop it from the very beginning, forget about it. Start enjoying. Forget what others are doing. Do what you always wanted to do and have not done yet. You wanted to dance? Dance. You wanted to sing? Sing. Nowhere can you get so much freedom as is possible here, and nobody will make any judgement about it, nobody is going to interfere. That's how an ashram should be—a freedom, a non-interference. Nobody should interfere; unless you start interfering in their life, nobody should take any notice of you. You do your thing, they are doing their thing. By and by understanding will arise: understanding arises only when you are, exactly, doing your own thing.

One more anecdote for Gramya:

Grandma had already extended her unannounced visit for three weeks, and her daughter-in-law and son were slowly going crazy. Finally they concocted a scheme: they would fake a fight and the one with whom she sided would tell her the other was so insulted that she'd simply have to leave.

So that night the wife deliberately spilled a plate of hot soup down her husband's neck. 'You're the clumsiest, ugliest, stupidest clunk I've ever seen' roared the husband.

'And you' shot back the wife 'are the laziest, demandingest, meanest poop in the world. What do you say, Grandma?'

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'I'm not saying a word' replied Grandma cheerfully. 'I'm staying two more months.'

Keep that attitude. If you want to stay with these people, don't say a single thing, just be cheerful.

*

Krishnamurti is vehemently against gurus, meditation techniques and 'all the rest of it'. Apparently you are a guru and giving meditation techniques. To me, you and Krishnamurti are both showing the truth, each one in his own way. What is your feeling about Krishnamurti's objections concerning guruhood?

I enjoy them...and especially so when they come from such a big guru. And remember, he is not 'vehemently against', whatsoever the appearance; he cannot be vehemently against anything. Yes, sometimes he looks almost in a rage—that is all acting. Don't pay much attention to it. I know him better than you: that is his game and he has at least to act in that way, because that is the path I call *via negativa*.

On the negative path nothing is to be allowed. No has to be said to everything: no to methods, no to gurus, no to scriptures; no to everything. *No* is the method. Denying all methods is the method of the path I call *via negativa*. No guru is needed—but even to say this a guru is needed. He has been saying this for fifty years, continuously. In fact, nobody has been working as hard as he has been working. Even in his old age he is running from one town to another, from one country to another, around the world, telling people that the guru is not needed. Why do you bother at all? People are so stupid that even this has to be said, so what about other things? Even to make them alert that the guru is not needed, a guru is needed. To tell them that methods are not needed, that techniques are not needed, somebody is needed to tell them. People

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are so unaware. They have to be guided. Even on the negative path they will not move on their own.

Once a Krishnamurti-ite came to me and he said 'I don't believe in any techniques and I don't believe that anybody can be a guru to anybody else and I don't believe in any meditation methods.' I said 'Perfectly good. Just tell me one thing. Could you have discovered this without Krishnamurti telling you?'

He became sad. He pondered over it and he said 'It would have been difficult for me to have come upon it by my own self.'

Then I said 'What is the point of saying all this? Even to say this somebody was needed, a guru was needed.'

What is a guru? You are unaware, so somebody is needed to make you aware—that's all that a guru is all about. You are so fast asleep that you need the alarm, that's all. If you can wake up on your own, good—at least I will be very happy if you can wake up on your own: you will save me much trouble. But it has never happened.

Krishnamurti is the purest statement of the negative path—as pure as Lao Tzu, as pure as Ashtavakra. A very pure statement, but pure statements become very difficult because you cannot understand them; they are so far away. You can only misunderstand them. So he has been misunderstood. He is the most misunderstood man. Nobody understands him, not even those who say that they follow him. They also cannot understand, because he says 'No following is allowed. You should not become imitators.' And they have become imitators. He says 'You cannot learn from me.' And they have learned from him. That's why he sometimes beats his own head, and he said....

Again and again, people ask the same question. He goes on saying for one hour that there is no method, and then a gentleman, a very old gentleman who may have been hearing him for forty years—is as old as he himself—and was nodding continuously 'You are right. You are right', then stands up and says 'How to attain it?' How? Naturally he becomes very vehement. For one hour he has been telling you that there is no method, now you again ask how. 'How' means that you ask for the method: 'how' means method.

Nobody understands him because people are in such deep sleep that they cannot understand such a superb statement. They have to be led slowly, persuaded slowly; by and by they gather courage, in small steps they gather courage. It is his compassion, but it has not worked. He has worked hard, but whatsoever he has been working at has not given any result. That's why, as he becomes older, he becomes more and more vehement, because he can see that his whole life he has been struggling with these people, and they go on asking the same stupid questions. If they had really understood him, they would have left him.

Exactly what happened to Jalaluddin Rumi—sitting alone, and all the disciples gone—that would have happened to Krishnamurti if people had understood him. Then what is the point of coming to him, listening to him, reading his books? The guru is not possible, it cannot be taught, so what is the point of coming to him and listening to him again and again, year by year, for half a century? If you had understood you would have said good-bye, he would have been left alone. But no, people go on listening.

My feeling is that his compassion is infinite, but it has not been of much use because he cannot see a simple thing: that the people who go on listening to him listen to him, even pretend that they believe in him, for a wrong motive. The wrong motive is that whenever somebody says to you 'There is no need of a guru, and there is no need for a scripture—no need to follow anybody', your ego feels very good. You feel very good: 'So there is no need to surrender? Good, perfectly good.' He says 'There is no guru, no guru is needed.' You feel 'Perfectly right. So I need not become a disciple.' He denies the guru; you deny the discipleship. It looks almost alike, but it is not.

My observation has been this: that Krishnamurti is surrounded by the most egoistic people of this world, and the reason is because there is a safe place—no need to surrender, no need to drop your ego, no need to follow anybody. Your ego feels very strengthened and your ego feels that many rationalisations are given to you. So you protect yourself with those rationalisations. His compassion is infinite, but it has not worked.

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My feeling is that if a person is egoless no guru is needed. But this is the paradox of life that the only people who become interested in the teaching that 'no guru is needed' are the egoists. If a person is an egoist, then the guru is a must. But the egoists never come to a person to surrender. This is the problem, the dilemma. The egoist becomes interested in the teaching of Krishnamurti and the non-egoist becomes interested in the teaching of Meher Baba.

For the non-egoist there is no need for the guru because the whole need consists in cancelling your ego—the guru is nothing but a cancellation of your ego. You surrender unto somebody's feet and you say 'Now I will listen to you and I will not listen to myself. Now my will is surrendered and your will will be my will. Now even if you tell me to jump into the abyss I will jump without thinking about it. Now I am no more the controller of my life. You will control.' This is a way, just a way, to drop the ego. If the ego is there, then a guru is a must, because the guru is just a device. If the ego is not there, then the guru is not needed at all. When you are ill, the medicine is needed. When you are not ill, the medicine is not needed at all.

Krishnamurti is talking to ill people and telling them that the medicine is not needed. And only those people who are afraid of taking the medicine come to him, and they are the people who are most in need of medicine. If the people who surrounded Meher Baba were with Krishnamurti there would be no trouble—much would happen. But they never go to Krishnamurti, they go to Meher Baba. They are egoless people, they can surrender. And the people who are surrounding Krishnamurti, had they gone to Meher Baba would have been tremendously benefited... but they never go. This is how life is—a dilemma: the ill avoid the doctor and the healthy go to the doctor.

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THIS IS NO KAABA

Bhagwan, I am sixty-five and yet not decisive about sannyas. What have you to say about it?

I will just tell you an anecdote and will not say anything.

The tail gunner was being tried for dereliction of duty and the court-martial proceedings were very stern. 'Tell us what you heard in the headset' the court demanded.

'I heard a squadron leader hollering "Japanese planes coming in at five o'clock. Japanese planes coming in at five o'clock..."'

'Then why didn't you do something?'

'Why should I? It was only four-thirty.'

*

If some day it happens that there is nobody in the Chuang Tzu Auditorium for the morning talk except Teertha to read the sutra, what will you do?

Years ago, the circuit rider, just starting out, went to a small country church to preach. Only one farmer showed up. They sat there waiting in mutual embarrassment. Finally the young preacher put it up to the farmer. 'My friend' said he 'if you took a load of hay down to the pasture for your cows, and only one cow showed up, would you feed her?'

The farmer considered. 'Yeah, preacher' he finally said 'I believe I would.'

The preacher took the challenge, got up, sang a few songs, passed the collection plate, preached for an hour, pronounced the benediction, and walked out with the farmer.

At the door they shook hands, and the farmer said 'You know, preacher, I been thinkin' while you was preachin'. If I took that load of hay down t' the pasture, an' only one cow came up—yeah, I'd feed 'er all right, but I don't believe I'd give 'er the whole load!'

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Disciples need a guru, does a guru need disciples?

The guru exists only because the disciple needs him. The guru does not exist from the side of the guru himself; it is the disciple's projection. When the disciple has understood, there is neither disciple nor guru. When the disciple is in the need to understand, there is a disciple and a guru. The guru and the disciple both exist in the mind of the disciple.

It has to be understood: I exist not as far as I am concerned, I exist in your mind. You also exist in your mind. It is your *need* to know that projects gurudom, that you start thinking of me as the Master, as your Master; it is part of your discipleship. The day you will have understood, awakened, and your disciple disappears, in the same moment the guru will also disappear.

As the peak exists, so the valley exists by the side of it. When the peak disappears, the valley has disappeared; no valley can exist without a peak. You see a big wave in the ocean. Following the wave comes a hollow wave, the valley wave, in the wake of it; they both are together. When the wave has disappeared, the hollow wave that was following it has disappeared also. Silence exists with sound. If sound disappears, silence will disappear.

Silence exists as an interval between two sounds. If those who sounds disappear, the silence will disappear. There is a state of silence and there is a state beyond both silence and sound. The man who is really a Master—and when I say 'really a Master' I mean: whose presence can help disciples; not that he does something, his presence is just a catalytic agent—in his presence things happen.

When something happens to you, I don't feel that I have done it. I am not here to do it. I simply know it has happened. You may feel grateful to me, but I know well that it is just a happening: I have not done it. You have allowed it, I have not done it, hence it has happened. It is, more basically, dependent on your *allowing* it. If you allow, things will happen in the presence of a Master. If things happen in the presence of a Master when you allow, then he is a Master. That's what I mean when I say 'a Master'; not a doer... but just his presence helps things to happen.

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He has no need... no need for the disciple, the leader has the need for the follower—that is the difference between a leader and a Master. A Master is not a leader. The leader cannot exist without the follower, the leader needs the follower. In fact, the leader needs the follower more than the follower needs the leader. The leader goes on persuading followers: 'I am very much needed' but *he* depends on the follower. A leader is a follower of the followers. He looks at the followers—what they want, and he will do that. Remember, Jesus is a Master, the Pope is a leader. The original Shankaracharya was a Master, the Shankaracharya of the Puri now is a leader. Mohammed is a Master, but the Maulwi is a leader.

A Master is one whose needs have disappeared, who himself has disappeared... where can needs cling? Needs need an ego to cling to. He has no need: whether you are there or not makes no difference.

Just look at it in this way: the sun rises in the morning and the flowers open and the birds sing. If no flower opens, it does not make any difference to the sun—it will go on rising. There are millions of stars where no flower opens, there are planets where no flower opens, but the sun goes on shining. The flower cannot open without the sun—that is certain—but the sun can go on rising without the flower opening. The Master is just a light. If you open, if your flower opens in his presence—good. If nothing opens in his presence—good. There is no difference between the two. If there is a difference, then the Master is a leader, not yet a Master.

A flower opens in a deep forest. Nobody will ever pass. The fragrance will still continue to spread around. It does not wait for a traveller, does not wait for somebody to come and appreciate—that's not the point at all. If somebody comes and appreciates—good; if nobody comes and nobody appreciates, it is as good as the other. There is no distinction, no difference.

The Master and the disciple both exist in the disciple. When the disciple's mind becomes awakened, he will laugh and he will come to know who is a disciple and who is a Master. The whole game becomes ridiculous. But since the disciple is not yet alert, the game continues. Krishnamurti is right when he says no Master is needed. Yes, one day you will also know that no Master is needed, but you will know only when somebody

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has awakened you or you have become awakened in somebody's presence. Then you will know, you will say 'Krishnamurti is right.' But if you listen to Krishnamurti right now and believe that no Master is needed, you will never come to know that Krishnamurti is right. You will remain unawakened.

This will look like a paradox. Listening and believing in Krishnamurti you will never come to know that he is right. If you want to know that he is right, forget all that he says, find a Master; and one day you will know that the Master is not needed, was never needed really. But it will be known only when you have become awakened. When you will look backwards, then you can say 'Yes, the Master was not needed really. I could have become awakened...'. But you could not, remember.

This looks like a puzzle—it is not, it is simple. Have you not watched it sometimes? You are trying to solve a riddle, a puzzle, a crossword puzzle or something. The moment it is solved, you start feeling very ridiculous. Why, for hours, could you not solve it? Now you see that it is so simple. It is so foolish—to struggle for three hours and you could not solve it, and now it is so simple. Once solved, it is so simple that you know anybody could have solved it, but you also know that for three hours you were struggling, or for three days, and you could not solve it.

It happens to every scientist. When he makes a discovery, sometimes it takes ten years, twenty years, to work. The day it is solved he simply cannot believe how he was missing it. It was so simple. Why were twenty years wasted? Why could it not have happened on the first day?

Once anything is known, it looks very simple, but it looks simple only when you have known it. After knowing, after experiencing, truth is so simple, so available, so 'already there'. But right now, when you are fast asleep and lost in your dreams, somebody is needed to shake you out of your sleep. This need is yours.

The Master has no need of the disciple. In fact, a man is a Master only when he has no need of the disciple. If he still hankers for disciples then he himself is fast asleep and snoring. Avoid him! Escape from him!

THIS IS NO KAABA

I also feel on both paths, but you said that it is not possible to be on both paths.

I said it is not possible, but I have not said that if you try hard you cannot succeed a little bit. If you try hard, really hard, you may succeed a little bit. Even the impossible can become possible if you do really hard work. And I know you can do really hard work because you have made many impossible things possible.

For example, to be miserable is an impossibility. Through hard effort and perseverance you have made it possible. To be happy is natural; to be unhappy is unnatural. It needs really great effort, much capacity, much ability, efficiency, to become miserable; it needs long practice. In fact, when I look at you and I see that you are miserable, I am simply surprised: it is a miracle. How are you doing it? In the first place, it should not be there, it cannot be there. But man is a very impossible animal: he can do things.

I say it is difficult to be on both paths—the negative and the positive—because they are diametrically opposite, but you can try. Listen to this anecdote.

The rather broad lady showed up at the theatre just before the performance started and handed the usher two tickets. 'Where's the other party?' asked the usher.

'Well' said the lady, with a blush 'you can see one seat is rather uncomfortable so I bought two. But they're really both for me.'

'Okay with me, lady' the usher replied, scratching his head. 'But you're gonna have a rough time. Your seats are numbers fifty-one and sixty-three.'

But you can go on doing... you can sit on this seat for a few minutes and then you can move to the other, and then come back again; you can alternate.

To be on both the paths is impossible really, but you can alternate. For one day you can be on the path of the positive, another day you can

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be on the path of the negative—and your mind is so contradictory that you can make it possible. So one day you make something, another day you destroy it. Ultimately you will find that eventually you are standing where you have always been; you have not moved a single inch. In the day you make the house, in the night you destroy it; the house is never built. Yes, you can do both. You can be both the builder and the destroyer but it is impossible.

To be on the positive needs a totally different approach: affirmative, yes-saying. To be on the negative needs a diametrically opposite approach: no-saying, negating, eliminating, *neti-neti*, neither this nor that. On the positive you become bigger, bigger, bigger...so big, so huge, that one day, the whole existence is covered with your being, the whole existence becomes part of you. On the negative you go on denying, denying, denying, and you come to a point where you are just a zero, a nonentity.

Ultimately both bring you to the same goal. Either you become so huge that you are the whole existence or you become so much a nothingness that you are just a zero. In both cases duality disappears—I and thou disappear. In one case, thou is dissolved into I; in the other case, I is dissolved into thou. But the ultimate result is one: that there remains only one, two are no more. The positive person will try to grow, to expand; the negative person will try to shrink and disappear.

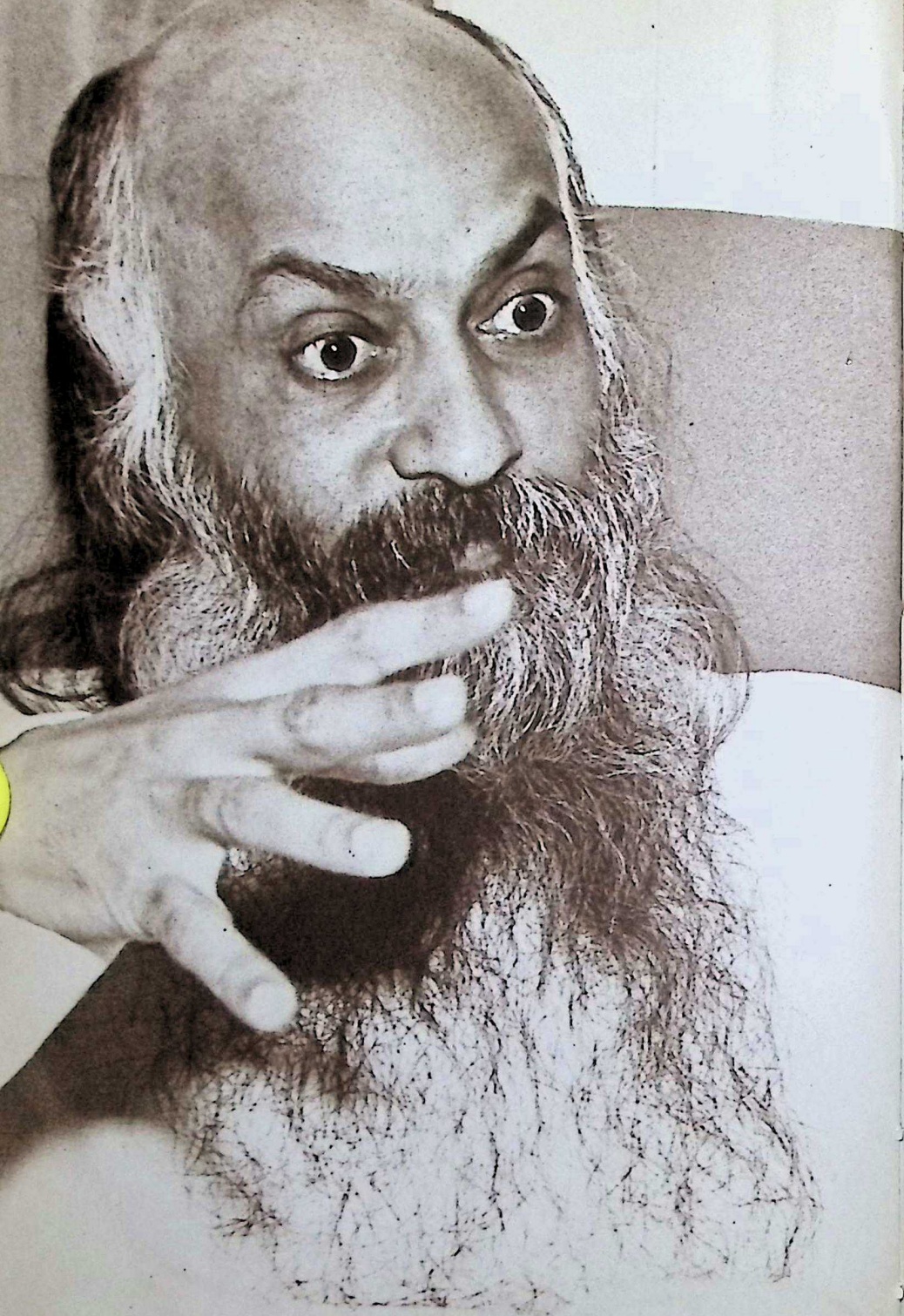
Either grow so big that only you exist and nothing else, or become so small, so small, that everything exists except you; and from both stand-points you will take the jump into oneness, the organic unity of the whole.

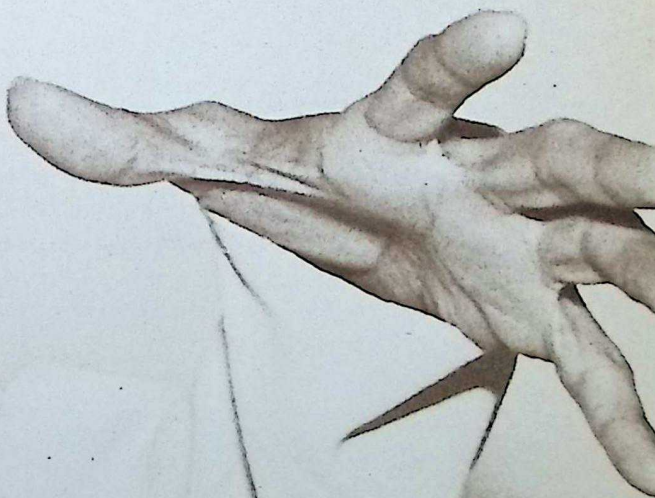
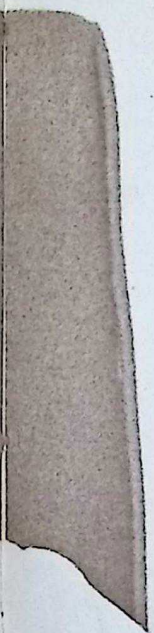
Expressions will be different. One who has moved on the positive path will say 'I am God', *aham Brahmasmi*; *ana el-Haqq*, 'I am truth.' And the person who has moved on the *via negativa* will say 'I am not'—*anatta*, non-being. But you will see that both are tremendously blissful, silent. Their silence has the same taste, and their blissfulness has the same colour. If you meet Buddha and if you meet Krishna you will find that they are the same, but they talk differently. Krishna talks in positive terms, affirmative, and Buddha talks in negative terms. But if you watch them, you will find the same presence, the same overflowing love, com-

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passion, blissfulness, cheerfulness; the same silence, the same celebration —but their statements will be different because they have learned different languages.

But one who is still trying to seek cannot be on both. One who has arrived . . . both have dissolved for him. One who has not yet arrived . . . it is better for him to choose. That will be more practical and you will be less in trouble, conflict, schizophrenia. Never choose two opposite things together otherwise they will create a split in your being.





Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri
Lieh Tzu was going to Ch'i but turned back half way.
On the road he met Po-hun Wu-jen who asked him why he had turned back.

'I was alarmed by something.'

'What was it?'

'I ate at ten inns and at five they served me first.'

'If that is all, why should you be alarmed?'

'When a man's inner integrity is not firm, something oozes from his body and becomes an aura, which, outside him, presses on the hearts of others; it makes other men honour him more than his elders and betters, and gets him into difficulties.

The only motive of an innkeeper is to sell his rice and soup, and increase his earnings. His profits are meagre, and the considerations which sway him have little weight. If men with so little to gain from me value me so highly as a customer, will it not be even worse with the lord of ten thousand chariots who has worn out his body and drained his knowledge in state affairs? The Prince of Ch'i will appoint me to some office and insist that I fill it efficiently. This is what alarmed me.'

'An excellent way to look at it! But even if you stay, other men will lay responsibilities on you.'

Not long afterwards, when Po-hun Wu-jen went to call on him, Lieh Tzu's porch was full of the shoes of visitors. Po-hun Wu-jen stood facing North; he leaned on his upright staff and wrinkled his cheek against it. After standing there for a while, he left without speaking. The doorkeeper told Lieh Tzu. Lieh Tzu ran out barefoot holding his shoes in his hands and caught up with him at the gate.

'Now that you have come, Master' he said 'aren't you even going to give me my medicine?'

'Enough! I told you confidently that others would lay responsibilities on you, and it turns out that they have. It is not that you are capable of allowing them to do so, you are incapable of preventing them. What use is it to you to have this effect on people which is incompatible with your own basic peace? If you insist on making an effect, it will unsteady your basic self, and to no purpose.'

Inner Integrity

TO BE is to miss Tao. To be is to miss the whole. To be is to be separate, so not to be is the door. To be is going astray. Not to be is coming home. When you are not, God is. When you are, God is not. And both have never been seen together; they cannot be together by their very nature. Just as darkness and light cannot exist together: if one is, the other is not.

So the basic, the very basic, teaching of Tao is to be in a state of non-being, what Buddhists call *anatta*, a state of no-self. Empty, a deep nothingness, nobody inside. . . then you really are. But then you are not: the whole is. The moment you start thinking about yourself as a separate individual the part is claiming to be the whole; the part has gone mad. The ego is the only insane thing in the world. The ego is neurosis, and anybody who suffers from the ego suffers from neurosis, because he thinks as if the part were the whole. The part is not the whole. If a leaf in the tree starts thinking 'I am', then the leaf has gone mad. The tree is and the leaf exists only as a part, an organic part, of the tree. Even to conceive of the leaf as separate is impossible. The tree is flowing in it. It is the tree's energy that has become the leaf. If a wave in the ocean thinks 'I am separate: I am', then the wave has gone mad. The ocean is. All waves are nothing but the ocean waving.

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All human beings are nothing but the universal consciousness waving. We are waves. The moment you understand 'I am a wave' that means you have understood you are not—only the ocean is. Sometimes the ocean waves and you are, and sometimes the ocean remains silent and you disappear.

Tao says: The ego is the only barrier. All other religions say the same, but Tao goes deepest in its approach; its insight is the greatest. All religions say that the ego has to be dropped, but if you listen, if you read, if you look into those religious people, you will find that their insight is not very deep and the ego comes up in different forms again and again.

About the ego only two persons have touched the very substratum and these two persons are Lao Tzu and Gautam Buddha. Religions go on saying 'Drop the ego. Be egoless', but in a subtle way, somehow, they go on protecting it too. They say 'If you drop the ego, you will become spiritual. If you drop the ego you will be the first in the kingdom of God. If you drop the ego you will be the chosen one. If you drop the ego great is going to be the pay-off in the other world—the heaven, the paradise, *moksha*.' On the one hand they say 'Drop the ego', on the other hand they persuade you, they bribe you, they buttress your greed. They say 'You will be special. You will be extraordinary.' On the one hand they say 'Drop the ego', on the other hand they go on strengthening the same ego under different names. 'You will become a miracle man. You will have *siddhis*—you will have spiritual powers, occult forces. You will be able to manipulate the existence more deeply. You will become telepathic. You will be able to read others' minds. You will be clairvoyant. This and that . . . all the *siddhis* of the yogis—all the miraculous powers of Yoga . . . But again you are decorated, again you become very, very strong.

Remember, there are three layers of your being: the body, the mind, and the self. And beyond the three is your no-self. And so there are three possibilities for the ego to assert itself. Either it asserts itself on the layer of body—a beautiful body, a strong body, 'I have the most handsome body, the most powerful body.' Somebody is a beauty queen, a Miss Universe, and somebody is Mohammed Ali, the greatest man, Mr Universe. On the layer of the body the ego can assert itself. If the ego

INNER INTEGRITY

asserts itself on the layer of the body one becomes animalistic. All your wrestlers, great wrestlers, are nothing but too attached to their animal part, so that when you see the body of a Mr Universe you can feel it; he looks more like an animal than like a human being. Certainly he is very strong physically. His ego is asserting itself on that path. He will be very aggressive, brutal, violent. He will be very sexual, indulgent, unconscious. He will move like a robot, like a machine. He will not have any consciousness whatsoever. His whole life will be: Eat, drink and be merry. He will live on the very superficial layer of his life. Civilisations are against it, cultures are against it. They say 'This is not good. Drop this ego.' They go on teaching to every child who is born on this earth 'Drop this ego. Become non-aggressive, become non-violent. Don't be brutal, have kindness, sympathy.' Then ego starts asserting itself on another level, the level of the mind.

At the mind level it becomes knowledge, knowledgeability, money. Money is a higher thing than sexuality, so those people who become interested in money forget all about sex; they are no more interested in sex. Their whole sexuality becomes money-oriented... or power, politics, ambition. Those people who become politicians, become ambitious for power; they can also sacrifice sex, indulgence—everything they can sacrifice.

On the first layer they can sacrifice, because on the second layer they need all the energy available. So they repress on the first layer and the ego asserts itself on the second layer. All cultures depend on this. In fact, all cultures use it as a technique: Repress the child's ego on the first layer and he will become egoistic on the second layer. Then he will start hankering for gold medals in the university, to become more knowledgeable, to come first in the university. He will start becoming more aggressive mentally than physically.

You can see it in the universities. All the students who are in sports are very poor as far as their mind development is concerned, and all the students whose minds are very clever and cunning are poor physically. The sportsman lives on the first layer and the scholar on the second layer. The scholar will have a delicate body, will wear glasses from the very

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beginning; he will be old even while he is young. On the physical level his ego has disappeared. He cannot fight, but he can argue. His fight now asserts itself as argument. He can discuss and debate; he has found a finer instrument to conquer and be aggressive with. He will not become a wrestler, he will become a lawyer. He will live through argument, through his knowledge—say anything against his knowledge and he is ready to fight. Of course his fight will be of words, verbal. If you fight with the body he will call it brutal, animalistic, primitive; if you fight on the level of words and language and logic he will say that this is 'civilised fight'... but the same ego is asserting itself on the second layer.

Religions depend on repressing this second layer of ego. Civilisation depends on the first repression: repress the ego on the body level so that it asserts itself on the mind level. Religions depend on repressing on the second level so that the ego starts asserting itself on the third level, the level of the self. So religions say: Knowledge is nothing, politics is nothing, money is nothing, to become a great artist is nothing, to become a great novelist, writer, is nothing. Then what is real power? Real power is *siddhi*. If you can do miracles, if you touch a man and he is healed when he was ill, and if you touch a dead body and the dead body is resurrected, then you have something. If you can produce things out of nothing, if you become a miracle man, then you have something. So religions repress the ego on the second layer, then the ego asserts itself on the third layer.

Tao says: The ego has to disappear from all the layers. One has to understand it so totally that it cannot find another way for its existence, so that it cannot find another shelter in your being. When ego disappears completely and there is no way for it to assert itself then *you are not* in one sense and *you are*, for the first time, in another sense. You are not as an individual any more, you are the whole.

This is the meaning of a holy man in Taoism: A holy man is one who is not. Very paradoxical. And remember, Tao does not teach you to become humble. If you become humble the ego will continue—it will become the ego of the humble person, it will hide behind humbleness. So a practised humbleness, a cultivated humbleness, is not going to help. Then what is to be done?

If you ask Lieh Tzu, Chuang Tzu or Lao Tzu, they will say that nothing has to be done because whatsoever you do will create the ego; ego is created out of doing. Nothing is to be done. One has just to see the ways of the ego, the subtle ways of the ego, the cunning ways of the ego; one has to see them so totally. . . . One has to follow the ego into one's being from body to mind, from mind to self, one has to seek and see all the hideouts. Once you have known all the possibilities of ego-assertion, in that very understanding, in that very awareness, ego disappears.

When ego disappears your body is different, your mind is different, your self is different. When ego disappears, many things happen. First, now you are no more identified with your body. You are in the body, but you are not the body. When the ego disappears you are no more identified with the mind. You use the mind, the mind becomes an instrument—a beautiful instrument—but you are not identified with the mind either. When the ego disappears you use the self, but you are not identified with self either. You remain an individual: you walk and live like an individual, but continuously aware that the wave is just an appearance, the reality is the ocean; that 'I am just a wave. God is the ocean, Tao is the ocean.'

The disappearance of the ego is the disappearance of what Gurdjieff calls identification. That is the right word: identification. We get identified with everything, whatsoever we are close to. You are very close to the body, so you start thinking 'I am the body.' You feel hungry and you say 'I am hungry.' That is not right. The body is hungry, you are the knower, you are the one who knows that the body is hungry. Sometimes you are insulted and the mind is feeling miserable, but you are not miserable. You are the knower who notices that the mind is miserable. Sometimes you see miracles happening in your life, but you know that you are not the doer, you are not the self. They are happening, but they are happening from the whole. That's why Jesus goes on saying again and again. . . .

A man came to Jesus and said 'We are very grateful to you. You are good and great.' And Jesus said 'Don't assert such a thing. Only God is good and great. I am not.' What is he saying? He is saying 'I am not a self. I function as a self, but the function is not the reality, the function is just a function. The reality is far huger, far bigger, enormous, infinite.'

It is as if you were standing in your house by the side of a window and looking outside. The frame of the window becomes the frame of the sky although you know well that the sky has no frame. There is a trend in modern painting not to frame the painting. It has significance. The moment you frame the painting it becomes artificial, because existence is unframed; all frames are man-made. Existence has no frame. But if you look from the window, then the frame of the window becomes the frame of the sky; and the sky has no frame. And if you have always looked from the window and you have never been outside the house, then naturally you will think that the limitation of the window is the limitation of the sky. Looking from the body, you become framed within the body; it is just a window. Looking from the mind, you become framed within the mind; it is again just a window. Looking from the self, you become framed within the self; it is again just a window.

Once you start coming out of these windows, then you know that even the sky is not your limit; you are unlimited. You are as unlimited as the whole: you are the whole. There will be great transformations.

On the body level sexuality will disappear. Sex will be there, but sexuality will disappear. When you get identified with sex it becomes sexuality. When you are not identified with sex then it is as beautiful as anything else, but it is not sexual; it is simple sex, natural sex. Animals are not sexual. They have sex, but they are not sexual. If you show a dog the nude picture of his girlfriend he will not be interested—not at all. You cannot circulate magazines like *Playboy* to the animals; they will not be interested at all, they will not look. They are not sexual, they have no sexual fantasy, they don't think about it. Their sex is pure and simple. It has not become cerebral, it has not entered into their head.

When sex enters into the head it becomes sexuality. When sex is sex it is beautiful. When you eat because you are hungry it is beautiful, but when you become obsessed with food then you are mad. When you start thinking about food, sitting and meditating on food with closed eyes, in the night dreaming about food, then you are mad. Then your hunger has moved beyond the limits of sanity. You take a bath—good, but you don't think about it the whole day. You don't fantasize about standing under

the shower again and again; if you start doing that, then something is wrong.

I have heard

A woman was very fat. Her psychoanalyst suggested to her that she should find a beautiful nude picture of a woman. 'Stick it on your fridge so that whenever you open the fridge, you will see the beautiful, proportionate body of the woman and that will bring you to your senses: What are you doing with your body?'

And it helped. Again and again she would be opening it, taking things out and in, and she would see the beautiful, proportionate body. Within one month she lost twelve pounds. But another thing happened—the husband gained twelve pounds! Because of that nude picture, he started going to the fridge again and again and when you go to the fridge—of course—Coca-Cola, Fanta, ice-cream . . . he started eating. So the wife lost, the husband gained.

Sexuality simply means that sex has become a mind thing, it has entered into your mentality. Anything, when it moves beyond its centre, becomes ill. Gurdjieff used to say that man's centres have got very confused. If you search in man you will find great confusion. Sex you will find in the head—where it should not be; that is not the centre for it.

Man has repressed, changed arrangements inside himself, so much, that if God dissected man he would be simply surprised, because he had never made man this way; everything has changed, the whole arrangement has changed. And the greatest calamity that has happened is that everything which should function on its own is no longer functioning on its own—it needs the mind. Everything goes via the mind, so mind has become very polluted, poisoned.

If the ego disappears from the body, there are two possibilities. If you repress it, it will assert itself on the mind level. If you don't repress it, if you simply understand it—and through understanding it disappears—then it will not assert itself anywhere, and your body will change. You will attain to new insights. Your body will become more affectionate,

more warm. Your body will have a certain new quality to it, the quality of weightlessness, as if gravitation does not affect you as much as it used to affect you before. You will almost feel that you can fly. You will become more loving.

When sex is no more sexuality, then sex starts on the right path and, by and by, the sex energy starts turning into love energy. Love is a transformation of sex energy. Sexuality is a repression, and repressions are never transformations. Remember, repressions are regressions. A transformation is a totally different thing: you reach higher levels—sex energy becomes love. A person becomes more loving and less sexual, more sensitive and less sensual. He thinks no more in terms of sensuality, his body-mind, his body-wisdom has changed: his body has become mature. Of course, if he looks at the trees, he will find more greenery than you can find because he has become more sensitive. If he looks at the sky, the sky will be more blue and deep than you will find it. The whole of life becomes a great mystery.

It happens sometimes under drugs that your senses become so sensitive that you cannot believe it. When Aldous Huxley took LSD for the first time, he was sitting before a chair and suddenly the chair became luminous, multicoloured, as if it were a rainbow. He could not believe his eyes. . . . an ordinary chair. . . . And he had been seeing that chair for years—it had always been in his study—but there was never any colour in it, was never alive. Now suddenly it had a life of its own, so many colours, and so beautiful. He went and touched it and he could not believe again because its texture was simply incredible. He wanted to hug the chair and to sing a song for it, to dance a dance for it. An ordinary chair can become extraordinary.

To painters it has always been so. You may have seen the great painting of Vincent van Gogh, *The Chair*. Ordinarily you will think 'Why should a painter think to paint a chair, an ordinary chair?' But to van Gogh that chair was not ordinary. What happened to Aldous Huxley under the impact of the drug was very natural to van Gogh. His eyes were very sensitive, he could see through and through: there were no more screens—nothing to bar the way. His sensitivity was very clear.

You will live more, you will love more, you will eat with taste. When you touch a thing you will know the texture. When you listen to a song it will go to your very heart. Your body will not disturb it; your body will be just a passage, a tremendous receptivity: it will simply soak it up and take it to your heart. And the whole of life will take a different luminosity—it will become colourful, psychedelic.

Man needs drugs because civilisation has dulled your senses. Now this is a problem. The governments, the society, the politicians—they are against drugs, but they are the source, because they have created such an ugly humanity that people have lost all sensitivity. Now they are trying desperately to find that sensitivity in any way—even if it comes through drugs. Drugs are harmful, but to live without sensitivity is not to live at all. To live without sensitivity is to live a very dull life, a dead life. Five thousand years of culturisation, five thousand years of civilisation, have dulled humanity so much that they are bound to rebel against it. Now the politicians and the priests are the source. It is they who are responsible for driving humanity to such a desperate state where people want to take drugs. And drugs cannot be stopped unless man is made sensitive again. Drugs will disappear once man becomes sensitive again.

My approach is that if you are sensitive, you will not take the drug. For what? Just to harm yourself? When you are sensitive, even if somebody gives you a drug free you will not take it, because a sensitive man will feel his sensitivity lessened through drugs. A dull person will feel that his sensitivity grows and a sensitive person will feel that his sensitivity is dulled. It is relative: it depends on you. If you feel good through a drug, it simply shows that you have become very dull; and to feel sensitive through chemicals is simply meaningless because they are not going to make you sensitive. You will need more and more drugs, in larger and larger quantities, but the basic problem remains there. The basic problem is how to attain the receptivity, the sensitivity, of the body again, how to make your body alive again. The resurrection of the body is needed, and that resurrection is possible only when you are no longer using your body as an ego vehicle.

Ego is the greatest drug. LSD is nothing, marijuana is nothing, alcohol

is nothing. Ego keeps you so drugged, so asleep, so unconscious. Once the body attains to sensitivity, you will find joy through the body, great joy. Small things become so delightful. Just taking a shower and it is so delightful that you will feel great gratitude towards God—just for a shower. The water falling on you, the coolness of it, the freshness that comes in you....

You will be lost to its beauty. Small things: eating, taking to a friend, holding the hand of a friend, looking at the sky or looking at the trees, just swimming in the river, or lying down on the sand just taking a shower of sunrays, and everything becomes so joyful. The whole of life takes a new hue of rejoicing. You will be able to dance and sing if the body is resurrected.

The ego is the death of the body. The ego has to disappear. But let me repeat again: it has not to be repressed, otherwise it will bubble up on a deeper level. When the ego disappears from the mind, knowledge disappears, knowing arises: you don't have any knowledge, but you have a capacity to know. Wherever you look, whatever your eyes see, you can see through and through. You may not have any information, but your insight is great. Scriptures disappear, borrowed knowledge becomes meaningless, your own knowing capacity arises. You have an inner lamp, and silence grows.

Knowledge is a continuous clattering inside you, a chattering inside you, a continuous talk. Sometimes you are puzzled why you go on talking inside. Why this monologue? For what? And you go on repeating the same thing again and again and again. You have thought those thoughts many times, then why are you repeating again? There is a reason: only by continuously repeating can you maintain your knowledge, otherwise your knowledge will disappear. By continuously repeating, chattering, muttering inside, you maintain your knowledge, otherwise it would disappear; you would not be able to possess it. This is the only way to possess it. Because it is borrowed, the only way to possess it is through constant repetition.

But when the ego is no more there in the mind, all the barriers disappear. Mind becomes a mirror: you reflect reality. And it is your own experience,

so you need not continuously keep it moving in your mind, you need not repeat it; it is your insight. Tomorrow, also, you will be able to look into reality in the same way—maybe even far more deeply, because time will give you depth. So why repeat it?

A man of knowing never carries any load. He can depend on his knowing. You cannot depend on your knowing, so you have to carry knowledge, otherwise you will be in difficulty at any moment. If some problem arises, you cannot trust yourself: you have to carry the knowledge. If you can trust yourself, then there is no need. You can just look into the problem and the solution will come out of it, because each problem has its own built-in solution. It has not to be brought from the outside, the problem has just to be understood rightly, and it will give you the solution.

Silence will arise. A man of knowing is very silent. Words don't go on floating in his consciousness; there is no monologue. He is not continuously in the inner talk... and awareness arises, and celebration; a man becomes creative. That's what celebration is: one starts participating in God the Creator. That's what celebration is all about. Whenever you are really celebrating, you create something. Whatsoever it is, you create something; you become a participant in the creative process of life. And when on the third level the self, the ego, disappears, a great explosion happens. That's what Zen people call *satori*, Yoga calls *samadhi*.

When in the self, the self disappears, when you look inside yourself and you don't find anybody there: just a pure awareness, a witnessing, a no-self, you have arrived home.

This is the very basic approach of Tao, that the ego has to disappear on three levels. The ego gone... the body becomes the temple, the mind becomes the innermost shrine, and the self becomes the whole—the God himself of the shrine. You became religious when your body is a temple, your mind is a shrine and you are nothing but God himself, the whole itself.

This is the vision to be carried. It is a dream now, but it can be transformed into reality any moment you are courageous enough to go into it. It can be transformed into reality very easily, because the ego-game

is just a dream. Once you come out of the dream, the reality will be available. It is available right now—only you are dreaming.

It is as if you fall asleep here in Poona and you dream of Constantinople or Timbuktu. In the night you dream of Constantinople, but you are still in Poona: your dreaming does not take you to Constantinople. In the morning, when you open your eyes, you will not find yourself in Constantinople, you will be in Poona, and you will have a good laugh. In fact, in the night, when you had suddenly found yourself in the streets of Constantinople, you were worried about how you would manage to go back . . . and at eight o'clock in the morning you had to be here in Chuang Tzu Auditorium—how were you going to manage? You may have rushed to the airport to enquire whether there was any plane going right now. But in the morning, suddenly you will find that there was no need to go to the airport, there was no need to go anywhere, you had always, all the time, been here. You had never gone in reality.

The ego is a dream, and whatsoever you have dreamed through the ego is a falsity, it is illusory. That's what Hindus call *maya*.

Now this beautiful story. It has to be understood step by step.

Lieh Tzu was going to Ch'i but turned back half way. On the road he met Po-hun Wu-jen who asked him why he had turned back.

Ch'i was the capital of the kingdom where Lieh Tzu lived, so he was going to the capital of his nation but turned back in mid-journey. When he came back, he met Po-hun Wu-jen. Po-hun Wu-jen was an old Taoist Master, a man who had really arrived. So the old man asked 'Why have you come back?'

Lieh Tzu said '*I was alarmed by something.*'

Listen carefully, because nobody has gone so deeply into these phenomena as the Taoists.

'*What was it?*' asked the old man.

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'I ate at ten inns and at five they served me first.'

Now look. He says *'I ate at ten inns and at five they served me first... that alarmed me.'* Why should it alarm you? In fact it should make you very delighted, that people are recognising that you are extraordinary, that you are exceptional, that you are a V.I.P.; you are being served before others. But Lieh Tzu is a disciple of Tao; he understands that this is dangerous. When people start thinking that you are exceptional, there is danger.

What is the danger? The danger is that you may move again on an ego-trip; the danger is they may again give you an ambition; the danger is that they will not allow you to relax and to be yourself. When people give importance to you, they start dominating you. That's the whole art of manipulating people. When you want to manipulate a person what do you do? You make him feel very important. You say 'You are simply great.' And the moment you have said 'You are simply great', you have become powerful over him. Now, if he wants to maintain his greatness, he will have to consider you; now his greatness will depend on you. If you go against him, then what about his greatness? You have made him great—now you have the key. Now, in a subtle way, he will become your slave. So whenever somebody comes and exaggerates about you, beware! He is trying to catch hold of you, and once you allow it, it will be difficult to go back home.

Mind wants to play these games very much. Even when sometimes a person is saying a lie but it is fulfilling to your ego, you accept it. You can try it. Say to an ugly woman 'You are very beautiful' and even she will not say 'I am not. Stop all this nonsense! I am just plain and homely.' If you say even to an ugly woman that she is the most beautiful woman in the world she will accept it, she will not say 'No, don't deceive me.' Once she accepts it, she is deceived. Now she will be in your power; now she will always have to think about you and concede things to you, because you are the only person who has made her beautiful. You are the only mirror in which she has looked beautiful—all other mirrors were saying that she is ugly, now she cannot afford to lose you. She will cling to you,

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she will become a servant to you, she will become a slave to you—but she cannot afford to lose you.

Remember, whenever you are being made important there is danger. Danger! If you are not so alert that ego has disappeared from all the layers of your being, there is danger. And Lieh Tzu must have been a disciple when this happened, he was not yet a Master. A Master can afford to be in any situation; a disciple cannot afford to, he has to be very alert because still there are dangers, still he has not arrived. There are tremendous possibilities of getting lost.

'I ate at ten inns and at five they served me first.'

'If that is all, why should you be alarmed?' asked the old man.

'When a man's inner integrity is not firm, sometimes, something oozes from his body and becomes an aura, which, outside him, presses on the hearts of others; it makes other men honour him more than his elders and betters, and gets him into difficulties.'

This is a very great insight. Nobody has ever mentioned it—not even Patanjali who has completely covered the map of consciousness, not even he has mentioned it in this way. The credit goes to the Taoists.

He is saying

'When a man's inner integrity is not firm...'

Ordinarily you think that a man has an aura when his integrity is very firm. No, it is wrong; the aura comes from some leakage. Your integrity is not absolute yet, so your energy starts leaking and it creates an aura, a subtle magnetism around you. Of course, whenever you come in contact with others they will be impressed. Your aura will function like an intoxicant; they will simply be impressed. You will have a very charismatic effect on them, but Taoists say that it simply shows that you have not yet become really ordinary, you are still hankering for something. Somewhere, the

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ego is still there, because only through the ego do your inner energies leak out.

'When a man's inner integrity is not firm...'

And what do they mean by 'inner integrity'? When there is no ego, you are integrated with the whole. When there is ego, you are not integrated with the whole. When there is ego, you are split; when there is ego. . . . In fact, there are many egos—you are a crowd—and there is a constant fight inside. Each ego tries to be more powerful than the others and there is a continuous struggle, and in that struggle your energy starts flowing out; it becomes a sort of aura.

Remember, this is not the aura that happens to a Buddha or a Lao Tzu or to Jesus. An aura happens to Buddha, but that aura is not energy coming out—no. His whole being has become so luminous, that even from his body you can see the subtle rays of his luminosity. It is as if a lamp is burning in a house and even through the curtains you can see that there is no darkness inside. It is not a leakage, it has a totally different quality to it. And how will you make out the difference?

When you come in contact with the Buddha, his presence does not press your heart; in fact, his presence makes you more free. His presence does not turn you into slaves, his presence turns you into Masters. His presence does not become a binding on you, but becomes a freedom; he liberates.

When the energy comes out, it becomes a very repressing force. It is almost violent. It is as if somebody has jumped upon you with a sword in his hand and forces you to submit. These words are good. When you come in contact with a Buddha whose energy is not oozing out, who has no leakage left, surrender happens, but there is no submission in surrender.

When you come in close contact with a person who is not yet really integrated and he is creating great energy through his *sadhana* and the energy is leaking out, submission happens, but there is no surrender. You become a slave, you become an imitator. Your individuality is crushed and destroyed, you become a carbon copy.

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Remember, this will help you always. Only keep company with a Master with whom you don't become a carbon copy, with whom freedom is possible, with whom even surrender gives you individuality, following whom you don't become a follower, with whom you earn more and more freedom. He makes you so free, he gives you tremendous freedom—more than you can give to yourself. He does not give you a discipline, he gives you awareness, and through awareness you flower. You are not repressed, you are not forced; great things happen, but they happen naturally, spontaneously.

You must have seen auras around the pictures of Buddha and Jesus and Krishna. They are not the aura Lieh Tzu is talking about. If you want to see this type of aura, then you have to come in contact with a man like Rasputin. Then you will find an aura, a great aura.

Whoever came in contact with Rasputin immediately submitted to him and became a slave, even the Tsar and the Tsarina. In fact, for a few years, Rasputin had become the real ruler of Russia. Whoever came in contact with him, would simply lose his individuality, lose his freedom and would become just an aye-sayer, would become more unconscious than he was before and would start doing things which he could never do in his right senses. Around Rasputin such things were an everyday affair. He could tell people to do foolish things, but his order was an order which they would do and not even for a single moment feel that they were being stupid. When they would go back home, then they would suddenly recognise the fact of what they had done. It was ridiculous.

Rasputin was killed by people who became more and more aware of this phenomenon; he was murdered...and he was really a man of great energy. The people who murdered him were his victims. By and by, many people became aware that whenever they were around him, something simply went off within their being and they became just puppets; and whenever they were far away from him they would again regain themselves. They started feeling this phenomenon so deeply that they conspired against him—his own disciples—and they killed him.

And it was very difficult to kill him. He was a man of energy, of great energy—disintegrated, but still of great energy. And the energy was

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oozing so much. . . . First they persuaded him to drink, and he drank too much, but nothing affected him. He was perfectly alert. Then they poisoned him, they gave him poison in food, but nothing affected him. Then they became afraid: they shot him—eighteen bullets—but he was still alive! And then they were very afraid. . . if he survived, what would happen to them? So they tied him in a bag with rocks and threw him into the river. After forty-eight hours his body was found, and the post mortem report says that he was not dead when he was thrown in the water, that even underwater he remained alive for at least four hours.

A man of tremendous energy—but the impact was evil, the impact was not good. Let this be your definition: Whenever you are in close contact with a man whose energy makes you a slave, escape from him. Escape from him like the plague. Never look back. You are in danger: that man has an oozing energy. It is dangerous for him because he is losing the energy which can become integration, and it is dangerous for you.

‘When a man’s inner integrity is not firm, something oozes from his body and becomes an aura, which, outside him, presses on the hearts of others. . . .’

It is a pressure. These are things to be felt. If in contact with somebody you feel a pressure on the heart, a crushing pressure, then that man has more energy than you; but that energy will prove evil: it is aggressive energy.

When, in the presence of somebody, you feel that you are uplifted, that you are taken to a higher altitude, that you start floating upwards, that gravitation is less; that the presence is soothing, gives you silence, awareness; makes you more conscious and there is no pressure in it. . . . In fact, the ordinary pressures of your life dissolve in the presence of a man who has become integrated.

‘. . . it makes other men honour him more than his elders and betters, and gets him into difficulties.’

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And Lieh Tzu said 'It is bad for others, but that is not the point: it is bad for the person himself.' It is bound to get him into difficulties. That's how Rasputin got into difficulties. He could have become a Buddha—he had the possibility. He was a man of great energy, he was really very rare, but others got into difficulty, he got into difficulty. He got into many difficulties and he went astray. The more and more he became powerful over people, the more and more he forgot his own training, his own inner discipline.

He had worked hard upon himself: for years he had meditated and prayed and his prayer was going deep. Then he became aware that he had great influence over people. The moment he became aware that he had great influence over people, he forgot about his prayers. He became ambitious. The ego asserted itself on the last layer, the self—not on the body, not on the mind, but on the self. And when the ego asserts itself on the third, the deepest, layer, many people are deceived because it is very difficult to make distinctions, sometimes the energy feels really helpful.

The Tsar had only one son and the son used to suffer from a disease for which there was no cure. The disease was that if he would get any wound, the wound would not heal and the blood would start oozing out of his body and not stop. His life was always in danger—a small wound and . . . a child is a child. Playing, he would fall and . . . a small wound and a little blood would come, and then it was impossible to prevent the blood: that was the problem. And when too much blood would go out, the child would become unconscious, would fall into a coma, and there was no medicine and there was no cure.

And then came Rasputin, and he simply touched him and the blood stopped. He would simply touch the child and he would become conscious—and that was the Tsar's only child. Now Rasputin became a must. They would not even allow him to go far away from Moscow, from the capital, because it was dangerous: if he could not come in time . . . So his presence had to be there in the palace. The Tsarina became too impressed, then the Tsar became too impressed, then the whole court. And he started ordering: he became the real emperor. And his orders had to be

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listened to, otherwise he used to threaten 'I will go' and the life of the child was in danger. The doctors had said 'He has to be kept here, otherwise we cannot help at all. Any moment the child can die.'

But he forgot his prayers, he forgot his own inner discipline; he created many difficulties for others, created much difficulty for himself. In fact, if some day the real history will be written, then he was the cause for the Russian revolution, not Lenin, not Stalin, not Trotsky. He was the cause: he created such a ridiculous state that the people rebelled. The revolution came because of Rasputin; and because of Rasputin, Russia has suffered for almost half a century. The whole of Russia has become a great prison—all freedom lost; millions of people have been killed. And if you look, deep down you will find Rasputin at the beginning of this whole communist myth—the myth of revolution, the myth of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Nobody talks about him, but he was the provocation. His presence was so ugly, so repressive, so oppressive, that not only he was killed, the Tsar and the Tsarina and the child were all killed, and the whole empire disappeared into disorder and chaos. Lieh Tzu says it

...gets him into difficulties. The only motive of an innkeeper is to sell his rice and soup, and increase his earnings. His profits are meagre, and the considerations which sway him have little weight. If men with so little to gain from me value me so highly as a customer, will it not be even worse with the lord of ten thousand chariots who has worn out his body and drained his knowledge in state affairs? The Prince of Ch'i will appoint me to some office and insist that I fill it efficiently. This is what alarmed me.'

... Really a man of understanding. He says 'If I go to the capital and the king comes to know about me, I am bound to be in trouble. He will appoint me; he may make me a prime minister, a minister. He will certainly get hold of me. If ordinary people like an innkeeper, who has nothing much to gain from me, become so much impressed, then what about the great king, the lord of ten thousand chariots, who has wasted his energy in state affairs, who has lost his soul in the world, who is really poor as far

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as the inner integrity is concerned? If I come in contact with him, he will immediately take hold of me; he will say "You come here. You serve the kingdom, you serve the state." And I will be in difficulty. That's why I became alarmed.'

Look at the beautiful understanding of Lieh Tzu. He is still a disciple, but has great insight. One should avoid ambition, one should avoid any possibilities where one can get into unnecessary troubles.

'An excellent way to look at it! But even if you stay, other men will lay responsibilities on you' said the old man.

One thing more before we go deeper into this parable: When your energies ooze out and you are not yet centred, you will certainly become a man of great influence, but your presence will be a violence to others, an aggression. Even if you are non-violent you will do violence to people.

The same thing happened in the case of Mahatma Gandhi. He believed in non-violence, but his presence was very violent. All those who lived around him were very much pressed upon. For small things he would press them too much. For small flaws, human flaws, human limitations, he would create much fuss. He would very easily go on a fast; if a disciple did something wrong, he would go on a fast. Now this looks very non-violent—he was not doing anything to the disciple—but look deeply, he was doing, doing in a very subtle way: he would go on a fast.

When you are on a fast, more energy comes out of you than at any other time—that's why people who fast become very, very influential. And when you are fasting for a particular person.... For example, somebody had been found smoking a cigarette—now this was not allowed, or somebody had been found enjoying a cup of tea—now this was not allowed.... Gandhi would go on a fast. And the disciple would certainly start feeling very, very guilty: Gandhi was suffering for him—he would not eat for three days. A disciple fell in love with a woman and Gandhi fasted because this was not allowed. And the disciple was no ordinary disciple, he was his secretary, so it created much fuss, great controversy. He should have told him why he lied—not that he had really lied, the only

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thing was that he had not declared it—but why should he have kept it secret? It should have been made public. He accepted that it was wrong: he asked to be forgiven, but it could not be forgiven so easily... Gandhi fasted.

Now, what would the situation be for the disciple? For three days Gandhi fasted. The disciple could not sleep, he cried and wept, and he would go again and again, he would say 'I am sorry, forgive me.' And Gandhi would say 'I am not doing anything to you. I am doing it to myself.' And he would say 'You are not at fault.' Look at his logic: he would say 'I must be at fault, because if the Master is right, the disciple has to be right. Then something must be wrong in me, so I am purifying my soul.' Now this is very violent; it is better to hit a person with a sword. This is more violent: you are pressing his heart with a subtle sword.

In the name of non-violence much violence can be done to people. In the name of love much violence can be done to people. You all know. Parents go on doing violence to their children in the name of love. They say '...because we love you.' They go on making them feel guilty, they go on torturing them in subtle ways, in a thousand and one ways; and they are always doing it for you, for your own good.

Remember, Tao says: *In any way*, the desire to impress the other, the desire to change the other, the desire to do good to the other, is violence. There should be no desire. And this is the beauty—when you don't desire to help the other, others are helped. And when you don't desire to impress them, they learn out of their own insight. They are never pressed. They are transformed, but not because you want to transform them. Your simple presence with no pressure is a great transforming force.

The old man said

'An excellent way to look at it! But even if you stay, other men will lay responsibilities on you.'

'Beware of it! If you don't go to the capital it doesn't make much difference. Even if you stay home, other people are going to lay their responsibilities on you.'

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Not long afterwards, when Po-hun Wu-jen went to call on him, Lieh Tzu's porch was full of the shoes of visitors. Po-hun Wu-jen stood facing North; he leaned on his upright staff and wrinkled his cheek against it. After standing there for a while, he left without speaking. The doorkeeper told Lieh Tzu. Lieh Tzu ran out barefoot holding his shoes in his hands and caught up with him at the gate.

'Now that you have come, Master' he said 'aren't you even going to give me my medicine?'

This is called 'medicine' in the Taoist circles—when a Master gives his presence to you. It is medicinal; his presence is therapeutic, his presence is a healing force. Just by being in close contact with him, just being in front of him, a great healing happens. This is called 'The medicine the Master gives'.

The word 'medicine' comes from the same root as 'meditation'. Both come from the same root—that's very good; both have something in common. 'Medicine', 'meditation', both come from a root which means to take care—a caring, loving care. Medicine takes care of your body, meditation takes care of your soul. Certainly the Master is a physician, Buddha used to call himself 'the physician'. When people would come and ask him great philosophical questions he would simply put them aside and he would say 'Don't talk nonsense. I am not a philosopher, I am a physician.' Nanak also used to say 'I am a *vaidya*, I am a physician. I don't answer questions, I treat people. I am not concerned about their questions, I am concerned with their illnesses, with their disease.'

In Taoist circles the presence of the Master is called 'medicine', 'the medicine'. You cannot find a more medicinal energy anywhere else. Whenever a man becomes enlightened his surrounding is therapeutic. Just being in close contact with him you will be healed. Not that he will do something—no, a Master never does anything: he has forgotten all doing. But because he is a non-doer healing happens, because he is a nobody he gives you space: in that very space you become integrated, you become centred.

'Enough! I told you confidently that others would lay responsibilities on you,

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and it turns out that they have. It is not that you are capable of allowing them to do so, you are incapable of preventing them. What use is it to you to have this effect on people which is incompatible with your own basic peace? If you insist on making an effect, it will unsteady your basic self, and to no purpose.'

A great sentence, a great sutra.

'Enough!' said the old man. 'I told you confidently that others would lay responsibilities on you and it has happened. So many people are gathering around you. Why?'

And the old man said

'It is not that you are capable of allowing them to do so...'

For that one needs to become perfectly enlightened—to allow others to do so—because one has come to his own centre. Now there is no possibility of getting distracted. One has arrived; then there is no problem.

'But, Lieh Tzu' said the old man 'you have not yet arrived. You are still struggling, you are still far away. You have not yet become really integrated. From the body the ego has disappeared, from the mind the ego has disappeared, but from the self it has not disappeared yet. On the most subtle layer, the ego is still hiding.'

To see that phenomenon, the old man stood there...

...he leaned on his upright staff and wrinkled his cheek against it. After standing there for a while, he left without speaking.

What was he doing? He looked deeply into his friend, Lieh Tzu. He looked deeply into him: 'Have you really become integrated? Then there is no problem. Then you can have disciples, then you can have a crowd around you, then you can allow them to lay their responsibilities on you because you don't exist, so nothing burdens you. You are not, so how can you be burdened? How can you burden a nothingness? Then there is

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no problem.' The Master looked deeply and found that at the third layer the ego was still vibrating. It can be heard. If you listen silently, it is very simple to hear the ego of the other, and a man who has come home can immediately see.

'It is not that you are capable of allowing them to do so . . .'

'No, it has not yet become possible.'

' . . . you are incapable of preventing them.'

Your state is negative, not yet positive. You are enjoying it. You still need people to make you feel important. You still need them; and if you need them, you cannot help them. In fact, on the contrary, they will distract you, they will harm you.'

The other day you had asked 'A disciple needs a Master, does a Master need a disciple too?' Now you will understand. The Master is a Master only when he needs nobody, when his need has completely disappeared. If he still needs somebody, then he is still far from his home; he has not yet arrived. If he needs disciples, then he is not a Master. He is a Master only when he needs no disciples, and only then can he be of help . . . not that he will help, but he can be of help.'

'It is not that you are capable of allowing them to do so, you are incapable of preventing them. What use is it to you to have this effect on people which is incompatible with your own basic peace?'

'Your own peace is not yet there. You are still wavering, swaying. Your centre is still not fixed, and these people will make you go more astray; they will be a distraction, so what is the point of it all? You didn't go to the capital, but the capital has come here; the people have come, and sooner or later the king will be coming. These people will spread the news. So what is the point?'

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'If you insist on making an effect, it will unsteady your basic self, and to no purpose.'

'And nobody gains out of it. You lose, and nobody gains out of it.'

It is a great parable. Let it sink deep into your heart. Think about it, and whenever you want to influence people, become capable first. And the capability comes only when you don't have any desire to influence people—only then will you be of help. If you want to influence people, that simply shows that you are on an ego-trip. Enough! These games you have played long enough; for many lives you have been playing. Now it is time to stop these games. Because of these games you cannot contact reality. Reality is not a game. When you stop all games and all plays, then reality explodes into your being.

But all the games have one thing in common and that is the ego; body-games, mind-games, self-games, but all have one thing in common—the ego. That's why I explain to you not to repress the ego, but to disperse it, and that dispersal comes.

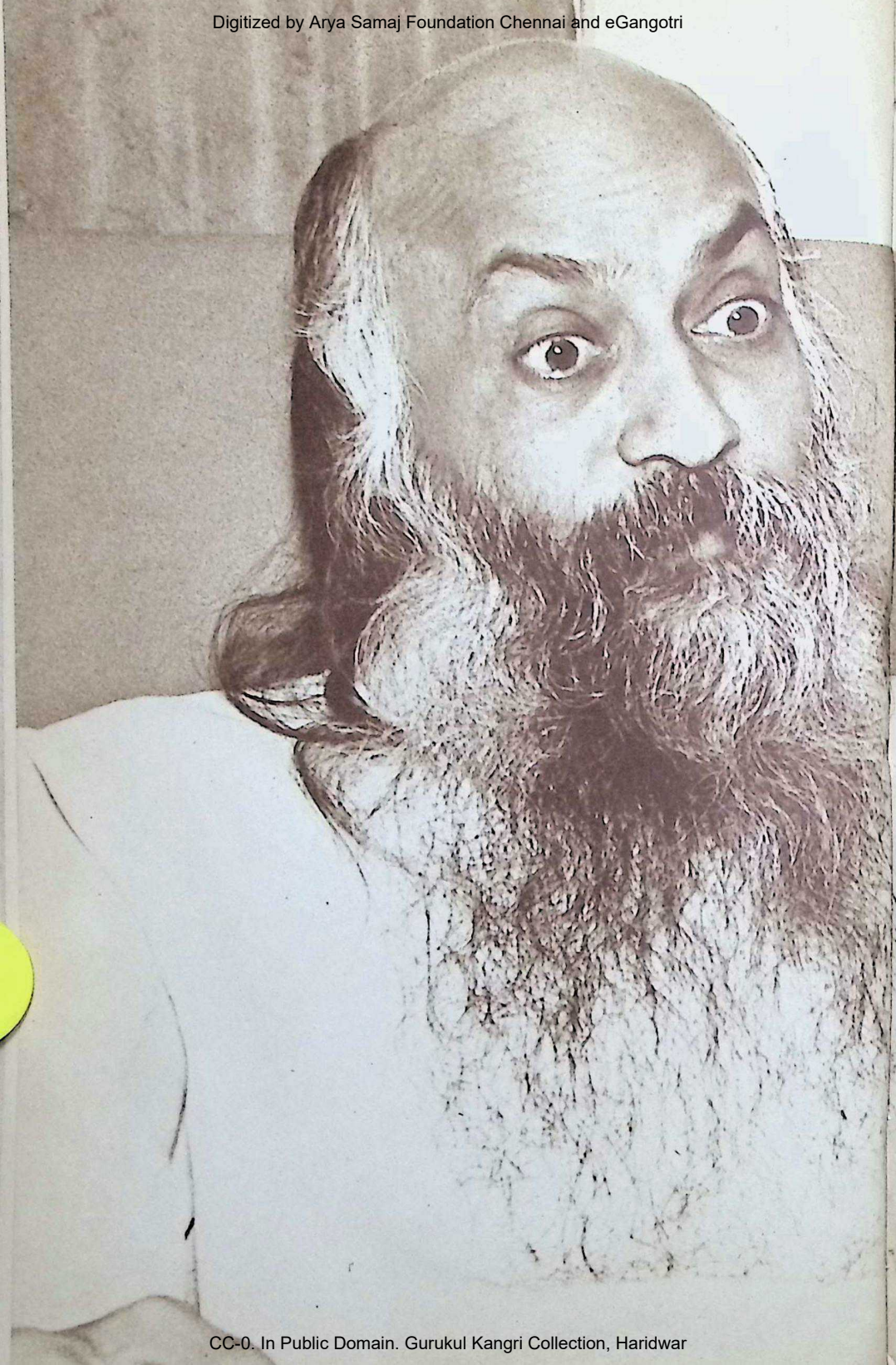
Find out. Whenever you are feeling some ego arising, just go inside yourself and look at it. See its movement, how it moves from one space to another space, how it takes more and more energy from you, how it takes you on far-away journeys, how it always takes you away from yourself. Just watch. I am not saying 'Fight', I am not saying 'Stop'—no; just watch. First you will become aware of the ego in the body—that is the most gross. Then, by and by, you will start hearing the whisperings of the second layer—the ego in the mind: that is subtle. And if you become capable of listening to that, one day you will understand about even a third layer which is very subtle. You want to become a *mahatma*, you want to become a great saint, you want to become a great yogi, *mahayogi*, you want to become this and that. You want to become a great benefactor to humanity, you want to become a Buddha—then, again you are playing the same game on a very subtle level. The Zen people have the right word for it, they call it 'the Buddha-disease' when the ego asserts itself on the third level.

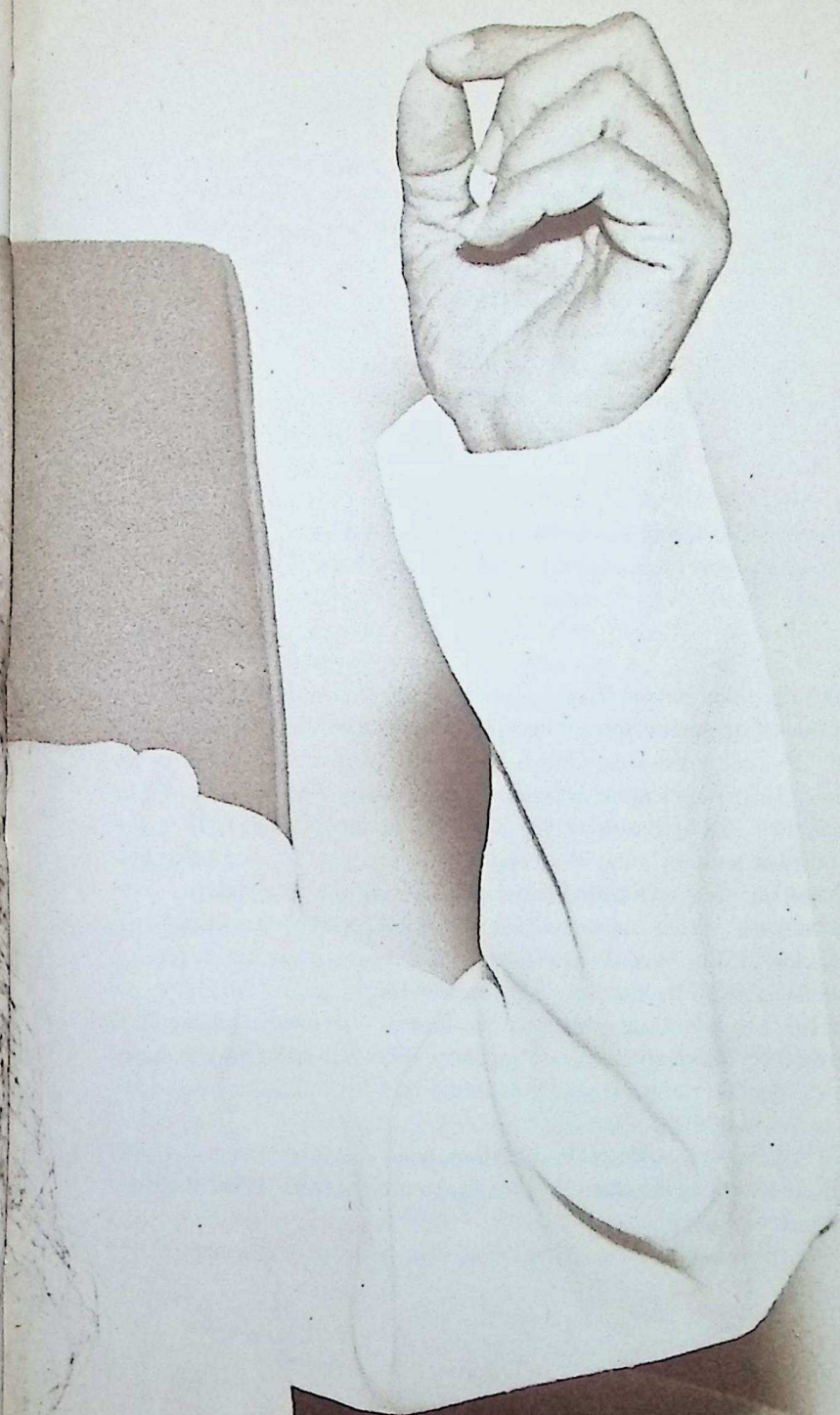
The body, the mind, the self...one has to go on looking, layer upon

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layer, into the ego—its functioning. Just looking into it is enough. When you have looked well, when you have looked at all the nooks and corners of your being, one day, you will suddenly find that it has evaporated, it is not there.

And when it is not there, God is, Tao is. When you are not, you really are. To die on one plane is to be born on another plane. To die on the plane of games is to be born on the plane of existence. That is the meaning of Jesus's crucifixion and resurrection. Crucify yourself as far as ego is concerned, so that you can be resurrected.





Just Give Way

The word 'esoteric' has been used in a very sacred sense. Would you please tell us what inspires you to use it in a ridiculous and humorous sense?

*

The question is from Yoga Chinmaya.

The word 'esoteric' means the hidden—it is ridiculous because nothing is hidden. All is obvious, God is obvious; if you cannot see, it is not because God is hidden, but because you are keeping your eyes closed. The sun is there, the light is there; if you keep your eyes closed and then you call the sun 'esoteric', that means you don't even want to accept that you are keeping your eyes closed. You are throwing the responsibility onto the sun itself: 'What can we do? If God is hidden, what can we do? It is His responsibility.' And the priests have loved the word very much, because if God is obvious then what will be the need for the priest? God has to be hidden. If he is not, then he has to be forced to hide somewhere! Then the need for the priest arises—a mediator who will make you aware of things which are hidden; who will help you, who will guide you to the secret world of the truth.

Truth is very obvious. In Zen they have a saying: From the very beginning nothing is hidden. It is the declaration of truth, hence the word 'esoteric' is ridiculous, stupid.

And you ask 'The word "esoteric" has been used in a very sacred sense...'

JUST GIVE WAY

There is nothing sacred either. Life is simple; there is nothing sacred and nothing secular. My whole effort here is to help you to dissolve the distinction between the sacred and the secular. The secular should become the sacred and the sacred should become the secular. That's why I insist that you should remain part of the market world and meditate. Meditation should not be a thing apart from life; it should be amidst life, it should be a part of life—an organic part, nothing 'put separate'. The temple should exist exactly in the middle of the market, and all distinctions between the sacred and the secular should be dissolved.

Life is one.

But again the priest comes in. He wants to make distinctions, he wants to tell you that your life is ugly, that your life is mundane, that you are a worldly being. He is spiritual, he is something superior—beyond you, beyond your reach. He is holy, you are unholy; he is a saint and you are a sinner. These distinctions have to be created. These are ego distinctions: somebody is rich, somebody is poor—then the ego can exist. Somebody is holy and somebody is not holy—again the ego can exist. The ego can exist only through distinctions of inferiority and superiority. 'This world is inferior.'

A man who lives an ordinary life, loves his wife, children, goes to work, is an ordinary human being condemned by the priests, by the so-called *mahatmas*. They exploit this same ordinary man, they live on him, they are suckers—but they are holy, they are spiritual. Their hands are never muddied because they don't work, they don't move into life. They remain far away: they are 'holy'. And the man who lives is 'unholy'.

If you look deeply you will find that the very word 'sacred' is based on ego distinctions. What is sacred and what is not sacred? If God is everywhere, then everything is sacred. If God is in the rock and in the tree and in the man and in the woman, then everything is sacred. God is everywhere, in everything; God is the only reality—then how can anything be undivine? Even the devil has to be divine. And that is the beauty of the word 'devil': it comes from the same root as 'divine'. The devil has to be divine otherwise he cannot be.

So I want to dissolve all distinctions, because through distinctions

ego exists. So I don't say what is sacred and what is ordinary. To me the ordinary is extraordinary, the mundane is sacred, the day-to-day life is holy life—hence I use the word 'esoteric' as a ridiculous word. It hurts many people because there are many people who think that if religion is obvious then where will they find their ego-trip? If everything is unhidden from the very beginning, then their ego has no challenge. Ego is challenged only by the difficult. This is my observation: that if you find one hundred person interested in religious enquiry ninety-nine will be there only because God is almost impossible. That gives the thrill, that makes them feel good—that they are going to attain the impossible. Others are only working for the possible and they are working for the impossible. They feel very good; their ego is strengthened.

Here with me, God is the only possibility, nothing else is possible. And God is not impossible. He is just in front of you, he is not hidden. He is holding your hand, he is sitting by your side. He is in your child in your wife, in your husband. He is in your friend and he is in your foe. He surrounds you from everywhere: you exist in the ocean of God. But then the egoist feels dull. He says 'Then what is the point?' The egoist wants to go to the moon because it is impossible. The egoist wants to go to Mt. Everest because it is impossible.

When somebody asked Edmund Hillary 'Why? Why in the first place did you become interested in going to Mt. Everest? And what was the point? There was nothing to gain.'

Edmund Hillary said 'I had to go, man had to conquer it.'

'But why?' the questioner asked.

Hillary said 'Why?—because it is there, standing there so aloof, so impossible. Man had to conquer it for no other reason... just because it is a great challenge.'

God is far away in the heavens—then the ego feels thrilled, then there is adventure. And I say he is very close by—then the ego feels no interest. Remember this trip of the ego. Ego can play such beautiful games, such beautiful, subtle games, that if you are not aware, you will never get out of it. And unless you get out of it, you will never see God.

JUST GIVE WAY

Ego is what I mean when I say your eyes are closed: it is the curtain of the ego that is keeping them closed. Drop the curtain and you will know that from the very beginning nothing is hidden and there is nothing that is not sacred, so what is the point in making such distinctions? I don't make them. I am not a priest, I am not a *mahatma*, I am not a saint. I am a very ordinary person, as ordinary as you are.

My whole work consists in this: to declare that ordinary human beings are divine. Ordinary human beings like me are divine. You are also divine.

*

Bhagwan, you confuse me.

Whatsoever I say you don't hear, hence the confusion. The way that I say it, you don't hear in the same way; you interpret it, you bring your mind in. A constant commentary is going on in your minds: while I am speaking you are continuously commenting inside you. Your commentary does not allow me to reach to your heart. All that I pour into you never reaches. Only fragments reach; much is missed, hence the confusion.

Those fragments you cannot put together. Even if you try to put them together they never fit, because much is missing and then you start feeling confused. I am not confusing you—you confuse yourself. If you listen to me all confusion will disappear. You will become *fused*, you will become one. But I say something, you hear something else.

They strolled into the park. It was a beautiful day. Perfect for the youth and romance that youth is entitled to enjoy.

'See those humming birds flapping their wings a thousand times a minute?' she said.

'Yes' he answered softly. 'And they have their bills together.'

'Let's do that' she implored.

'Gee' he said breathlessly 'I'm afraid I can't flap my arms that fast.'

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This is continuously going on... I say something, you understand something else. You go on misunderstanding me; your prejudices come in the way. Your philosophies, your religions, your accumulated knowledge, continuously distract you, hence the confusion. Those who hear me—they are never confused. Those who don't hear me—only they are confused. So learn how to listen. Become more alert. When you listen to me, don't think! Become pure awareness, transparent; just a clarity, mirror-like—don't distort. Just listen to it, there is no hurry to decide.

I am not saying believe what I am saying—I am neither saying believe it nor am I saying don't believe it—I am simply saying listen to it. There is no question of belief or disbelief. If you have listened rightly, things will start happening. So don't be in a hurry to judge whether what I am saying is right or what I am saying is wrong. I am not asking for your conviction, your approval, disapproval; I am simply asking for your transparent, mirror-like clarity. In that very clarity, whatsoever is true reaches deep into your heart, sinks deep; and whatsoever is untrue never penetrates that clarity, that transparency. Transparency is the only protection against the untrue.

What is happening right now? You are not transparent, so only distorted things enter. Whatsoever goes with your prejudices enters in, and whatsoever goes against your prejudices—you don't allow it, you don't hear it. You don't even want to hear that it has been said, because you feel afraid. If you hear it, your prejudices may become weakened, may become loose. Your whole investment in the past is at stake every moment with me. And what I am saying is rebellion, it is not tradition. If you cling to the tradition, there will be great confusion. If you cling to the scripture, there will be great confusion. Don't cling to anything. Just listen to me and you will see that there is no confusion. And out of that clarity understanding arises.

Understanding is not intellectual; it is not a by-product of thinking. Understanding arises when you listen to me totally—as if your whole body had become your ears; mind, body, soul, all together, just drinking me in. Then arises understanding. And understanding never confuses; understanding has no possibility of confusion.

JUST GIVE WAY

Sometimes I say things to shock you because that is the only way to wake you. The purpose is not to shock you; the purpose is to wake you. Sometimes I say things to uproot your prejudices. I am not against them. I am simply trying to clean your ground... as if a person wanted to plant a new garden, a new lawn. What is he going to do first? The weeds have to be removed, the soil has to be cleaned of all stones, weeds, grass. If that is not done, then roses cannot grow there. While I am talking to you it is a continuous effort to uproot weeds. If you cling to those weeds, you will feel very disturbed: I am uprooting and you are trying to protect them—then there is a constant fight between me and you.

That's why I insist so much that this fight disappears if you become a sannyasin, if you become an initiate. You are more in tune with me, you are less afraid of me. You feel more deeply in love with me, more *en rapport*, and work becomes easy. When you don't protect, things can be done fast; the ground can be cleaned very easily. And once the ground is clean, then there is a possibility for beautiful roses.

A well-brought up young lady, who can handle a car in the country but isn't so sure of herself in traffic, decided recently to take a course at one of the city auto schools to brush up on her driving. To her utter astonishment, soon after she had started out on her first lesson, the instructor leaned over, close to her ear and queried softly. 'Did I hear you call me "darling"?'

'Sir!' cried the young lady, hotly, forgetting all about her driving and turning to glare.

'That's just to teach you, Miss' the instructor responded sternly 'no matter what anybody says to you, keep your eyes on the road.'

Sometimes I shock you, sometimes I say things that you had never expected I would say. Unexpected, you cannot believe what I am saying; it simply shakes you to your very roots. But remember only one thing: I am not enjoying shocking you. The purpose is to awaken you. When the alarm goes in the morning it is not against you. You may feel it is against you—it looks like an enemy: you want to sleep, it is cold, you

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would like to have another turn and snuggle under the blanket and have a little more of a beautiful dream, and now this alarm goes on and on and on. I have known people who have thrown their alarm clocks. It is natural, but foolish too. Sometimes you may be very hurt by me—your prejudices are deep-rooted, of long standing—but my purpose is not to shock, my purpose is to wake you.

Confusion is coming because you are not hearing me. I am not responsible for it, you are responsible for it. Remember one very basic rule: whatsoever happens to you, you are finally responsible for it; nobody else can be responsible for it. Take responsibility. Whatsoever happens to you—misery, happiness, confusion, sadness, clarity—nobody else is responsible. Never throw your responsibility on somebody else, because that is the way of the slave. Then you will remain a slave for ever and ever; you will never become free.

If I can confuse you, then what sort of clarity do you have? Then anybody can confuse you; then wherever you go, people will confuse you. When will you become unconfused then, and how? No, you have to understand: unless you want to be confused, nobody can confuse you. And unless you want to become clear, nobody can give you the clarity either. If I could give you the clarity I would have given it. There would be no need to wrestle with you every day. I would simply give it to you and be finished, but it cannot be given.

You have to learn one basic law: that whatsoever happens to you, *you* are responsible for it—nobody else, never—it is always you. And this is the way that one becomes a master of one's own being. When you are unhappy, remember you are making yourself unhappy. Maybe there is an excuse outside, but the excuse can never make anybody unhappy unless you want to be unhappy. When you are happy there is an excuse outside. And once you have understood you will find there are always millions of excuses outside, you have to choose. If you want to have misery, if you need misery, if you love misery, you can always find excuses, they are available. The world gives a great opportunity to each kind of mood, to each state of mind. You can choose, but the choice is yours.

JUST GIVE WAY

I want to be holy—but every time I try it always comes out 'good girl'.

The question is from Amida.

The very idea 'to be holy' is stupid. Amida, be aware of it—it is an ego-trip. The very idea of being holy means to be holier than others; it is comparative. In that very idea you want to have your superiority over others: others are unholy, Amida is holy. So naturally it always comes out 'good girl'—it is bound to. You will become a goody-goody, and that is one of the ugliest things that can happen to a person. You will lose all life. You will become a saint, but a saint is a dead man, just pure ego, pious ego, and nothing else.

This is a new turn in the world of the ego. First you want to be a famous star, or you want to be the richest man in the world, or the president of a country, or a prime minister—things like that. Then one day you feel that is useless. You see the prime ministers and you see the présidents and you see the richest man and the most famous star committing suicide, and then you start feeling frustrated because they have not attained anything. Then there is only one more way: to look into the world of religion. 'Become holy—maybe these holy people have attained.' But I tell you, those who want to attain, never attain. Whatsoever their goal, whatsoever their object, they always fail. Frustration is their fate, they are doomed to fail; failure is their destiny. Why?—because all attainment is in the future, and life is here-now.

So don't bother to be good, don't bother to be this and that, just be whosoever you are. Accept it and live it. If you can start living totally, fully, not holding anything back, if you start flowing totally, your life will have a fragrance; that fragrance I call 'religion'. It has nothing to do with holy or unholy, with virtue and sin—no. It is the fragrance of a flowing life, of a dynamic life, or one who is not stagnant, of one who is not divided, of one who has no future, no past, of one who has only the present—the only moment—and lives it. Live each moment as if you were going to die the next, and then there will be a great intensity and a great passion. You will be aflame with life. That being aflame is what being divine is to me.

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If you ask me, that will be my definition of the holy: 'aflame with life'—as if a torch were burning from both ends together. A great passion, a great fire. . . . This is the last moment, why not live it totally? If God allows you another moment, again it is the last moment. Don't wait, don't postpone.

All these ideas of being good are of postponement. How can you be good right now? You will have to wait for tomorrow. To be good means to train, to discipline, yourself, to drop many things, to grow new qualities, to have a new character—morality, and of course it is going to be very painful because you will constantly be in a fight with yourself. Anything that creates a rift in your being is ugly. Remember, anything that creates a division in your being, which makes you split, makes you schizophrenic, is pathological. Be total, be one.

So don't judge. The moment you say 'This is good and that is bad', you have judged, you have divided. Now you will be in trouble. Whenever you will be doing bad, you will only be doing it half-heartedly because one part will say 'This is bad, don't do it! You know this is bad, don't do it!' And if you do good, you will know that it is not satisfying, and the bad part will go on pulling you—'Why are you wasting your energy, why are you fasting while you could have feasted? Why do you remain in celibacy when you could have loved a beautiful woman?'

When you are trying to be good, whatsoever you have called bad will take revenge, will go on pulling you from the back and, sooner or later, it will pull you into the bad. When you are doing the bad, when you are making love to a woman, suddenly you will remember that Mahatma Gandhi says *brahmacharya* is the only thing to be done. Making love to a woman. . . and in comes a *mahatma* and stands just between you and your woman. Again everything is disturbed. You cannot love perfectly, totally, absolutely; and then there is frustration. You feel that you have committed a sin, then you want to do something good to keep the balance, otherwise you will become very lopsided. This is how I see people: moving from good to bad, from bad to good, again and again; their whole life is just a continuous movement between opposite polarities.

What is my teaching? What is Tao? Tao is to accept life in its totality

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and not to divide it. There is nothing good and nothing bad. Whatsoever happens, let it happen. Allow it. Don't struggle.

When you listen to me, suddenly your mind will say that this is dangerous, because you know you have repressed many bad things... so if you allow it, those bad things will start coming into your mind. Just listening to me, watch your mind. When I say 'Whatsoever happens, let it happen' you have started planning to escape with the neighbour's wife, because that has been coming naturally to you—you have been avoiding it because you are a good person, a respectable citizen. What to do then?

I have heard about an office....

The boss was very worried because people were not working as they should. He asked a psychologist what to do. The psychologist said 'You just put many signs in the office: Do it Today because Tomorrow Never Comes.' So he fixed many signs—on almost every table, every wall—and by the evening the psychologist came to enquire what happened. The boss was crying and he said 'You destroyed my whole business!'

'But' he said 'what happened?'

He said 'What happened! My typist escaped with the receptionist, the cashier has taken all the money, and the office boy wanted to murder me. All finished! They said "Do it today. Why are you waiting? Tomorrow never comes." They were all thinking to do these things.... "So this is the last chance if you want to do it"—so they have done it.'

When I say 'Do whatsoever happens', suddenly you will feel the great urge of all that you have repressed. That's natural, but that is only because you have repressed; it will come and go. If you allow it, soon it will be released; you will become normal. You will become absolutely normal and healthy. And once you have become balanced and you are not being pulled in opposite directions continuously, an integrity arises in you—and I call that integrity real holiness. It has nothing to do with good, nothing to do with bad; it has something to do with totality.

The word 'holy' comes from the word 'whole'. Whole means total. The basic root is right: 'holy' means one who is living a whole life. Don't try to be goody-goody, allow everything, then your life will have richness.

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A goody-goody person is nauseating. If you have the misfortune of living with a goody-goody person you will feel like vomiting. He is so good, no salt at all...saccharine. A man needs a little salt too, a man needs a little bitterness too, a man needs a little sourness too—that makes life enriched. A man needs a little devil too, then you live more fully.

I am not against the devil; I am all for God, but I am not against the devil. In fact, if a God is really God he will absorb the devil into himself too, he will not deny him. A God, if he really is God, must be capable of absorbing the devil too. If you ask my definition... God is one who can absorb the devil without becoming devilish, and the devil is one who cannot absorb God at all without becoming godly—that's the definition. The devil is very incapable. He cannot absorb God without becoming godly and God is infinity: he can absorb the devil without becoming devilish. Even a devil will have a place in God's being and will give some beauty to God, will function as a background, will become the field. If God is the figure, the devil will become the field.

If you want to paint you have to use many colours. If you use only one colour your painting will be very dull and boring. The more colours, the more rich the painting will be. And if you drop the black colour completely, your painting will miss something. The black is needed because only through the black does the white come clear and loud.

So I am not teaching you to be good, I am not teaching you to be bad; I am teaching you only to be whole. To be whole is to be healthy and to be healthy is to be holy.

But the ego does not want to be whole, because once you are whole the ego cannot exist. The ego exists only in the split. When you are fighting with yourself, the ego exists. The ego always exists through conflict; conflict is its food, nourishment. So if you are whole, the ego cannot exist. You can watch it. You can go and watch the criminals—they have their ego, you can go and watch your saints—they have their ego: the ego of the good and the ego of the bad. But if you can find a man who has no ego, he will be neither a sinner nor a saint, he will be very simple. He will not claim anything good or bad; he will not claim at all.

The ego is created by the rift. When you are fighting, the ego comes in;

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when you are not fighting, the ego cannot come in. Ego is a *tension*. If you want the ego, then divide yourself as fully as possible—become two persons. That is what is happening to many people, that is what has happened to whole of humanity. Everybody has become two persons: one voice says 'Do this', the other voice says 'Don't do that'—then the ego arises. Out of friction ego arises, and ego is very intoxicating; it makes you unconscious. This is the whole mechanism.

For ego, you have to fight, divide, create conflict. An inner violence, an inner war—and then ego arises, and ego intoxicates. It makes you very unconscious, as if you were always on drugs. It does not allow you to see things as they are.

Another athletic drunk appeared at a ticket window in Louisville with a companion slung over his shoulder out cold. 'One seat to Cincinnati' he demanded.

The ticket seller said 'How about that big lug you're carrying?' 'Him?' deprecated the drunk. 'Thass jus' my little six-year-old boy Abner.'

'Six years old, eh?' said the ticket seller. 'Why, he's fully six feet tall, weight about one eighty-five, and has a beard three inches long!'

The drunk dumped his companion on the platform and grumbled 'Dammit, Abner! I told you to shave!'

A drunk is a drunk; he cannot see things as they are. He projects, imagines, and thinks that if he is befooled, he can befool the whole world.

The egoist—watch the egoist—thinks that if he is befooled, he can befool everybody. Have you not observed the fact that your ego becomes very apparent to everybody else except you? You know everybody else's ego except your own. The husband knows the ego of the wife, the wife knows the ego of the husband, the children know the ego of the parents, the parents know the ego of the children—nobody knows his own. Deep down it creates such an intoxicated state that when everybody is aware of your ego, only you are not aware. And if people say something to make the truth and the facts known to you, you are bound to misinterpret or

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you are bound to hear something else. When somebody says that you are very egoistic, you will say 'I know he himself is an egoist and it is his ego.'

She wasn't exactly anything to look at, but she had heart and a desire for show business. 'I'm going to London's Theatrical Agency about a job' she told a friend.

The friend eyed her carefully. He saw her bulbous figure, her ugly face, her stringy hair. He thought about her scratchy voice and her sloppy dress. 'There's no use going there' he said diplomatically 'unless you've got good legs.'

'Why?' she was genuinely puzzled. 'Haven't they got an elevator?'

It is very difficult to understand even if it is pointed out; even if everybody points at it you will not understand. You remain drugged.

Two drunks registered at a hotel and asked for twin beds. However, in the darkness they both got into the same bed.

'Hey' yelled the first drunk 'they gyped me. There's another man in my bed.'

'There's a guy in my bed too' called the second.

'Let's throw 'em out' called back the first.

A terrific wrestling match ensued and finally one drunk went sailing out of the bed. 'How'd you make out?' the drunk on the floor called.

'I threw my guy out' the bedded drunk replied. 'How about you?'

'He threw me out.'

'Well, that makes us even. Get into bed with me and go to sleep.'

Be watchful about the ego. It is the greatest drug that exists and it drugs you so badly that you become almost incapable of seeing what is what. But the ego is created by conflict between good and bad, so if you want to drop the ego, you will have to drop the conflict between good and bad. And to drop the conflict between good and bad is the greatest act of courage a man can afford, and that brings you to the very door of divinity.

God is neither good nor bad. The day you are neither good nor bad you become divine.

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Bhagwan, I love you, but these questions you are making up are too much—so I must ask one, not that I am curious, but what is this Hollywood business?

The question is from Devesh. He will not ask unless he is really in difficulty, so I have to answer. He is not the one to ask just because of curiosity. His sleep must be disturbed. It must be haunting his mind. He must have brooded over it for many days, because this is nothing new, this Hollywood business: it is already very old news.

A few things: first, you know journalists.... All over the 'world that is the worst profession a person can choose—and then Indian journalists.... I cannot stand two types of persons: the journalist and the professor, and unfortunately I have been both in my life—maybe that's why I cannot stand them. So it is a fiction created by journalists. Maybe Laxmi was talking to them and she may have said something which could have been interpreted as if I were going to Hollywood. Maybe she was talking about the 'holy wood'.

It happened:

Adolf Hitler was very worried about his death. Naturally... he had killed so many people, it was natural that he should be worried about his own death—all those killed Jews must have been haunting him. So he enquired. Somebody suggested 'There is a great Jewish astrologer, the greatest in Germany. Only he can say something about when you will die, how you will die; and he has always predicted rightly—he can be relied upon. All his predictions have been one hundred per cent correct.'

But he was a Jew. Still, Adolf Hitler called him, asked him. The Jew brooded over it, closed his eyes, and he said 'Yes, it has come: you will die on a Jewish holiday.'

Hitler said 'Make it exact. What do you mean? What Jewish holiday?'

And the man said 'That is difficult. One thing is certain: whenever you die that will be a Jewish holiday.'

So, wherever Bhagwan goes, that will be Holy Wood—that's natural. Don't be worried about such things.

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In the last few days my mind has been playing with this question: What happens when a hard-way person, for example a follower of Gurdjieff, comes across a Taoist Master?

The question is from Purna; a beautiful question, significant: What will happen if a follower of Gurdjieff comes across a Taoist Master?

What happens when a river comes falling, tumbling, down off a hillock upon strong rocks? If you look, you will think 'Those rocks are so hard, what can the river do, what can this waterfall do?' But if you come after a few years, you will find those rocks are gone; they have become sand. The soft water has become victorious over hard rocks. Lao Tzu calls it 'the watercourse way', the way of the soft, the way of the feminine.

What happens when a man, a very strong man and a very fragile beautiful woman come across each other, what happens? The man looks like a rock and the woman looks like just a small rivulet, tumbling from a hillock...but whatsoever the appearances, the final victory is of the feminine; the woman wins over. She is soft, the man is hard, and the paradox is that the woman surrenders and through surrender she conquers; and the man never surrenders, but even never surrendering, one day the finds that he has been taken over, he has been possessed. Even the strongest men, Napoleon or Alexander, are strong when they are outside; when they come home they are no more strong. Then their fragile wife is all strong. There is a strength in softness.

Tao is the way of the soft, the feminine way, the watercourse way. Gurdjieff's way is the way of the rock. If it happens that a Taoist and a follower of Gurdjieff meet, in the beginning you will say that the follower of Gurdjieff is winning, but finally, eventually, you will find that he has disappeared and the Taoist has won over. That has always been so. You cannot defeat the soft. Maybe, for the time being, you can have a certain victory, but you cannot really defeat the soft.

It is impossible to defeat the soft. The soft is so fragile, so ready to disappear...that's why it cannot be *forced* to disappear.

Lao Tzu says 'Nobody can defeat me because I am already defeated. Nobody can defeat me because I don't hanker for victory at all.' How can

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you defeat him who has no desire to be victorious? The way of the hard, what Buddhists call *vajrayana*, 'the way of the diamond' . . . The diamond is the hardest thing in the world—that is exactly the right word for it, *vajrayana*, 'the way of the diamond'. But even the diamond will have to give way to water.

It has always been so and it is good that it is so—that simply shows that God wins. The one who is humble, the one who is meek, wins. Says Jesus 'Blessed are the meek, for theirs is the kingdom of God.'

The Gurdjieffian way is the way of the will. It takes you to the last-but-one step. It takes you exactly to the last-but-one step. The final step has to be Taoist, because through the will you can come to a peak of your will, but then one has to surrender that peak of the will; it has to be surrendered. The only difference between the path of surrender and the path of will is that on the path of surrender you surrender as the first step, on the path of will you surrender as the last step—that's the only difference. What is required as the last step on the path of will is required as the first step on the path of surrender. So those who are wise will choose the path of surrender because what is the point in struggling so hard for so long, and then finally relaxing, then finally dropping everything? What is the point? If you are incapable of relaxation, okay, then you go on the path of will; otherwise the path of surrender is simply the wisest way because it is the path of least resistance, in fact of non-resistance.

The question is significant and it is from Purna. She herself is a little rock-like, very hard. She is a woman, but very hard, very German—she is a German, very-willed. She could have moved on the Gurdjieffian path very easily. Here she is in wrong company, but she is relaxing . . . by and by she is understanding. Her struggle, fight, is going, her ego is dropping. The soft will win over.

The question is not just an intellectual one, that's why I say it is significant; it is very important to Purna: it is her situation. If she were in a Gurdjieffian school she would be on the right track as far as her own nature is concerned—superficial nature, of course—the way she is right now, she would have felt very in tune. Here she is in a Taoist world, but great is her courage—she is trying, and she will succeed. She will become effort-less one day.

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So the question has come from the very core of her heart. It is *her* question; it is not an intellectual gymnastic. It is not that she has read it somewhere, it has come out of her own situation. She is rock-like and the rock has started to hurt, and so now she understands it.

Now the rock has to be melted. Just relax and allow me to melt it—it will disappear, it will become sand and will be gone. The water is already falling on you, Purna . . . just give way.

*

Why am I so possessive about things?

The question is from Anam.

Ordinarily everybody is possessive of things, because nobody possesses themselves; it is a substitute. When you don't possess yourself, you start possessing things. It gives a sort of security—at least you possess something: a big house, a big balance in the bank, a beautiful woman, a wife, a husband, children, security, respectability. You possess something, you don't possess yourself. To take your eyes away from that inner zero-ness, nothingness, that emptiness, you go on filling things all around you. But it is not going to satisfy, because whatsoever you possess will never make you full inside; you will remain empty.

The idea to possess things arises because we don't possess our being. Because the being is missing, we start moving into the world of having—'Have this, have that' but you will remain frustrated. Deep down the emptiness will be felt again and again and again. You cannot deceive; one day or other you will have to recognise the futility of it. You can possess the whole world and yet you will remain poor. Unless you possess yourself, you will remain poor. There is only one richness and that is to possess oneself, to be oneself.

So it is not only a question with you, Anam; it is with everybody: it

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is a very human question. Have you watched? Men are less interested in things than women—why? Because the woman has been so repressed down the centuries that she cannot even imagine possessing herself. She has been possessed like a thing; she has been completely dispossessed from her centre, hence she has become so interested in things. She continuously thinks about things: 'Have more money, have a bigger house, have a bigger car, ornaments, jewels, diamonds, this and that... go on having.' The woman seems to be almost crazy. Why? She has been completely dispossessed by man, she has been thrown off-centre, she has been turned into a thing, so the only way to feel that she is, is to have a fur coat, to have diamonds, to have gold. That is the only way she can have a little feeling that she is also somebody.

I have heard a definition: One woman talking is monologue, two women talking is a catalogue. The catalogue is their Bible, their Koran. It is the only thing they read—*The Whole Earth Catalogue*. But why? Why has this ugly situation arisen? Because they have never been allowed to possess themselves. The man is the master and the woman is the slave, that's why. But man is also only the master for the name's sake, so he is also interested in things.

You become really human only when you start moving in the inner direction of possessing yourself. It can happen only through meditation. Money and meditation are the two directions. If you want to possess things—money; if you want to possess yourself—meditation. And if you possess yourself, money loses all meaning. I am not saying that you will renounce money, I am not saying that you will not earn money, but it loses all meaning. Then it is fun, then it is a utility; then you earn and you spend, then you are not a miser; then it is a good medium of exchange—very helpful, but nothing more. It is not your soul, it is not your god.

Ordinarily money seems to be the only god in the world. People look on money as they look on God: they pray. In India... you will be surprised; they say that India is a religious country, but in fact you cannot find a more materialistic country anywhere. This is one of the most materialistic countries—they worship money. They have a festival, *Diwali*, then they worship money—exactly, they worship. They pile up money and worship

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it like God with *mantras*, chanting, and a priest offering flowers to the money.

When you possess yourself you use money, you don't allow money to use you. So this is just indicative of your becoming a little alert. Everybody is deeply interested in things, but when you become a little alert then you recognise the fact: 'Why am I so interested in things?' A good indication, a good symbol, that you have become alert about it. Through this alertness you will start turning inwards.

Recognise the fact that you are empty...and then immediately the idea will arise 'Then what am I to do?' Go into this emptiness. It cannot be filled by any thing from the outside. If you go in, it can be filled. If you reach to your centre of being, it will be full. And that is real fullness. Then you are an emperor—outwardly you may be just a beggar. Then you are really rich, and the richness is such that nobody can take it away from you. Even death cannot separate you from your richness.

This richness you are carrying as a treasure in your being, but you have not looked there. Start looking inside, search your house. Take a small candle of meditation and go in.

*

You say that you are 'all light'. What about your name 'Lord of the night'?

Just one of those consistent inconsistencies of mine.

*

Since the first discourse, I have noticed you always looking up before you begin a question. I had thought that there was something mystical in this,

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that you were 'looking towards God'. So this morning, after lecture, I went up to the dais and looked. What a good laugh I had. Thank you Bhagwan, you trickster.

I will tell you a few anecdotes:

The witness was being badgered by the cross-examining lawyer.

'You sure it was exactly five minutes?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I'm going to give you a test' the lawyer said, taking out a pocket watch. 'Tell me when five minutes are up.'

At exactly five minutes' lapse the witness yelled 'Time's up!'

After losing the case, the lawyer, being a good sport, walked over to the witness and asked 'How could you tell the time so exactly?'

'Simple' was the answer. 'By the clock on the wall at the back of you.'

I am not looking at God because God is everywhere; there is no way to avoid him. You cannot look at anything else: God is everywhere. When I look at you, I look at God. When I look at the trees, I look at God. When I close my eyes, I look at God, because only God is. God, to me, is exactly synonymous with existence. So I cannot look for God anywhere.

There is a beautiful story in Nanak's life. He went to the Kaaba. In the night, when he was preparing his bed and was just ready to go to sleep, the priests of the Kaaba came and they said 'We have heard you are a holy man, but you seem to be stupid—you have your feet towards the Kaaba. This is insulting! Remove your feet somewhere else.'

And Nanak said 'You do it, because I don't know of any place where it would not be disrespectful. God is everywhere; wherever I put my feet, in whatever direction, God will be there. You please do it.'

The story goes on. . . . Up to this point the story seems to be factual, then it takes a mythological turn, it becomes a parable. It is said that the priests tried to turn Nanak's feet in every direction, but wherever they turned his feet, there moved the Kaaba. It cannot happen; things like that don't happen, but the meaning is clear.

I cannot look anywhere without looking at God, so there is no way to

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look at God. You thought that it was something mystical. The mind is always hankering for mystery, for sensation, for some thrill. The mind is always creating and projecting and hankering for mysteries, and because of your created, fabricated mysteries, you are not aware of the great mystery that surrounds you.

Stop these childish games. The whole of life is mysterious; there is no need for other mysteries. Stop playing these games, otherwise you will go on creating fictions, you will go on imagining things. You imagine something, and if it is not proved right, then you are frustrated. If it is proved right, your ego soars high. In both ways it is dangerous. Just look, but don't look for mysteries... and the greatest mystery will be revealed to you.

Otherwise people create UFO's and a thousand and one things—Atlantis and the continent of Mu. And people go on creating and people become very involved in such things: that in the past astronauts had landed on the earth... and books like that are sold in millions. That simply shows the foolish human mind—always seeking for something miraculous. That's why magicians become *mahatmas*. If they can do a trick, which any ordinary magician can do, they become great *mahatmas*—because you are in search of some mystery. You want some mystery.

I am a non-mysterious person. There is no mystery at all. So, once and for all, let it be dropped. Simply start looking at things as they are. Don't try to find some mystery, don't create fictions, don't be too imaginative, and I can promise you that if you stop creating mysteries, God's mystery will be revealed to you. Then everything is mysterious: the trees, the birds, the rocks, the moon, the sun, the stars... everything is mysterious. A small dewdrop is so mysterious, what else can you want? A sprouting seed is so mysterious, what else can you want? A man, a woman, a child, is so mysterious, but because of your created fictions your eyes have become dull.

It was good that you came and looked—there is nothing but a clock. And the clock is needed, because my own inner clock stopped long ago. For me time has disappeared so I have to depend: I have to look again and again at the clock. My own sense of time has completely gone. The day your past disappears and the future, your time-sense disappears also,

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because the present is not part of time; the present is part of eternity.

Somebody asked Jesus 'Can you tell us what will be one of the most significant factors in your kingdom of God?' And he said 'There shall be time no longer.'

In the kingdom of God there is no time. Time is a mind-fiction. *Mind is time*. The day your mind disappears, time disappears. Then you have to be constantly dependent on the clock outside, because in the inner world there is always just *now*; nothing moves. It is always present, it is just present; it never becomes past, it never becomes future. Nothing is moving inside me. The future is not turning into the present, the present is not turning into the past. The inner clock has stopped.

Failing business had driven the textile man out of the industry and into an asylum, where his relatives came to visit him. They stood around for a while, and then, as the end of visiting hours approached, one of them asked 'What time is it?'

'Fifteen to' said the textile man.

'Fifteen to what?'

'I don't know' he replied. 'Times got so bad I had to lay off one of the hands.'

So when you have only one hand in your watch, you can only say 'Fifteen to, twenty to, thirty to...' but to what? thirty to what?—it is impossible. And in my clock, times got so bad that I had to lay off both hands; both hands have disappeared.

Once a madman offered a watch to me. He said to me 'I have a most unusual watch to offer you. It never needs any repairs or winding. It has no hands, no sweep second dial and no face.'

'But how can you tell the time?' I asked him.

'That's easy. Ask anybody.'

So I have to ask continuously. After each question I have to look up. I am not looking for God, I am looking at the most ungodly thing—the clock.

BY BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH

* *THE ULTIMATE ALCHEMY VOLS I AND II*
(discourses on the Atma Pooja Upanishad)

* *THE BOOK OF THE SECRETS VOLS I—V*
(discourses on Tantra)

* *VEDANTA: SEVEN STEPS TO SAMADHI*
(discourses on the Akshya Upanishad)

* *YOGA: THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA VOLS I—X*
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* *MY WAY: THE WAY OF THE WHITE CLOUDS.*
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* *ROOTS AND WINGS*
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* *THE EMPTY BOAT*
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* *NO WATER, NO MOON*
(discourses on Zen)

* *THE MUSTARD SEED*
(discourses on the sayings of Jesus)

* *WHEN THE SHOE FITS*
(discourses on Chuang Tzu)

* *NEITHER THIS NOR THAT*

(discourses on Sosan—Zen)

* *...AND THE FLOWERS SHOWERED*

(discourses on Zen)

* *RETURNING TO THE SOURCE*

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* *THE HIDDEN HARMONY*

(discourses on the fragments of Heraclitus)

* *TANTRA: THE SUPREME UNDERSTANDING*

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* *THE GRASS GROWS BY ITSELF*

(discourses on Zen stories)

* *UNTIL YOU DIE*

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* *TAO: THE THREE TREASURES VOLS I—IV*

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* *THE SEARCH*

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* *THE PATH OF LOVE*

(discourses on the songs of Kabir)

*** THE DIVINE MELODY**

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*** TAO: THE PATHLESS PATH VOLS I AND II**

(discourses on Lieh Tzu)

*** THE TANTRA VISION VOL I**

(discourses on 'The Royal Song of Saraha')

*** THIS VERY BODY THE BUDDHA**

(discourses on Hakuin's 'Song of Samadhi')

*** THE DIAMOND SUTRA**

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*** ZEN: THE PATH OF PARADOX VOL I**

(discourses on Zen)

*** THE HEART SUTRA**

(discourses on Buddha)

THE NEW ALCHEMY: TO TURN YOU ON

(discourses on Light On The Path, Mabel Collins)

NIRVANA: THE LAST NIGHTMARE

(discourses on Zen)

*** HAMMER ON THE ROCK**

(a darshan diary I)

* ABOVE ALL, DON'T WOBBLE

(darshan diary II)

* NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR HEAD

(darshan diary III)

* BE REALISTIC: PLAN FOR A MIRACLE

(darshan diary IV)

* GET OUT OF YOUR OWN WAY

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* BELOVED OF MY HEART

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* THE CYPRESS IN THE COURTYARD

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* A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE

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* DANCE YOUR WAY TO GOD

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* THE PASSION FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE

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* *GOD IS NOT FOR SALE*

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* *BLESSED ARE THE IGNORANT*

(*darshan diary XIV*)

* *THE BUDDHA DISEASE*

(*darshan diary XV*)

TRANSLATIONS

- * *TANTRA: SONZAI NO UTA*
(Japanese—Merkmal Ltd, Tokyo)
 - * *TANTRA: HET ALLERHOOGSTE INZICHT*
(Dutch—Ankh-Hermes)
 - * *KUSAWA HITORIDENI HAERU*
(Japanese—Fumikura Shoba)
 - * *YO SOY LA PUERTA*
(Spanish—Editorial Diana S.A., Mexico)
 - * *LE LIVRE DES SECRETS VOL I*
(French—Les Editions A.T.P. Paris)
 - * *LA RIVOLUZIONE INTERIORE*
(Italian—Armenia Editore)
 - * *HU MEDITATION OG KOSMIC ORGASME*
(Danish—Borgens Forlag A/S)
 - * *IL LIBRO DEI SEGRETI VOL I*
(Italian—Armenia Editore)
 - * *KYUKYOKU NO TABI*
(Japanese—Merkmal Ltd, Tokyo)
 - * *TECNICHE DI LIBERAZIONE*
(Italian—La Salamandra)
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* *ARRENDERSI AL TUTTO*

(*Italian—Edizioni Re Nudo*)

* *DAS SEMFKORN ZERSCHLAGE DEN FELS DER
UNBEWUSSTHEIT*

(*German—Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag*)

* *MICHINO HIMITSU*

(*Japanese—Merkmal Ltd*)

* *MEIN WEG: DER WEG DER WEISSEN WOLKEN*

(*German—Ki Buchvertrieb*)

* *MEDITATION: THE ART OF ECSTASY*

(*Portuguese—Editora Cultrix*)

* *TANTRA: THE SUPREME UNDERSTANDING*

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* *THE MUSTARD SEED*

(*Dutch—Miranda Uitgevers BV*)

* *NO WATER, NO MOON*

(*Dutch—Miranda Uitgevers BV*)

* *JUST LIKE THAT*

(*Dutch—Miranda Uitgevers BV*)

* *THE MUSTARD SEED*

(*German—Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag*)

FOREIGN EDITIONS

* *THE BOOK OF THE SECRETS VOL I & II*

(Harper and Row, USA)

* *THE BOOK OF THE SECRETS VOL I*

(Thames and Hudson, UK)

* *NO WATER NO MOON*

(Sheldon Press, UK)

* *STRAIGHT TO FREEDOM*

(Indian edition: *Until You Die*)

(Sheldon Press, UK)

* *ONLY ONE SKY*

(Indian edition: *TANTRA: The Supreme Understanding*)

(Dutton, USA)

* *I AM THE GATE*

(Harper and Row, USA)

* *MEDITATION: THE ART OF ECSTASY*

(Harper and Row, USA)

* *THE MUSTARD SEED*

(Sheldon Press, UK)

(Harper and Row, USA)

* *TANTRA: THE SUPREME UNDERSTANDING*

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* *NEITHER THIS NOR THAT*

(Sheldon Press, UK)

* *DIMENSIONS BEYOND THE KNOWN*

(Sheldon Press, UK)

* *THE PSYCOLOGY OF THE ESOTERIC*

(Harper and Row, USA)

* *WHEN THE SHOE FITS*

(DeVorss and Co, USA)

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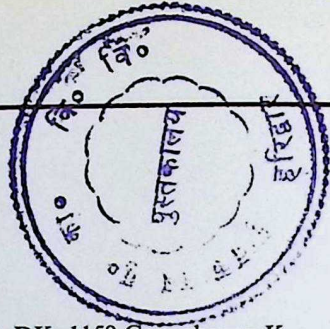
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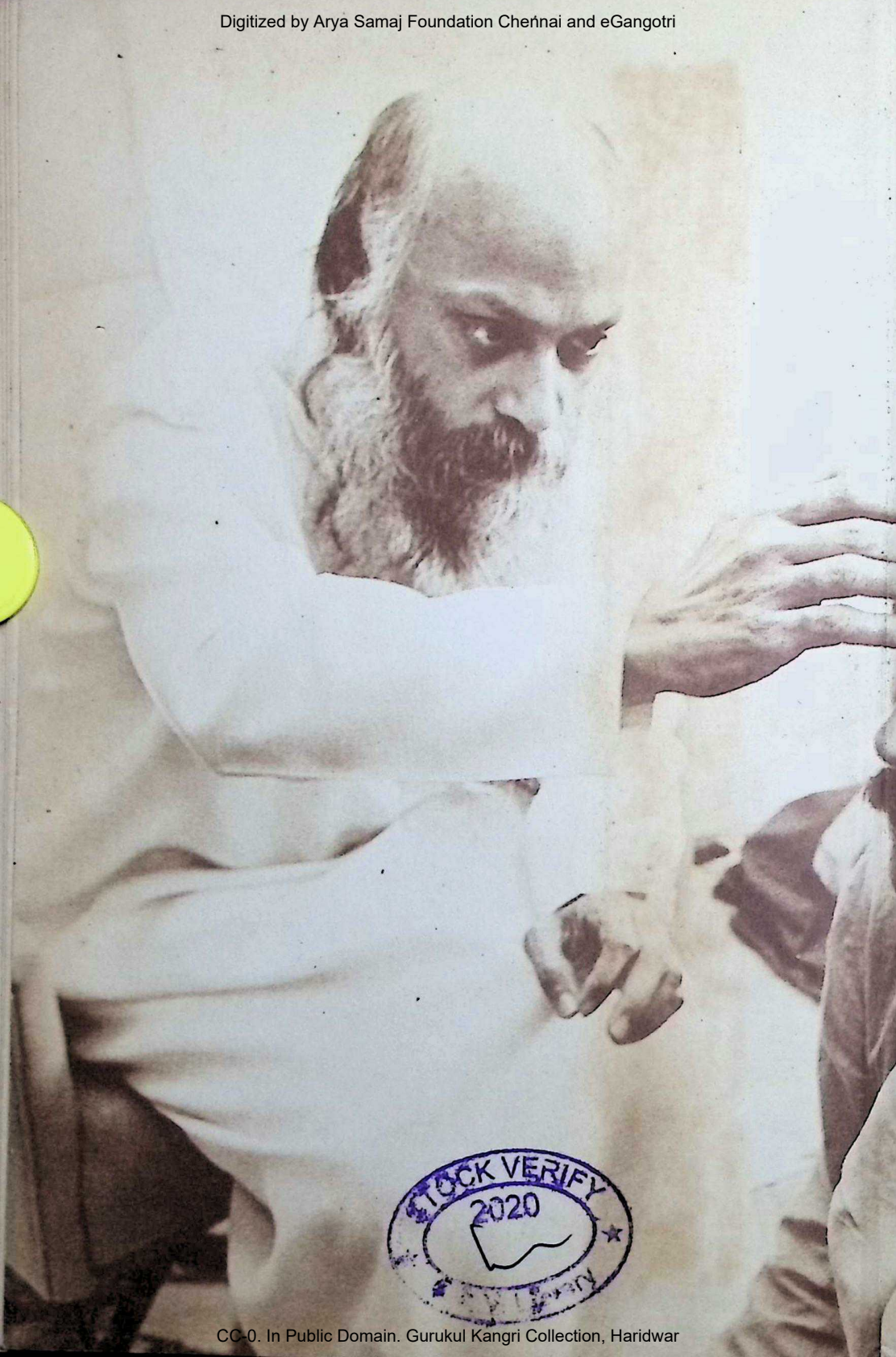
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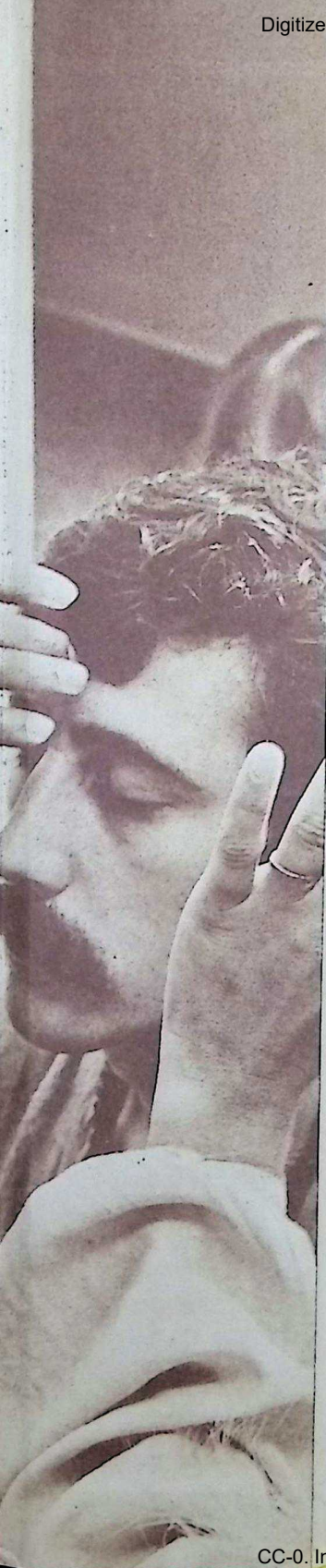
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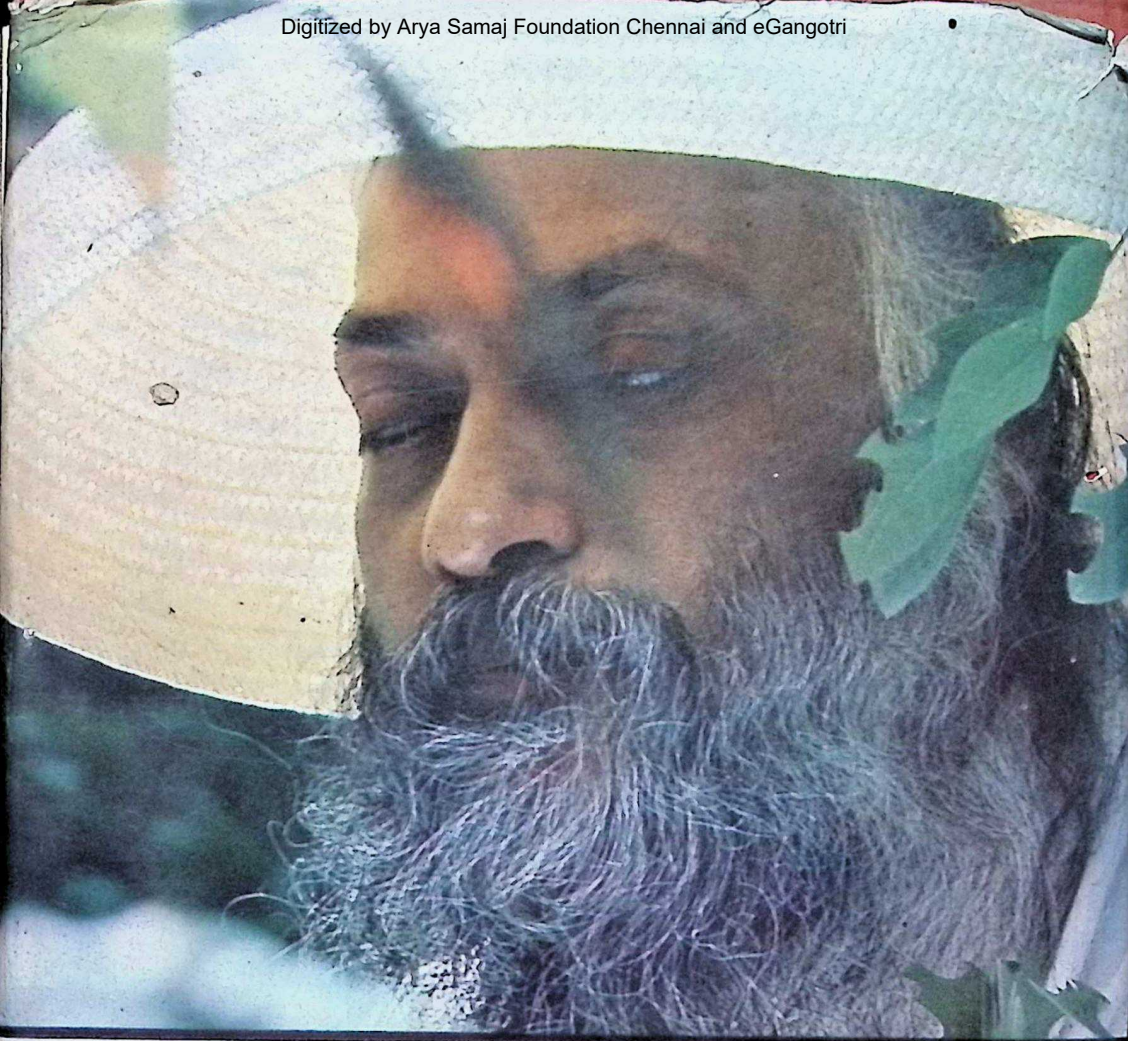
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What is my teaching? What is Tao? Tao is to accept life in its totality and not to divide it. There is nothing good and nothing bad. Whatsoever happens, let it happen. Allow it. Don't struggle . . . For ego you have to fight, divide, create conflict. An inner violence, an inner war — and then ego arises, and ego intoxicates: it makes you very unconscious; it does not allow you to see things as they are. And to drop the conflict between good and bad is the greatest act of courage a man can afford, and that brings you to the very door of divinity.

These are the words of one who has gone beyond the frame of the mind into that space which is called 'enlightenment': a living Master whose being is freedom and whose flow is of unconditional love . . . Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh.

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